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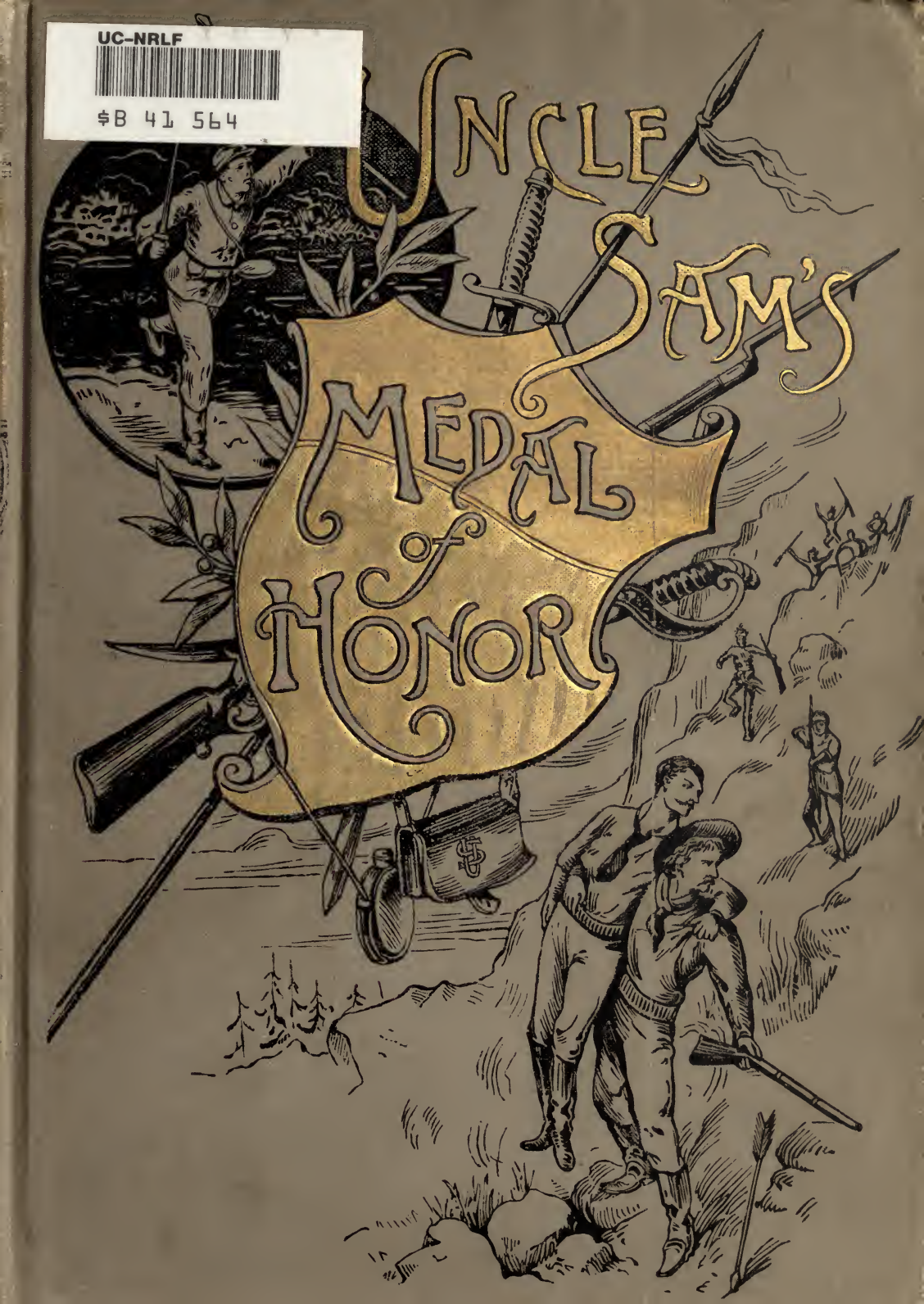

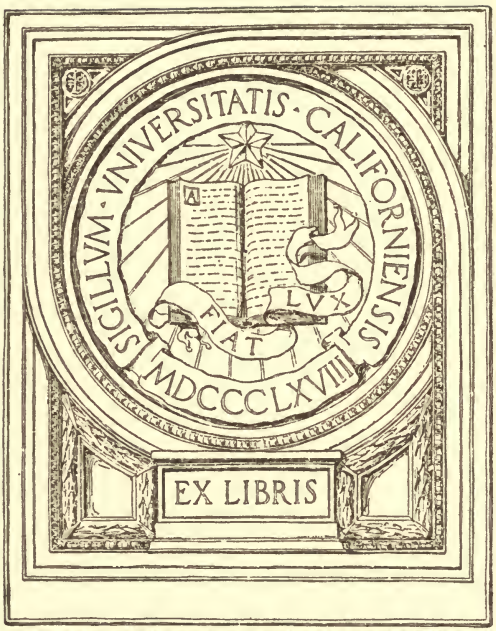
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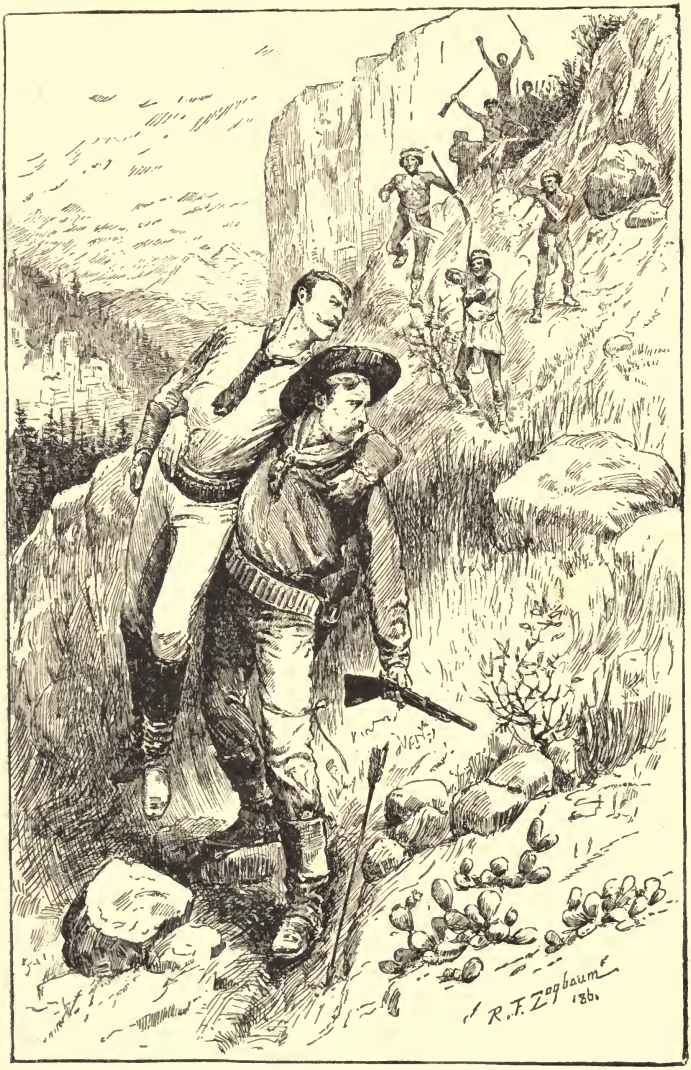


SERGEANT TAYLOR RESCUING LIEUTENANT KING.

# UNCLE SAM'S

# MEDAL OF HONOR

SOME OF THE NOBLE DEEDS FOR WHICH THE MEDAL HAS BEEN AWARDED, DESCRIBED BY THOSE WHO HAVE WON IT

1861–1886

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

THEO. F. RODENBOUGH

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. A.

*With Portraits and other Illustrations*

NEW YORK & LONDON
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UNIV OF CALIFORNIA

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TO

OUR VETERANS

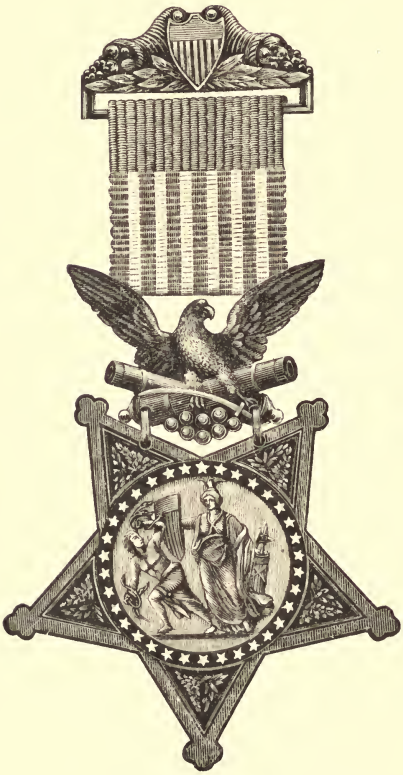
AND TO

YOUNG AMERICA

THIS BOOK IS

INSCRIBED.

THE MEDAL OF HONOR.



FORT MCHENRY, 1814.

# PREFACE.

THERE is no reward for military merit dearer to the Soldier's heart than the decoration bestowed by his Government for brave deeds in the line of duty. Promotion, Power, Wealth are to him trifles compared with the Iron Cross of Germany, the Victoria Cross of England, the Cross of the Legion of Honor of France, the Russian Cross of Saint George or the Medal of Honor of the United States.

In all ages a personal decoration for valor has been eagerly sought, proudly worn and jealously guarded, and in all countries, save our own, it has been conspicuously honored. In Europe, where such rewards are more numerous, because of the size of armies and the frequency of war,

the possessor of this glorious token is envied by men, admired by women, and loved by children.

In America the men who are entitled to wear the Medal of Honor,* given by the Congress only for distinguished conduct in the presence of the enemy, are almost unknown to their countrymen, and the records of their heroism lie buried in the pigeon-holes of the War Department and in the recesses of their own breasts. And yet in the very year of the institution of this military reward, Mr. Stanton, the famous war minister, proclaimed† that "alacrity, daring, courageous spirit and patriotic zeal on all occasions and under every circumstance is expected from the Army of the United States . . . and the people of the United States will rejoice to honor every soldier and officer who proves his courage by charging with the bayonet and storming entrenchments, or in the blaze of the enemy's fire!"

A stranger within our gates will hardly agree with the assertion, so often made, that "we are not a military people" if he takes note of the profusion of military medals and crosses worn by American citizens. With few exceptions, these have no national, official significance. The badges of the Loyal Legion, the Grand Army of the Republic and kindred associations are honorable reminders of our greatest struggle for Liberty and Union, but do not mark individual acts of courage or self-sacrifice. After these come militia decorations: prizes for length of service, marksmanship, zeal in recruiting, athletic sports, personal popularity, and other commendable things.

* For full description see Appendix.
† General Order 5, Headquarters of the Army, Jan. 22, 1862.

That a great nation, possessing for more than twenty years a congressional decoration for valor, already conferred upon several hundred heroes, should be ignorant of its existence is astonishing.

The cause of this ignorance may be found in the mistaken simplicity which has marked the method of presentation.

In countries from which we get many of our best military customs, the decoration is often handed to the soldier by his Sovereign in the presence of the principal officers of state, of large bodies of troops, and of thousands of the people; the name of the fortunate recipient is published in the official gazette and by the press throughout the dominions.

In *our* country this reward from the highest power in our Government is sometimes conveyed to the brave winner by the hands of the postman, with the brief remark, perhaps, of "a parcel for you." Seldom is there a parade of the troops, or prancing of cavalry squadrons, or rumble of artillery wheels, or flashing of infantry bayonets, or crash of military bands while the prize for valor is pinned over a heart swelling with honest pride. Seldom is the affair an occasion of ceremony. But mayhap the man will glance wistfully at it, for it means so much to him and seems to mean so little to others, and then it is laid aside to be occasionally brought out for inspection by a comrade, or to be worn on parade if specially authorized.

The War Department has very recently published a list of officers and enlisted men who received the Medal for distinguished service during the war. A similar list of those who have been thus decorated *since* the war (more than three hundred) will doubtless be forthcoming. An order

containing such a list, with general instructions for the presentation of the Medal in future, might be issued with great benefit to the Service.

The record of many of the exploits for which the Medal has been given shows that they have been as grand as any in the so-called Age of Chivalry, and that they shed a brilliant lustre upon our national escutcheon.

Why should not the custom of the Continental Army, established by Washington, that those who had received the "Badge of Military Merit" should be "suffered to pass all guards and sentinels which officers are permitted to do," be revived and applied to the Medal of Honor? "The road to glory, in a patriot army and a free country, is thus opened to all." * As has been said by a gallant volunteer officer, "Can we afford to neglect those appeals to an honest pride which Napoleon and every other great captain have found so valuable?" †

The names of those whose deeds are herein described were taken at random from the official list above mentioned.

The valuable aid rendered the Editor by the Adjutant-General of the Army, the Adjutants-General of many of the States, Captain R. Catlin, U. S. A., Captain H. M. Munsell, U. S. V., and Lieutenant A. W. Vogdes, U. S. A., is gratefully acknowledged.

* See Appendix.

† Capt. G. F. Noyes' "Bivouac and Battlefield."

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# THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

## PART FIRST.

### 1861–1865.

"My heart is fretting like a tethered steed's
To join the heroes in their noble deeds.
A noise of armies gathers in my ears:
The Southern yells, the Northern battle-cheers;
The endless volleys, ceaseless as the roar
Of the vexed ocean, brawling with its shore;
The groaning cannon, puffing at a breath
Man's shreds and fragments through the jaws of death;
The rush of horses, and the whirring sway
Of the keen sabre cleaving soul from clay;
And over all, intelligible and clear
As spoken language to a listening ear,
The bugle orders the tumultuous herds,
And leads the flocks of battle with its words."

*Boker.*

"COME AND TAKE IT!"

SERGEANT JOHN G. MERRITT,
FIRST MINNESOTA INFANTRY.

## A MINNESOTA BOY'S FIRST BATTLE.

PERHAPS the battle of Bull Run (or Manassas), which was fought on Virginia soil on a certain Sunday in July, 1861, may be likened to one of three signal-guns: the capture of Fort Sumter being the first, and the battle of Gettysburg the third.

The firing at Sumter warned men to choose sides and to prepare for a struggle, long and severe; how bitter, how bloody, none at the time dreamed.

Bull Run and its famous stampede taught the lesson that something more was required to win battles than masses of armed men; that courage without discipline was of little

avail, and that the vast resources of the Government must be organized, drilled and led by experienced commanders ere victory could be ours.

Gettysburg marked the "high tide" of the war: the roar of its cannon sounded the death knell of the Confederacy. Other battles were to be fought and thousands of men in blue and gray were to lie down in death on the same fields, but the preservation of the Union was assured when the sun went down behind the sheets of summer rain on the third day of Gettysburg.

Somehow or other the name "Bull Run" is generally associated, in the minds of people who were not there, with the idea of an amusing and, on one side, at least, an entirely disgraceful performance; and this is quite natural. We are often told that *first* impressions are strongest, but this hardly holds good of a defeated army: there the strongest impression is doubtless the *last*.

Greatly ridiculed and denounced when it occurred, the battle of Bull Run is gradually finding its vindication. General Sherman says it was "one of the best planned battles of the war, but one of the worst fought," and that "both armies were fairly defeated." General Johnston says: "If the tactics of the Federals had been equal to their strategy, we should have been beaten." While therefore Bull Run will always be famous for its discreditable features, it is now known that in no other affair of the war were there more brilliant exhibitions of personal gallantry and heroism than on that historic field. Many of these exploits were by boys of eighteen who faced death there for the first time. One of these, Sergeant JOHN G. MERRITT,

Company K, First Minnesota Infantry, who afterward received the Medal of Honor for gallantry at Bull Run, tells the story of his first battle so well that it is given here in his own words:

## GOING TO THE FRONT.

"I was a sergeant in Co. K, First Regiment Minnesota Volunteers.* The regiment broke camp at Centerville about three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, July 21, 1861. With a soldier's equipments and three days' rations, we realized before sunrise that it was going to be a hot day. After we had been on the march for about a couple of miles we turned off the main road to the right; we were delayed a good deal by fallen trees with sharpened points sticking towards us. Whenever we could we would double-quick, and, as the morning was very hot, the pace told on some of the men.

"John Ball, the orderly sergeant of K Co., was sick and I was acting as orderly sergeant. As sick as Ball was, he came on the field, and I saw him standing near the regiment while they were engaged, with his arms folded, apparently the most unconcerned person of the lot; he was a brave and fearless man. Captain Lester, Lieutenants Holtzborn† and Periam‡ were the officers of the company.

"We could hear the sound of cannon very distinctly about

* "The brigade left camp near Centerville at 2.30 A.M. in the following order:—1st Minnesota, Ricketts' Battery, 5th Massachusetts. The Minnesota regiment was arranged with the two front companies as ready to act as skirmishers, the next three companies as the advanced guard, and the remainder of the regiment formed the head of the column . . . the brigade reached Bull Run about 11 A.M. after a march of about twelve miles."—*War Records, Col. Franklin's Report.*

† Killed at Antietam.

‡ Mortally wounded at Gettysburg.

eight o'clock, and by ten or eleven o'clock we could plainly hear the sound of musketry; by that time we knew we were going to have a fight. After I was satisfied that such was going to be the case, and being desirous of obtaining military distinction, I applied to Lieutenant Holtzborn, of my company, for the privilege of selecting four men for the purpose of capturing the first Confederate flag we could get. The lieutenant told me it was a hazardous undertaking, but said, after consultation with Captain Lester, I had permission. Sergeant Dudley, Privates Durfee, Grim and one other, whose name I have forgotten, readily consented to my proposal, and all agreed to follow me and to stick to one another under any circumstances.

"Before going into action, the whole regiment divested themselves of knapsacks, haversacks and blankets, and piled them in one large heap beside the road, thinking of course we would be back in a couple of hours—as soon as we had 'crushed the Rebellion.' I and my four men in particular carried nothing with us but our ammunition and guns. After we had supplied ourselves with water,* and everything being now ready, orders were given to 'Forward!' and we immediately filed through a cluster of trees, where the dying and wounded were being brought on stretchers and blankets. Everything was at the height of excitement, as the roar of cannon and the incessant volleys of musketry were very heavy, and with an occasional stray shot coming

* "At Sudley Springs, while awaiting the passage of the troops of the division in our front, I ordered forward the 1st Brigade (Franklin's) to fill their canteens. Captain Wright led forward the Minnesota regiment to the left of the road which crossed the Run at this place. . . ."—*Colonel Heintzleman's Report.*

among us, you can rest assured the regiment was on the alert.

"I never shall forget the first sight of dead, wounded and dying. Pity and sympathy, mingled with a feeling of fear, made me realize in an instant we were approaching death. But the feeling passed away as soon as it came.

"So far as my recollection goes, when we got out into the open space we were ordered to the other side of the field, and in marching over, double-quick, we passed directly in the rear of our artillery, which was heavily engaged.* It was very laughable and amusing to see some of the men jump and squat down, trying to dodge, in all manner of ways, the cannon shots from the Rebel guns; and I was not slow at the dodging business myself. One of my company would constantly run out of the ranks and up to the captain and say, 'Has the fight commenced yet? Has the fight commenced yet?' He was not long in finding out when the fight *did* commence.

"Arriving at what seemed to me the extreme right, we formed in line in a ravine, near some cavalry, and awaited orders.

"It was now about half-past one o'clock. We were soon ordered forward, and as we advanced rapidly to the brow of a plateau we knew we were soon to meet the enemy, face to face, at short range. Just before we got to the top of the plateau the bugle sounded 'lie down.' With fixed bayonets and loaded rifles we were ready and anxious for business. In about a couple of minutes the bugle sounded

* "At a little more than a mile from the ford we came upon the battlefield. Franklin's brigade was posted on the right of a wood near the centre of our line, and on ground rising toward the enemy's position."—*Colonel Heintzleman's Report.*

'stand up'; no sooner had we done so and were well in line when the command 'Forward!' was given. That brought us directly in plain sight and directly in front of a line of 'Rebs.'* We were not more than thirty or thirty-five yards apart; in fact we were so close that for a minute we did not know who they were† (I saw, about this time, General Heintzleman riding in plain view of the enemy). We saw their colors and all fired immediately; in less than half a minute they gave us a round. We were ordered to lie down and load; then we were ordered to stand up and fire. We had given them three or four rounds and they were slowly falling back, a little confused. When the smoke and dust would break away we could see them and their colors as plain as you can see a man across the street. Just at this time a single gun from Ricketts' Battery came directly to the rear of K Company, unlimbered, and in less than half a minute gave them a round of grape and canister. The artillerymen immediately reloaded and gave them another dose of the same medicine. The second round threw them in utter confusion, and it was at that time myself and the men named above advanced double-quick on the Rebel color-bearer. We had no trouble in reaching him, as the smoke and dust had not risen, and from his

---

* "I then led up the Minnesota regiment, which was also repulsed but retired in tolerably good order. It did good service in the woods on our right flank, and was among the last to retire, coming off the field with the 3d U. S. Infantry. . . ."—*Colonel Heintzleman's Report.*

† "The 1st Minnesota Regiment moved from its position on the left of the field to the support of Ricketts' battery, and gallantly engaged the enemy at that point. It was so near that point, friends and foes were for a time confounded. The regiment behaved exceedingly well, and finally retired from the field in good order."—*Colonel Franklin's Report.*

actions I thought he was under the impression he had been captured.

## A FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

"The man who carried the colors was about five feet ten or eleven inches, dark complexioned, with black hair, slight mustache and black eyes; he with others about him wore gray clothes and black slouch hats; some one was trying to form them. The color-bearer had his coat unbuttoned, with his hat on the back of his head. As I got within a couple of feet of him I commanded him in a peremptory manner to surrender, and at the same time Dudley, Durfee and myself cocked our guns. I grabbed the colors out of his hand; he and one or two more said, 'Don't shoot! don't shoot!'

"The flag was a red one with a white stripe running through the middle of it, with blue in one corner and some stars on it. As soon as I grabbed the colors out of the Johnnie's hands I told him to follow me quick, and at the same time told my men to get back to the regiment as soon as possible. Dudley, Grim and myself were laughing at the easy thing we had, and all of us running for the regiment as fast as we could go, when—*bang! bang! bang!* came a volley after us, killing Grim and the comrade whose name I have forgotten, and at the same time a dozen or more of Rebs ran after us, some of them hollering 'Kill the d——d black abolition, red-shirt Yankee, . . . .' and at the same time gave us another round. From the sound it seemed as if a regiment was firing at us. That was the shot that killed young Durfee and wounded me in the leg:

another bullet went through the breast-pocket of my shirt and shivered my pipe in pieces. I dropped my gun but held on to the flag, and was going about as fast on one leg as most men generally go on two; but before I had gone ten feet I was hit over the head with what I thought was the stock of a musket. It knocked me down but did not knock me senseless. They immediately pulled the flag out of my hands and fell back on a run.

"As they did so, Dudley came back to me (he had run ahead some little distance), helped me up and assisted me along as fast as I could go. How Dudley and I escaped with our lives seems almost incredible, and looks now as if we had been hedged about with some halo of good luck.

"From the firing of the gun of Ricketts' Battery to the time I was shot, not more than five or eight minutes had expired. What we did, we did quick and without ceremony, and if we could have kept them off from us half a minute longer we would have been safe. As soon as we got back to the regiment and I realized the fact that I could not walk and was bleeding very fast, I took my suspenders off and tied them as tight as I could above the wound, to keep from bleeding to death; and at the same time asked Lieutenant Holtzborn, who happened to see me, to have some one assist me to the rear. This was during some change of position of the regiment.

"He ordered Sergeant Dudley and Private Durfee, a twin brother of the one who had just been killed, to carry me off. I put an arm round each of their necks and held on to them as they hurriedly walked along.

## GOING TO THE REAR.

"The regiment was still fighting, and at this time a mounted officer, with his reins in one hand and a big navy revolver in the other, rode by us on a dead run; turning round in his saddle he hollered out, 'Men of Minnesota, for God's sake don't disgrace your State!'—and he was off for Washington or some other safe place as fast as his big bay horse could carry him. It was an ocular and complete demonstration of the advice a father gave to his son, 'Do as I say, but not as I do.'

"As soon as we got to the foot of a little hill I fainted away on a spot where some horses had been standing. I was brought to by Dudley throwing some dirty water in my face. This immediately straightened me up, and taking hold of them as before we hurriedly moved off. By the time they got me to a house, which was being used as a temporary hospital, I began to feel sick at my stomach and very faint. Surgeons were dressing the wounds of some of Ellsworth's Zouaves, Michigan and Massachusetts men, and giving them stimulants. They gave me two or three swallows, which settled my stomach and made me feel better. The next thing I knew I was being pulled up and yanked along as fast as we could go. All commenced to move along at a break-neck gait. The retreat had commenced. And of all the helter-skelter, pell-mell, devil-take-the-hindmost gang I ever saw, or heard tell of, or ever read about, that crazy crowd beat them all. They all went as if a cyclone had struck them. All was confusion, all disorder and every one acted as if the Johnnies were determined to have a Yankee apiece for supper; and some of them would

pass by and look at the wounded that were being carried and helped off, as much as to say, 'They can have *you*, but by golly they shan't catch me!' I don't believe there was ever a greater stampede of troops than there was between that house and the bridge. Dudley and Durfee saved my life without a doubt. Durfee would have abandoned me to Dudley's charge some time before if I had told him the truth about his brother, about whom he was constantly inquiring. And here was an instance where 'evasion' seemed better than telling the truth. His brother, as brave and daring a fellow as ever shouldered a musket, and very quiet and modest at all times, made a remark just before I grabbed the colors out of the color-bearer's hands that I shall never forget. 'Sergeant,' said he, 'when you take it, hold on to it,' and in less than half a minute he was shot dead. Had I told his brother he had been killed or wounded he would have returned to his assistance immediately, and that would have been the last of me.

"I was the only one of the three that had any money, and we finally succeeded, after several attempts, in persuading a teamster, with a four-horse wagon, to let them put me on the off-wheel horse, by giving him four one-dollar gold pieces and some sutler's tickets. Dudley remarked, 'Give him all you have got, as we might as well get broke here as anywhere.' Riding the off-wheel horse brought my wounded left leg between the two horses and on top of the wagon tongue; this caused me so much pain, I had to turn round on the horse so as not to have my leg hurt between the two horses. With one hand holding on to the root of his tail, and the other hand behind me grasping

the end of the hames, bare-headed, with a heavy red woollen shirt on (the whole regiment wore blue and red flannel shirts), all open at the collar and the sleeves rolled up, my face covered with blood and dirt, hair sticking straight up and matted full of old leaves and grass and 'sacred soil,' and with the worst looking wounded leg you ever saw, you can imagine what a pitiful but ludicrous sight I must have presented. There must be lots of men living yet who saw me just as I have described. I am sure I have not half described my appearance on that horse.

## A FAMOUS RETREAT.

"Everybody was hollering to get out of the way, and every one was running or trying to run. The road was full of troops, wagons, ambulances, artillery and some private conveyances; all going as fast as they could go and acting just as if the whole Confederate Army was at their heels with fixed bayonets. The Rebs were shelling us and everything was at the height of confounded confusion. No one knew or cared anything about any one except themselves. The cursing and yelling of the teamsters, the pushing of those whose passage was being obstructed, and the groans and appeals for assistance from the wounded, all tended to make one believe that, as the teamster said, 'H—ll had broke loose.'

"We arrived at the bridge a little before sundown. As its passage was obstructed by a big gun or caisson, and as we were being heavily shelled at that point, madness and confusion reigned supreme. The teamster could go no further. He jumped off his horse (he rode and drove with a

jerk-rein), unhitched the near leader, cut the jerk-rein and away he went across the stream. The wagon was full of wounded, with pick-axes and shovels for a bed. All of the wounded were begging to be helped across the Bull Run, a stream about eight or ten feet deep, and about twenty feet wide at that place. Just as the teamster mounted his horse one of the men in the wagon, with his arm in a sling, jumped out, and with one hand commenced unhitching the saddle-horse. I at the same time reached over my horse's haunches and unhooked both his traces, and at the same time appealed to the fellow to unfasten my horse's pole-chain; it was impossible for me to do it, as I was backwards on my horse. He did so, and as luck would have it the chain unhooked at the first pull; he instantly mounted his horse, and turning around to the left rode into the stream. My horse, being the mate, jumped over the tongue of the wagon and followed him. The horses seemed as anxious to get away as the panic-stricken soldiers. Men and horses were in the stream plunging for the other side.

"As I was crossing, one of the Zouaves caught me by the wounded leg, with a view, I presume, of getting across. It hurt me so, I let go the horse's tail and gave him a punch in the head with my fist which loosened his hold on me very quick; before I resumed my tail-hold the horse was across and had struck into a gallop, following close to his mate. At that time a shell passed so close to his head he threw it up as if he had been suddenly jerked by the bit. That started the horses into a run, and I certainly thought I would be knocked off my beast as he galloped so fast under the low branches of the trees, raking and scratching

me on the back; at times it felt as if I had been struck with a club, but the tail-hold and harness saved me. Pain and Fear were riding for life, with chances now in favor of the latter; you may be sure I was not going to lose the race by being pulled off. I believe the distance from Bull Run to Centerville is about six miles. I think the bridge where we crossed was about two miles from the battlefield, so I must have ridden that horse backwards about four miles—the most of the time as fast as he could go. We did not stop for anything—neither ditches nor fences. If the one-armed wounded soldier that rode my horse's mate fought as vigorously as he rode, he certainly knocked out more than one 'Gray-back.' I did not once have my horse's bridle-rein in my hand. I never saw my friend before nor since, and the only words we exchanged with one another were when he told me his horse was running away, and I said, 'For God's sake, let him go!'

"We arrived at Centerville about nine o'clock at night. I was helped off the horse by a regimental surgeon under some trees. The poor old horse was nearly exhausted, but was immediately remounted by a soldier who rode off. Surgeons were taking care of the wounded. They looked at my wound and told me I had better have my leg amputated at once, but I would not consent to it. I was suffering very much from pain, and was nearly exhausted from loss of blood; nothing in the world kept me up but excitement. A four-horse wagon drove up and the soldiers that were being cared for were helped in. The confusion and hurry was still great. I begged them to let me get in the wagon, but an officer refused, saying there was no room

for me. I crawled to the wagon and got in over the front wheel while the others were being helped in the back end. I stayed in the wagon, although I was ordered out two or three times; they were in too big a hurry to put me out. Off they drove as fast as they could get along. There were seven of us in the wagon, all badly wounded; the driver and a soldier on the seat with him were not wounded: one drove and hollered, while the other whipped and cursed. It was very dark and I think it was raining. The road was still full of wagons, ambulances and straggling troops. We would go very fast at times, and then would stop for a few minutes until the teams ahead of us moved on. I think the driver was the worst scared of all of us, for he tried to drive by, and drive over, everything; up hill and down, over stumps, logs and rocks; we were continually being thrown or tossed from one side of the wagon to the other.

### THE SILENT PASSENGER.

"We arrived at Fairfax Court House about midnight. I laid my head on a big fat fellow who had sprawled out at full length on the bottom of the wagon. We had been quarrelling all night about interfering with one another's wounds. I supposed the fat fellow had gone to sleep, and taking advantage of his position I laid my head on his stomach and immediately went to sleep myself. I thought it was the softest pillow I ever used. I don't know how long I laid there—perhaps half an hour; we all went to sleep. We were awakened by being jolted about in the wagon, which was going down hill at a lively gait; all were

complaining about our wounds; two or three were groaning and whining. When the team would walk we would all go to sleep again—two or three of us using the fat fellow as a pillow as before. I had a dispute with one of the men about my place on the fat fellow's stomach and made him move his head along and I resumed my former place. We laid as best we could in that position until daylight, when we discovered we had been using a dead man for a pillow; the poor fellow had died about the time we left Fairfax, as he was very quiet at that place. I thought, the last time I laid my head on him, what a clever fellow he was to let us have such a comfortable position, and was sorry I had quarrelled with him the early part of the night. We kept him in the wagon until just before we arrived at the Long Bridge. Our pain and exhaustion silenced any scruples we otherwise would have had on such an occasion.

"We were delayed at the bridge some time by the wagons and troops crossing. We got on the bridge about half past nine or ten o'clock, and must have been an hour crossing. When we arrived on Pennsylvania Avenue it was raining. The street was full of transportation of all kinds, and soldiers; all moving in different directions. The six of us left in the wagon were completely worn out and exhausted from hunger, loss of blood, and neglect. My leg was very much swollen and very painful. The wagon stopped between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Some ladies passed some wine into the wagon under the cover. All drank what they wanted. I drank a tin cup full; it was delicious, but made me drunk immediately. I did not see the ladies, but the hand that passed the wine to me

was small and white, with a silken sleeve, and with diamonds on the fingers. The ladies also passed in some cold meat and bread, but we had no use then for bread or meat, as the wine was food and raiment.

"We remained on the avenue about an hour before it was decided where to take us. Finally we were ordered to the E Street Hospital, where we were taken out of the wagon and surrounded by a large crowd of men, women and children, some laughing and others pitying the appearance of the wounded as they were being carried into the hospital. I was laid on a bed in a large room filled with wounded, mostly from the New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts regiments. As soon as I was laid down, one of the Sisters of Mercy who were in attendance—God bless them—commenced washing my face with cold water. It was a delightful sensation and I immediately fell asleep.

"When I woke up the doctors were around my bed examining my wound and deciding whether they would amputate it above or below the knee. I would not consent to amputation and they left me in charge of an attendant.

## HOSPITAL MEMORIES.

"The New York papers contained a list of dead and wounded; my name appeared among the list of dead. My father telegraphed the late Senator Grimes of Iowa, who was at that time a senator from that State, to find out, if he could, if I was dead or alive. The Senator learned I was in the E Street Hospital, and called on me Wednesday morning. As I had never seen him before, he introduced himself and made known his errand; after a few minutes

cheerful conversation he bade me good-by and left. He immediately wrote to my father, and in a portion of his letter he said:

"'I found your son, Sergeant Merritt, Wednesday morning, in the E Street Hospital. He is badly wounded in the leg but seemed very cheerful when he told me the doctors had decided not to amputate it. He is a fine-looking young man, and when these trying times are over I hope his parents may again have the pleasure of taking to their bosom their brave and honored son.' Ex-Senator Windom, then a member from Minnesota in the House of Representatives, often called to see me at the hospital, and was exceedingly kind in every respect.

"The chaplain of our regiment called every day. He was very deaf and very much devoted to my spiritual welfare. He would come right up to the bed holding a Bible in his hands, and put his mouth down to my ear and say in a loud voice, 'Good-morning, Sergeant. How did you sleep last night, Sergeant? Do you think you are improving, Sergeant? Let us pray;' and down on his knees he would get and pray for about five minutes, invoking especial aid and blessing on all of the wounded of the 1st Minnesota Regiment, and would wind up by saying he hoped I would 'soon be able to report for duty to the regiment. *Amen! Amen!*' He would get up, take up his cap and get out as quick as he came in. He was a good man, but it was the same questions and same prayers every morning except Sundays, when he would include for special blessing the soldier in the bed next to me.

"John Heenan, the pugilist, and a man by the name of Decker, ex-chief of the fire department of New York, called frequently to see one of the Zouaves, an old friend of theirs who laid in a bed next to me. I got well acquainted with Heenan. They would sit, one on my bed and the other on their friend's bed, and talk for half an hour or so, and always bring some little delicacies. Heenan told me, one morning, he understood I had captured a Rebel flag at Bull Run, and asked me what I had done with it. I pulled off the sheet and wet cloth on my wound and pointing to it said, 'I traded it off for that!' The sight of it made him sick at his stomach and he left the hospital. In two or three days they came in again, and as Heenan approached the bed he threw up both hands and said, laughing, 'No more leg!' After a few minutes I asked him if he would like to enlist in my regiment. He said, 'No, indeed; from what I have seen,' looking toward my leg, 'I can do better fighting in the Ring than in the Field.' He was a fine-looking, clever fellow, and looked and acted more like a gentleman than a prize fighter.

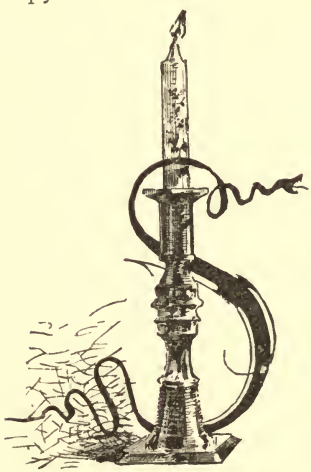
"While we were in camp near Alexandria, Va., before we went to Centerville, we would occasionally do guard duty there. I was relieving guard one morning with a file of men, and on passing an open door of a private residence, there stood a couple of young girls, about sixteen or eighteen years old, laughing and making fun of the Yankee soldiers. One of them had on an apron representing the Confederate flag. I halted the men and told her to take it off. She said, 'You long-legged, hateful Yankee, I wouldn't take it off to save your good-for-nothing life;' and

both of the girls glared at us defiantly. We all laughed at their pluck and moved on."

## THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Sergeant Merritt remained in hospital about thirty days, when, having recovered from his wound, he rejoined his regiment in Maryland. His record shows that he served with characteristic gallantry during the remainder of the war, and took part in all the battles of the famous Second Corps, Army of the Potomac.

Long after the events which he has described, he received the bronze medal, with a letter, of which the following is a copy:



WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, *April* 1, 1880.

SIR: I transmit to you the enclosed Medal of Honor, which, as the inscription shows, is from "The Congress to Sergeant John G. Merritt, Co. K, 1st Minnesota Volunteers."

This medal is awarded to you under the provisions of law for gallantry at the battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861, where you were wounded while in advance of your regiment.

In connection with this award I find occasion to remember with renewed pleasure and gratitude the patriotism of

Minnesota's citizens, who in answer to my call as Governor, at the first dawn of the war period, valiantly responded with the cheers, the trumpets and the drums of the First Minnesota Regiment, of which you were a member.

ALEX. RAMSEY,
*Secretary of War.*

Executive Mansion,

Washington, April 15, 1863

Major General Hooker

Yet is now 10-15 P.M.

An hour ago I received your letter of this morning, and a few minutes later your despatch of this evening. The latter gives me considerable uneasiness. The pain and mud, of course, were to be calculated upon. Gen. S. is not moving rapidly enough to make the expedition come to anything. He has now been out three days, two of which were unusually fair weather, and all three without hindrance from the enemy, and yet he is not twenty-five miles from where he started. To reach his point, he still has sixty to go, another river, the Rapidan, to cross, and will be hindered by the enemy. By arithmetic, how many days will it take him to do it? I do not know that any better can be done, but I greatly fear it is another failure already. With two of ten. I am very anxious.

Yours truly

A. Lincoln

SERGEANT EDWARD BROWNE,
SIXTY-SECOND N. Y INFANTRY.

## "FIGHTING JOE'S" MEN.

IT is well known to veterans that Major-General Joseph Hooker, at one time commander of the Army of the Potomac, was affectionately called "Fighting Joe," on account of the dashing manner in which he habitually led his division in battle. In fact, wherever he was acting as a subordinate commander—not weighed down with the responsibility of an independent army—he was enterprising, energetic, cool-headed and vigorous in the performance of his duty.

In an evil hour President Lincoln, deeming General Hooker available, promoted him to the command of an army of more than one hundred thousand men.

While the army was in camp, and required only to be clothed and fed and disciplined, its new leader was equal to

the occasion and greatly improved the condition of the troops. But when called upon to manœuvre this armed host in a wilderness, in presence of the enemy and of the chosen champion of the Southern cause, "Fighting Joe's" powers seemed paralyzed, his sword no longer flashed in the charge, his voice no longer rang in clarion tones, "Forward!" His counsel seemed weak and uncertain, and his movements those of one groping in the dark.

The battle of Chancellorsville was "Fighting Joe's" Waterloo, as the general of an army, although he lived to win fresh laurels as a corps commander in the memorable "battle above the clouds." This is not the place to enlarge upon the mistakes of leaders, however, beyond brief mention of the operations in which there was the usual proportion of individual gallantry among the rank and file. The battle of Chancellorsville is famous as the spot where "Stonewall Jackson" met his death in the hour of his triumph, just as he had given a crushing blow to the right flank of the Union army. The operations on the left of the Union line, although more creditable, were of no avail in the end, excepting as they inspired the enemy with a respectful caution in following up Hooker's retreat to his old camps on the left bank of the Rappahannock.

If the army commander was wanting at Chancellorsville, his subordinates, generally, were equal to the emergency.

The operations on the Union left were controlled by General Sedgwick. One of his brave men, a survivor of the Great Rebellion, Sergeant EDWARD BROWNE, Co. "G," 62d N. Y. Vol. Infantry, gives an interesting sketch of his recollections on that occasion.

## I. THE AFFAIR OF SALEM HEIGHTS.

"While ordinarily it is not agreeable to me (not to say indelicate) to write of myself, and to speak of a distinction which fell to my lot, I confess my pride in being the holder of a Medal of Honor, conferred by the Congress of our grand country, in recognition of alleged merit; and to enable you to determine whether the acts, for which my then superior officers thought fit to commend me, are worthy of being recorded, I will briefly narrate events.

"It was on the morning of May 3, or 4 (I am uncertain as to the date), General Hooker was at Chancellorsville. General Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps, crossed to the right bank of the Rappahannock, about three miles below Fredericksburg, and took up his line of march toward that city. The advance, after considerable resistance on the part of the Confederates, entered the city just before daybreak and drove the enemy from, and quite a distance beyond, the city. My recollection is that the enemy found refuge behind a stone wall at the base of the heights back of the city. Be that as it may, at daylight six companies of the 62d Regiment were thrown in advance to uncover the enemy if behind the wall. I was with the color-guard at the time. We advanced in line of battle until we came within the enemy's works, which formed a circle at the foot of the hill, and uncovered the enemy. But we reached there through a murderous fire of small arms at point-blank range, opened upon our front and flanks, and it seemed like going to sure destruction. Our men were literally mowed down. Those of us who were not incapacitated sought the

cover of the city as soon as we could. The color-bearer was injured in the engagement, but my comrades and I brought him back with the colors. Upon our return to the city the remaining companies of the regiment were brought up, and the regiment re-formed. The colors were entrusted to me. About noon we were in line of battle for the charge which carried the stone wall and the heights beyond. I was among the first upon the wall with the colors, and kept them flying until we reached the top of the heights and the enemy were routed.

"In the afternoon we pressed forward, after having re-formed our columns, to Salem Church or Heights, about four miles to the rear of Marye's Heights, where, in a belt of woods, our advance became engaged with what we supposed to be the rear guard of the enemy. We afterwards learned that it was a part of Lee's forces on their return from Chancellorsville. The 62d Regiment was in the second line of battle supporting a battery, with its right resting on the road from Fredericksburg. Generals Newton and Wheaton were close by, mounted. Suddenly our boys came in hurried retreat from the woods, followed by the enemy in good form. I was at that time in front of the line waving the colors, when, on turning to the right, I observed a line of the enemy emerging from a belt of woods in that direction, and called the colonel's attention to it. While doing so I was wounded in the side. The colonel noticed that I was wounded and suggested my retirement to the rear. But the boys were coming across the wide open between the woods and our line, and I remained with colors open so that they might know they had something

to rally about, and to show the enemy that we were not in a panic. I remained at my post until the boys had crossed the open and were within our lines, and the enemy had been brought to a halt by our fire. Then the colonel, C. B. Hamilton (God bless him! a nobler man never breathed), commanded me to give up the colors and get to the hospital. I transferred the colors—they were not dropped, but held up while being transferred—to a noble fellow, who afterwards fell under them; and after the enemy's line was broken and they had retired to the woods whence they came, late in the afternoon, I went to the field hospital. On the following day I crossed to the left bank of the river, and from a safe position, in the stone house which served as a hospital, I saw the battle.

"I returned to my regiment as soon as my wound healed, and was with it in all engagements up to the fight before Washington in '64. I was made sergeant and a commission was offered me, but I declined the latter through lack of appreciation of its worth. I was breveted 2d and 1st Lieutenant and Captain in New York Volunteers."

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, 3D DIVISION, 6TH CORPS,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., *May* 27, 1863.

SIR: In compliance with General Orders 53, Par. 1, Headquarters Army of the Potomac, I have the honor to forward a list of officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, whose gallantry and merit were conspicuous and worthy of especial notice during the recent battles at Fredericksburg and Salem Heights, May 3 and 4, 1863.

62d New York Vols., commanded by Lieut.-Col. Chas. B. Hamilton.

* * * * * * * * *

Corporal EDWARD BROWNE, Co. "G," is recommended for a "medal" and "honorable mention" for good conduct at Fredericksburg and Salem Heights, May 3 and 4, 1863. In the second battle, May 4, near Salem Heights, Cor-

poral Browne, who carried the colors of his regiment, was severely wounded, but continued at his post under fire until positively ordered to the rear by his regimental commander.

Very resp'y your obt. svt.,

(signed) FRANK WHEATON,

*Brig.-Genl. U. S. A.*

GEN. S. WILLIAMS,

*A. A. G. Army of the Potomac.*

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## A REGIMENTAL CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that Sergt. EDWARD BROWNE was a member of the 62d N. Y. Vols., and during all the time the regiment served he was a brave and efficient soldier. He was promoted from private to rank of color-sergeant for courage and meritorious conduct on many a field of battle, and was commended in general orders for personal bravery at "Salem Heights." He was offered a commission during the latter part of the campaign, but refused to accept it, preferring rather to remain among his comrades, the non-commissioned staff and privates with whom he had so gallantly won his promotion, than to enter the ranks of commissioned officers.

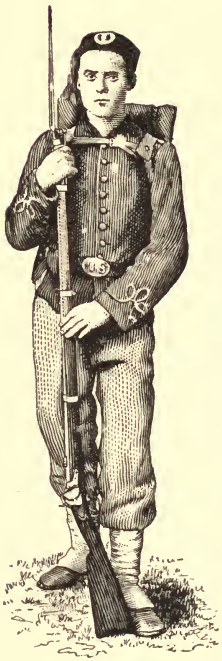
I would gladly recommend him to any military position, knowing from experience and personal knowledge he will fill it both with honor to himself and service to the cause.

(signed) SAM. C. STEWART,

*Late Adjt. 62d N. Y. S. Vols.*

Sergeant Browne has achieved an honorable position in civil life, and is now (1886) a Justice of the City Court of New York.

## II. FEELING FOR A "STONE WALL."



SERGEANT LUTY.
SEVENTY-FOURTH N. Y. V.

After the famous Southern general, Stonewall Jackson, had with characteristic energy and skill attacked the right flank of General Hooker's army and caused the troops of an entire corps to retreat in confusion, it became necessary to send out scouting parties in the dense wilderness at night, to find the enemy. One of these parties was sent out by direction of General Berry, from the 74th New York Infantry. Captain F. E. Tyler writes: "As the corps (3d) to which my regiment was attached did not arrive at Chancellorsville for some time after the main army, we were put in reserve a short distance back of the main line and near the road from the U. S. Ford. About 4 P.M. the 11th Corps was broken by Stonewall Jackson and fell back in great confusion. General Hooker ordered up our division (Hooker's old division) to retake the line from which the 11th was driven. As we marched out we found the roads and woods full of the fleeing 11th Corps, and had to charge bayonets to clear a passage. We regained the original line of the 11th Corps without much trouble, and immediately proceeded to cut down trees to fortify our position. I was then the senior captain of the regiment and acting major. During the day General Sickles, who

commanded our corps (the 3d), had two divisions of the corps, well out in front of our main lines, scouting, and at the time of the break of the 11th had not to our knowledge returned; there were also other troops well advanced in front of our main lines, observing the movements of the enemy. So it seemed important to know just what was in our front, and also to find out what had become of the troops of Stonewall Jackson. Some time about midnight General Revere, who commanded our (Sickles') brigade, rode down our line, and stopping at my regiment, asked for the colonel. As he could not be readily found at that time he was referred to me, and stopping, asked me if I knew what troops of the enemy were in our front, or if there were any. I mentioned the fact that it was reported that the 1st and 3d divisions of our corps were in front; also the rumor that the Irish Brigade had been sent out in that direction. He then told me that it was of the utmost importance to know what was in front, and ordered me to pick out some trusty men and send them out to get the best information they could. I went to my old company (A), and called for FELIX BRANNIGAN, who had been with me all during the war, and whom I knew from long experience to be a cool, courageous, intelligent soldier. I told him what I wanted, gave him my ideas as to how to get out of the lines and what to do, and suggested the other men whom he should take along. They went in twos, each in a different direction, having to pass our own pickets and presumably those of the enemy, make their way stealthily through the thickets and swamps and go until they found troops in front; either ours or of the enemy.

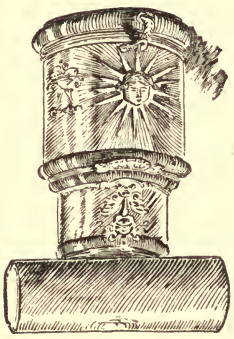
They had all returned by daylight, coming in at different times, the last man coming in being JOS. GION, who was out so long I greatly feared his death or capture. They reported that they had gone a considerable distance when they came to 'an open,' which was occupied by a large body of troops; by laying low and getting as near as possible to the troops, who were camped close to the woods, they found they were Stonewall Jackson's men, and that they intended to make a determined effort at daylight to break through where they broke the 11th Corps the day before, and push on and secure possession of the roads leading to U. S. Ford, thereby hoping to effect a capture of a large portion of the Federal army. To prove the importance of this scout, shortly after daylight Jackson's troops, then led by Stuart (Jackson had fallen during the night), charged our works, where we held them for, say two hours, when we fell back and formed a new and shorter line just back of the Chancellorsville house. During this fight my colonel and lieutenant-colonel were both seriously wounded, and I was in command during the latter part of the battle. After we returned to our camp across the river, General Hooker ordered that each commanding officer report such men as were conspicuous for good conduct. Under these circumstances I made a detailed report to General Hooker's adjutant-general, and the men were awarded medals."

GOTTLIEB LUTY, one of the men selected for this hazardous service, and whose portrait, taken from a war-time photograph, heads this account, says:

"On the afternoon in May, 1863, when the Eleventh Corps was driven back, General Hooker ordered the second

division of the Third Corps to take their place. We advanced and took their old position, which we reached about dark. While lying there we heard firing in front, and General Berry, supposing that some of the 11th Corps were still in advance yet, asked Colonel Lonesberry of the 74th N. Y. if he had one or two men who would volunteer to go out and see if any were there, and find out what position the rebels were in. There were four of Company A, viz.: FELIX BRANNIGAN, HENRY BIERMAN, JOS. GION and myself, and Sergt.-Major JACOBSON, who volunteered to go. We divided into two squads, Brannigan and myself going together, the others going by themselves in a different direction. We advanced outside the outposts, probably fifty yards, close to the plank-road. We heard horses coming down the plank-road. We concluded to drop and await developments. They came down to within fifteen yards of us. When the firing commenced it appeared to come from all sides at the same time. I could not tell from what quarter it started. We found out by the talk that it was a body of rebels that rode down, and I think probably it was Gen. Jackson and staff, as we heard them say the general was shot just after the firing ceased. As there was only one round fired, we had a good chance to hear all. After the rebels withdrew, we got up and concluded to go back to our lines, but lost our way and got among the rebels. They were terribly excited about General Jackson being shot. All was confusion. So we quietly withdrew, as it was not very healthy for us there. We reached our lines about 3 o'clock in the morning. We then heard that General Berry had followed us

out and was wounded, and before he died he requested that if any of the men that went out got back they be rewarded for their services. The others returned later in the morning. We then fell back over the Rappahannock to Falmouth."



MAJOR WILLIAM B. HINCKS,
FOURTEENTH CONN. INFANTRY.

## MARS AND CUPID AT GETTYSBURG.

A MIDSUMMER night's dream. At least all the materials were there. The moon bathing the corn and wheat with mellow light; the faint sound of church bells wafted over the meadows from the neighboring town; the low, sweet notes of the whip-poor-will and the ceaseless murmur of the brook; and last, but necessary ingredient, a young girl.

These pleasant sights and sounds centred in a lovely spot in the suburbs of the now historic town of Gettysburg, near the Emmittsburg road. Here upon a little crest stood, a few days before the great battle, a modest farmhouse, surrounded by out-buildings bearing the usual Pennsylvania proportion to the size of the mansion; the great red barn, with its gothic windows framed in white, being the best sign of the owner's prosperity. With the excep-

SERGEANT-MAJOR HINCKS AT GETTYSBURG.

tion of a few fine old trees which shaded the house, there was but little timber on the farm. In front of the house, on the brow of the hill, a huge rock jutted out toward the south ; its top was moss-covered, but level as a table, and guarded, sentinel-like, by two large willow trees ; between them swung idly a hammock, within which, half reclining, and with her face turned southward, was the maiden of the dream.

THE DIETRICH FARM.

Elinor Dietrich was a true American girl. Her father, a hard-fisted, prosperous "Pennsylvania Dutchman," had married, some twenty years before, the pretty daughter of a Lutheran clergyman, who had lived and labored and died in the somewhat barren vineyard of a country parish, where thistles grew more plentifully than grapes. In the only child the virtues of the parents seemed reproduced : the courage and self-reliance of the father, the patience, fortitude and physical beauty of the mother. At an early age she had been sent to a famous Philadelphia school, where girls were not only taught the accomplishments, but also

the domestic arts of life, and where the experienced principal, herself a mother, took some of her pupils into her heart as well as under her roof. Elinor was one of the favored few, and when she returned home—"finished"—it was a pure, true-hearted woman who was clasped to her mother's breast. From a child she had been fond of out-door life, and before she went away to boarding-school could ride the wildest colt on the place, and bring down a partridge on the wing with her father's best double gun, whenever she could persuade him to let her share in the sport. But in all this there was no sign of the hoyden—no tom-boy manner.

Although Elinor was only nineteen, she was not heart-whole. Three years before, she had met a young student from North Carolina. He was good-looking, clever, and after due inquiry was permitted to become a suitor. He had made a long visit at the Dietrich homestead, and all seemed smooth sailing, when the guns at Sumter, regardless of lovers' knots and lovers' sighs, called Frank Arden to what he termed "the defence of the Old North State." So the usual vows were exchanged and the youth departed for the Confederacy. More than two years had passed. If love laughs at locksmiths, he certainly has but scant respect for picket lines. At intervals a letter found its way from the far South where Frank (now an infantry captain) was fighting the invader. One day Elinor received a billet from Richmond, and the writer spoke of the rumor that General Lee would make "an excursion into Pennsylvania some of these days," and hoped that it might come to pass. And Lee *had* come, but Arden's regiment passed by on the

other side of the county and it seemed a case of "hope deferred."

As Elinor mused over these things, Carlo, her pet terrier, lifted up his shrill voice in a warning bark. Shuffling footsteps came across the lawn and a voice, strangely familiar, said:

"Heh! lil dog, wha' fo' you go back on yo' frens?"

Elinor sprang to her feet.

"Jim, is it you?"

"Yesm—yes, Mis Elinor; got somfin fum Mars Frank. Tole me to put it in yo own hans."

And the dusty, travel-worn negro, diving into the pocket of his jacket, drew out a letter on once white paper.

## BUFORD OPENS THE BALL.

The clock in the tower of the Seminary marked the hour of eight. The morning of a day famous in the annals of American history had arrived—the first day of the battle of Gettysburg. And yet, at the moment, there was but little sign of war in the landscape, as it lay spread out, smiling and placid as far as one could see. Just in front of the town a few hundred horsemen were resting under temporary shelters of canvas or lounging under the trees, while their horses impatiently stamped at the flies or, motionless, drew in deep draughts of the clover-scented air. They belonged to Buford's division of the cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac; of that army they were supposed to be the eyes and ears; their duty to keep both wide open in the direction of the enemy; to report his plans and movements, to delay his advance and to hang upon his rear in retreat; and, besides, to do a multitude of things not usually re-

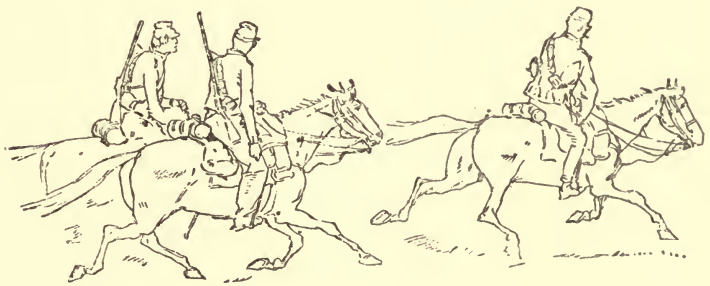
quired of cavalry (in the books), but which are apt to fall to the lot of brave, zealous, and intelligent soldiers—horse or foot—who happen to be on the spot in an emergency.

All this passed through the mind of the advanced vidette on the Cashtown road, about two miles west of Gettysburg.

He was a bright young farmer from Illinois, and a dragoon of nearly three years' service; it was long since he had seen so fertile a vale as that spread out before him, and in fancy he saw the old home farm and wondered how the crops compared with those at his feet. But he kept his military eye "peeled," and his large ears open at the same time. His position on a knoll, in the edge of a grove, commanded a view of the road for several miles in the direction of Chambersburg. Private Kelly had good eyesight, and as he looked down the road for the hundredth time since going on post that morning, his eye rested longer than usual on an object about three miles away.

A moment decided him as to its nature; it was undoubtedly a horseman, but whether friend or foe it was impossi-

ble to tell. Another glance revealed three—six—a platoon at least, moving slowly along at a walk. The man first seen kept in the middle of the road; a hundred yards behind him rode another cavalier; at a similar distance in rear came four or five men, riding together, with one in front who seemed to be in command. Private Kelly was much interested in the spectacle; he braced up in his saddle, drew his horse back into the shadow of the wood, and



THE ADVANCE GUARD.

took another look. The leading horseman had disappeared in a little gorge through which a small stream filtered under a few boards crossing the road, and as the breeze came from that direction it bore the muffled sound of hoofs to the alert Union picket. And now a larger party of horsemen, perhaps twenty, came within his vision and the flashing of something in the sunlight suggested an armed party; on either side of the road and a little in advance of these could also be seen three or four mounted men moving across the fields in open order. Private Kelly could not tell whether these visitors were likely to be welcome or not, and very properly concluded to transfer the responsibility to other shoulders. In rear of the little clump of trees

there was an open spot, plainly visible to his "reserve," and not exposed to any one coming from Cashtown. Kelly was there in a moment, riding his horse rapidly in a circle and putting his cap on the muzzle of his carbine as a signal that something was wrong. Instantly this was seen by the sentry in front of the picket-guard, and in another moment a corporal was galloping to the front. "What is it, Kelly?" The vidette silently pointed down the road. The horsemen were now only two miles off, but some distance in their rear was a column of footmen, well closed up, with a cloud of skirmishers in front, extending for a hundred yards on both sides of the road.

"Johnnies! and doughboys* at that,—it must be a division at least," said the corporal. "Well, Kelly, you know what to do, stay out as long as you can, but don't let them gobble you. I'll report to the lieutenant;" and back the corporal sped with the news.

"Honest John," as the commander† of the First Cavalry Division was affectionately called by his troopers, was sitting on a camp-stool under an old elm tree, which did duty as headquarters, taking his after-breakfast smoke. The modest brier-wood pipe was as much a part of his equipment as the blue hunting-shirt which General Buford invariably wore in the field. The general was not much of a talker, at least in mixed society, and in this respect resembled the Great Captain who sleeps so quietly at Riverside. Nothing escaped his keen eye, and none was more ready to recognize merit in others or slower to push his own claims for promotion.

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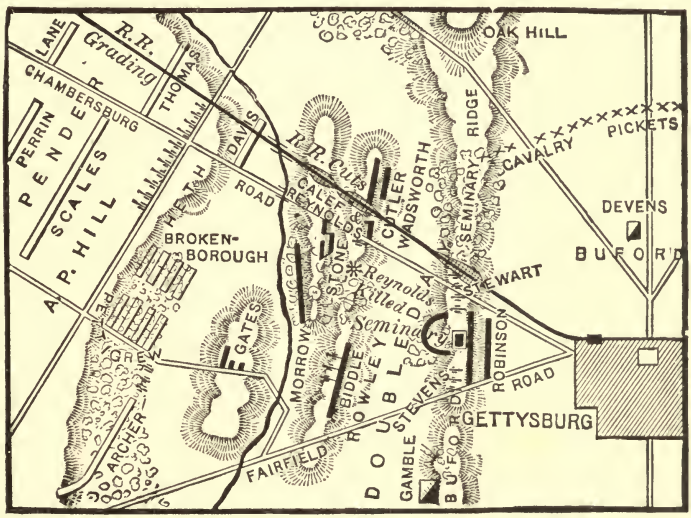
* Cavalry slang for the infantry.

† Major-General John Buford

A staff-officer rode up, dismounted, and saluting the general reported that the pickets of Gamble's Brigade had just observed the enemy in some force, advancing on the Cashtown road. The Chief took one or two meditative puffs, and then removing his pipe said, "Give my compliments to Colonel Gamble, and tell him to move out with his command and meet the enemy; we must keep him out of the




GETTYSBURG.—FIRST DAY.

town as long as possible. Tell the colonel to keep me posted as to the enemy's movements from time to time."

In ten minutes Gamble's Brigade—the 8th New York, 8th Illinois, and part of the 3d Indiana and 12th Illinois regiments of cavalry—about 1900 strong, with Tidball's Battery of the 2d U. S. Artillery under Lieutenant Calef, was moving into position. Three squadrons, part dismounted,

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN BUFORD.
FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

were sent to the front and deployed as skirmishers to support the squadron on picket, then falling back slowly. Two of Calef's three-inch rifled guns were placed on each side of the road, and two on the right of the left regiment of cavalry. The enemy cautiously approached in column on the road with three extended lines on each flank, and the artillery and skirmishers became engaged. Soon the cavalry were forced back, giving ground very slowly considering that the little cavalry brigade was standing up against three divisions of infantry—veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia. For more than two hours this unequal contest was waged. Under the eye of one of the best cavalry fighters in the world, the Union troopers surpassed all previous efforts. In Buford's own words, "the brigade had to be literally dragged back" a few hundred yards to a position more secure and better sheltered; at one time the enemy had a concentric fire upon the battery from twelve guns, all at short range. Calef held his own gloriously, worked his guns deliberately, with great judgment and skill, and with wonderful effect upon the enemy. Even when the advance of the First Corps came up, so thoroughly had the horsemen warmed to their work, by fighting on foot, that some of the 3d Indiana Cavalry found horse-holders, borrowed muskets and fought side by side with the Wisconsin regiment of infantry which came to relieve them. But the work of the cavalry in keeping "reserved seats" for the grand bull fight was not yet over. Heavy masses of the enemy were advancing upon Gettysburg from the north and west. General Buford stemmed the hostile torrent on the northern side with Devin's Brigade

until the arrival of the Eleventh Corps, when, perceiving that the portion of the First Corps then engaged was sorely pressed, he sent Gamble's Brigade to the left of General Doubleday's line. It arrived at a critical moment and rendered invaluable service. Dropping behind a low stone fence, Gamble's dismounted men delivered, at short range, a repeating-carbine fire that was perfectly terrific and caused the enemy to recoil, temporarily discomfited.

And now General Hancock arrived on the field and assumed command, and as the great army corps came up they were assigned to positions. Both armies—Lee with more than 70,000 and Meade with more than 80,000 soldiers, the flower of American manhood—now prepared for a terrible struggle. The character of the battle of Gettysburg, the magnificent display of courage and endurance on both sides, and the nearly equal conditions as to leaders and numbers engaged, shows that the result depended largely on *position*. The result was therefore practically decided in favor of the Union army when John Buford selected and held on to the ground where the battle was fought. Well could he modestly report that "a heavy task was before us; we were equal to it and shall all remember with pride that at Gettysburg we did our country much service."

## JOHN BURNS' FIGHT.

In the lull of the fighting came a strange figure upon the battlefield. A farmer-like person with homespun clothes of an ancient cut, well patched and darned, carrying in his hand an old Kentucky rifle with an immensely long barrel,

and weighing almost as much as a light field-gun. Approaching the commanding officer of a Pennsylvania brigade, he asked permission to go on the skirmish line. After vain attempts to dissuade the old man, he was finally allowed to join the soldiers in the front, where he remained

JOHN BURNS.

during the entire battle, picking off the Confederates from time to time as he saw a chance, utterly unmindful of the bullets which buzzed about his ears.

This man was John Burns, a resident of Gettysburg. Bret Harte tells the story in verse, from which an extract may be proper:

"Have you heard the story the gossips tell
Of John Burns, of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well,
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown—

The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three—
The very day that General Lee,
The flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
* * * * * * * * *
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long, buff vest—
Yellow as saffron, but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that country-folk call "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
* * * * * * * * *
Close at his elbows, all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,
And striplings, downy of lip and chin—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore,
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy," and begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment: for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks, in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there."

"FLEEING FROM THE WRATH."

On the morning of Buford's cavalry affair, Elinor was sitting with her mother under the willows. The old lady was knitting away upon a woollen sock of liberal dimensions, a prospective addition to the wardrobe of the ancient Dietrich. Elinor occupied a substantial old-fashioned arm-chair, and pensively toyed with Carlo's ears.

With a slight sigh Mrs. Dietrich said: "Dear me, when will this terrible fighting be over? So far we have escaped, but no one can tell when the soldiers may come here. By the way, Elinor, have you any news from the South?"

This was Mother Dietrich's way of asking: "Have you heard from Frank?" And her daughter therefore replied:

"Yes, mother. He writes that he is on the march from Carlisle, and hopes he may have an opportunity of seeing us on their way back to Virginia. But of course he can't tell—they may not come within many miles."

"Well, my child, we must be patient and hope for the best."

A heavy report, as of thunder, broke the stillness; it was followed by a distant explosion. Both of the ladies rose, and hurried to the northern side of the house, from which they had a partial view of the artillery duel in front of the Seminary.

Farmer Dietrich appeared. He was a large, heavy person, a "Peace-at-any-price" man, who took no interest in the issues at stake except as they directly concerned himself. He had tried to steer a middle course, with the result that he was looked upon with suspicion by both sections of the people. He now seemed somewhat excited.

"Mother, you and Nell will have to go over to Henry's until this thing blows over; they tell me there's likely to be a big battle right around here, and the womenfolks had better get ready at once. The wagon will be around in a quarter of an hour."

Being women of action, no time was wasted in speculation or lamentation. Within the specified time, trunks were packed, many valuable things were thrown hastily into large baskets and made ready for removal; for it was impossible to conjecture the fate of the house in the event of a battle. Much fine old furniture, too heavy to move,

was left behind, including an old Dutch clock, which had ticked away, without stop or falter, for nearly a hundred years.

The six-seated Germantown wagon, drawn by two fat horses, was quickly filled by the family and the "women-folks"—excepting Aunt Chloe, the cook, who, perched upon the top of her own precious trunk in one of the light farm wagons, with a band-box of generous dimensions in one hand and a huge red bandanna bundle in the other, presented, to all whom it might concern, an example of monumental dignity hard to equal and impossible to surpass.

The Dietrich cavalcade moved down the Emmittsburg road with a view of getting within the Federal lines if possible. First, the proprietor on one of his best horses, a colt with which he hoped to take a prize at the next county fair; then came the Germantown with its fair freight—Elinor, pale but composed, and occupied with comforting her mother. By the side of the carriage ran Carlo, who looked on the whole thing as a picnic; then four wagons of various sizes, laden with an assortment of ploughs, provisions, pots and pans, and the odds and ends of farm equipment; and, last of all, a small herd of cattle. As they reached the summit of a long hill Elinor turned to look at the deserted homestead. The familiar spot never looked so beautiful; the house in which she was born, the great barn, the scene of so many frolics, the willows weeping in silence—all stood out sharply against the smoke of the battle, now waxing hot in the background.

The refugees had almost reached a turning to the east-

ward which would give them a good road to Taneytown and safety, and Elinor's father was beginning to breathe more freely, when just ahead he saw a mounted man with a carbine resting on his knee. Making a sign to his coachman to stop, Dietrich rode forward.

"Halt!" said the soldier. "Whar you uns goin?"

"I am taking my family to a safe place until the fighting is over," was the reply.

"Wal, reck'n 'l hev to turn yo all over to the Looten't, so keep right along o' me;" and the procession moved. "Likely critter that," said their captor.

The farmer's heart sank within him. To use his own words, he "had jumped from the fryin'-pan into the fire."

Soon they came upon the commander of the picket-guard. This officer was very civil, but sent them a mile further to the headquarters of the scouting party to which he belonged. Here Captain Jones of the Confederate cavalry kindly exchanged some of his own spare-ribbed steeds for the farmer's plump animals; relieved the wagons of a few sacks of oats and flitches of bacon for immediate consumption; turned over the cattle and wagons to the quartermaster of the expedition; permitted the family to retain the Germantown wagon, now drawn by two exhausted cavalry horses with "U. S." branded on their shoulders; requested Mr. Dietrich not to move further for one hour; left a corporal and one man to see that he should not forget, and after apologies to the ladies for any inconvenience which they might suffer from this change in their plans, touched his cap and departed.

The Army of the Potomac was posted with its centre

upon a high crest on the southern edge of Gettysburg, called Cemetery Hill; from this spot the right of the line extended toward the east, and lay on the north of the Baltimore pike; from the Cemetery Hill the line occupied the crest of a ridge which, broken by clumps of trees, extended southward for nearly two miles to a high and rocky peak called "Round Top," forming the extreme left of General Meade's position.

The Army of Northern Virginia occupied a ridge nearly parallel to the Union line, but not so high and with more timber on its crest. These two lines of battle were separated by low broken ground, at a distance of from half a mile to a mile.

The farm buildings stood between the lines and a little south of the Union centre. The buildings were first occupied by the rebel sharpshooters, who began to annoy the Yankee skirmish line. Finally a rush was made by a New Jersey regiment, which drove out the occupants and captured eighty of their number. This was a brief triumph; a fresh body of Southrons attacked the building, and again planted the "Stars and Bars" over the farm-house. Thrice was this combat repeated until night, when both sides took a rest.

### THE THIRD DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

At dawn on the third day of the conflict a noisy fire from Lee's artillery began. The battle of the previous day had been most furious at Cemetery Hill and at the Round Tops. Twice it seemed as if the Confederate army would overwhelm the troops defending those points. General

Lee now determined to make his final effort to dislodge his enemy by a direct assault upon the centre of his position. The —th North Carolina Infantry (or "The Pine Knots," as they had been christened, on account of certain tough qualities) were aroused at an early hour on July 3, 1863. While it was yet dark the colonel had sent for Captain Arden of his regiment. A tall, muscular young man, bronzed to an old-oak color, with strong features, dark eyes and hair worn in cavalier fashion, appeared and saluted.

"Arden, the regiment is ordered to re-occupy those buildings in our front as quietly as possible, so as to be in position by daylight. I want you to take your company and occupy the farm-house. Jackson's company will go forward to the barn. The rest of the regiment will support you. It may be that we shall find the Yankees there before us; in that case we must try to bag them if possible."

"Very good, Colonel; is that all?"

"Yes; take care of yourself."

Captain Arden had been a witness to the warfare at the Dietrich homestead on the previous day. He felt certain that Elinor had gone away, but where? and how? Had she reached a place of safety, or was she exposed to the horrors and dangers of the campaign?

At the appointed time the "Pine Knots" crept forward, Arden's company leading. To avoid injuring each other, a special countersign was agreed upon. The precautions proved unnecessary; the buildings were unoccupied and the regiment established itself unmolested.

The force at the house was under Captain Arden's command, and as soon as he had made everything secure out-

side, he entered the familiar doorway. What a ruin! Shattered windows, bullet-holed walls, blood-stained floors; the old clock battered and silent; it was impossible to conceive of the destruction that one day could encompass. Arden found the heavy oaken door leading into the cellar closed, and fastened on the inside. Calling some men to his aid, it was soon broken open. As the eyes of the party became accustomed to the light, they saw in one corner a curious heap of boxes and barrels; peering behind this, one of the men exclaimed: "Cap'n, thar's a nigger hidin' in that corner—come out'n that."

"Ise comin', seh," said a smothered sort of voice, as amid laughter and a cloud of dust from the flour bin in which he had been lying, Jim appeared.

"Why, Jim, what are you doing here?" said Captain Arden.

The negro chuckled. "Tell de truf, Mars Frank, couldn't git away. When de family done gone I tink go'n git some sleep—hant had none two'r tree day. When I wuk up dey wus at it. Hamr end tongs! how dey did bang an' fight an' groan, en it seem t'me dat I bes lay low entil dey was less 'citement."

"What did you have to eat?" asked some one.

"Dey was right sm'at meat an pie lef, but powerful dry fo' watah—only vinegar an' sich," said the boy. Taking him aside, Arden soon had the news of the flitting as well as a short note from Elinor, penned as she was leaving, and entrusted to the boy. Jim was a free negro who had become attached to Arden long before, when on a visit to the

farm, and had gone South with the young soldier as a body servant.

On the Union side, and occupying an advanced position in front of the right of the Second Corps, were two regiments of infantry: the 14th Connecticut and the 8th Ohio.

About 10 o'clock the fire from Arden's sharpshooters became so annoying that the Connecticut regiment was or-

CONFEDERATE SHARPSHOOTER.

dered to drive them away and hold the buildings. Captain Moore, with four companies, moved forward against the barn. Instantly the "Pine Knots" behind the stone wall poured a volley into them, and two officers and several men were seen to drop. But, with a cheer, the Connecticut "boys" rushed on and over the wall, and at the same time a canister shot ploughed its way into the barn and exploded, wounding several of the Confederates. Major Ellis of the Fourteenth, with the greater part of his regiment, now attacked the house. Here there was a stout resistance. The assaulting party were met with a sharp fire from the posi-

tion defended by Arden's men. But the New Englanders, having come so far on their errand, did not propose to retire, and availed themselves of the cover of the barn.

In the mean while they noted the tall form of a young rebel officer moving unconcernedly to and fro behind his men, encouraging them and occasionally correcting the aim of a nervous marksman. Several shots were taken at him by the Union sharpshooters without effect. And now the Connecticut men rushed forward on both sides of the beleaguered domicile. Even veterans cannot stand before a flank attack, and so the "Pine Knots" fell back sullenly.

All this took place during a pause in the general operations. It was a sort of tournament. Orders came to burn the buildings, and so Major Ellis applied the torch to everything that would burn, and in an hour the Dietrich homestead was a smoking ruin.*

## PICKETT'S GRAND CHARGE.

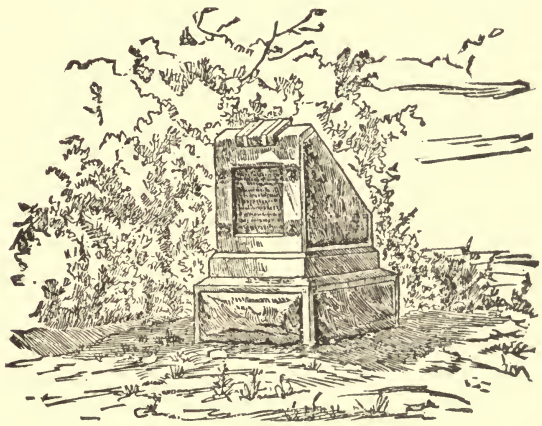
About two o'clock in the afternoon a heavy cannonade was opened from one hundred and fifteen pieces of Lee's artillery upon the Union front and centre; like the blows of a great steam-hammer, shot and shell fell for nearly three hours. At half past four o'clock, the firing ceased as suddenly as it commenced. Across the plain came with measured tread, elbow to elbow, three long lines, fifteen thousand strong, the flower of the Southern army, commanded by a gallant Virginian—General Pickett. Their purpose was evident; they were about to assault and risk

* The site of this exploit was purchased by the Fourteenth Connecticut Veterans after the war, and a Memorial Stone marks the spot.

everything on the cast of a die. General Hunt had massed fresh batteries in the rear of the Second Corps, and soon they were pouring destruction into the enemy, each moment coming nearer. But on they came, until those on the cemetery crest could almost see, as in olden times, "the whites of their eyes." With flags unfurled and floating proudly, the undaunted assailants pressed forward. Round shot ploughed furrows, shell and canister tore great gaps in their lines, but the furrows disappeared and the gaps were instantly filled from the rear. Stannard's Vermont brigade was in position so that it commanded the right flank of the approaching division, and it fired two or three volleys, with the effect only of causing the enemy to crowd a little more to the left. It seemed as if this huge wave must reach and sweep over the Union army, when nothing might stay Lee's triumphant march to Philadelphia. But the commander at the threatened point was equal to this emergency. As the Confederates were within two hundred yards, six thousand men of the Army of the Potomac rose from behind the low stone walls, and full in the faces of the advancing host burst forth a sheet of flame. Volley after volley roared and rattled and blazed into what had been such a brilliant array of banners and bayonets. Nothing living could withstand the effect. As with a scythe the gray-brown rows were literally mown down in this great harvest of Death! With this relentless musketry in front and their own artillery a mile in their rear, now playing on friend and foe alike, there seemed nothing for them to do but to drop down and be gathered in by the Union troops. On the left of Pickett's line hundreds threw themselves flat,

waving in token of surrender hats, handkerchiefs or naked hands. Others would not yet yield, but while availing themselves of any cover that offered, planted their colors in the earth and crouched behind and under them at bay.*

In spite of this hot reception the main part of the assaulting force, led by General Armistead, dashed through the withering fire and reached the Union centre. The blue flag of Virginia waved for a few moments over the Union



WHERE PICKETT'S CHARGE ENDED.

lines, and it was said by more than one cool spectator at other parts of General Meade's line, "Our centre is pierced." The Confederate general laid his hand upon a captured Union gun and shouted, "Give them the cold steel, boys!" In a moment he fell, mortally wounded.

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* The fences along the Emmittsburg road were riddled. One inch-and-a-quarter board was indeed a curiosity. It was sixteen feet long, fourteen inches broad, and was perforated with eight hundred and thirty-six musket balls. This board is said to be in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. This board was on that part of the fence where Scales' brave little brigade crossed it.

The Union general, Webb, by his personal example greatly helped to turn the tide of battle. For a moment there was great confusion. Regiments had lost their formation, although the men had not lost heart, but were fighting "on their own hook." A regiment from Minnesota, one from New York, another from Michigan and a fourth from Massachusetts threw themselves into the breach with Webb's Pennsylvanians, and the enemy was pressed back, broken and decimated, but defiant still. At this moment, Lieutenant Cushing, of the regular artillery, who had been mortally wounded through both thighs, his battery a ruin, his men and horses lying dead or wounded at his feet, ran his only serviceable piece up to the fence and said: "Webb, I'll give them one more shot." As the report of the gun followed, Cushing called out "Good-bye!" and fell dead.

### SERGEANT-MAJOR HINCKS' EXPLOIT.

During the grand assault, the Fourteenth Connecticut Regiment was in position opposite the left of the enemy's advancing lines; this regiment was armed with Sharps' breech-loading rifles and their fire was very severe.

Sergeant Wade of this regiment says:

"By this time the Fourteenth were all excited; they remembered Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and over the wall they went; nothing could stop them, and soon they were fighting hand-to-hand with the rebels. We captured six battle-flags and forty prisoners; and over one hundred prisoners came in afterwards. . . . . Oh, it was a glorious day for the old Fourteenth! One of the lieutenant-colonels taken by our regiment, coming up to our thin

line, asked us where all our troops were, and being told that he could see all there were, exclaimed, 'Oh! that I had known it a half hour since.' Some of the prisoners told us that their generals told them that they were fighting nothing but the Pennsylvania militia, but when they saw that ace of clubs, the trefoil badge of the Second Corps, they all exclaimed, 'We have been fighting the Army of the Potomac.'"

After the first fire from the Union side had taken effect, Sergeant-Major WILLIAM B. HINCKS, of the Fourteenth, saw, planted in the ground, some distance in front, a rebel flag. Around and on a line with it were a number of unwounded men who had thrown themselves down to avoid the heavy fire. He determined to capture the flag. Leaping over the wall, with nothing but his short sword in his hand, he ran straight for it. At the same time two or three others of his regiment had started for the same goal. One of these, an officer, was brought down by a bullet ere he had run ten yards. Hincks outstripped the others, reached the spot, and with a yell seized the colors by the staff, and waving his sword over his head was on his way back before those around could divine his purpose. Instantly a shower of bullets came all about him; he was also exposed to a scattering fire from our troops. It was "running the gantlet" indeed. Hincks, in his dash across the neutral ground, seemed to bear a charmed life. As he neared his own lines he saw the men standing up, regardless of the leaden messengers behind, and as he mounted the wall, trophy in hand, the regiment, to a man, wildly cheered the gallant fellow. It proved to be the colors of the "Fourteenth Tennessee."

On the flag were inscribed the names of the following battles in which it had been borne: "Seven Pines," "Mechanicsville," "Cold Harbor," "Shepardstown," "Fredericksburg," "Chancellorsville," "Ox Hill," "Harper's Ferry," "Sharpsburg," "Frazier's Farm," "Cedar Run," "Manassas."

Major Hincks writes:* "We were behind a low stone wall, such as may be seen on any New England farm. Parallel to this wall, and perhaps 150 yards away, was a lane (Emmittsburg road?), on either side of which were the ruins of a wooden fence. My recollection is that our people began to fire as the front line of the enemy crossed this fence. This broke their front line; their advance was checked and they began to fire. Then their color-bearer ran forward, planted his flag in the ground, and with several others—I presume the color-guard—laid down beside it, our fire being very hot. At that time I was firing two Sharps' rifles which Lieut. Hawley was loading for me; they belonged to men wounded early in the day. . . . The regiment on our right fired buck-and-ball cartridges, and I think that I was in as much danger from them when I ran to get the flag as from the enemy. . . . One gun (cannon) which had been pushed out a few rods in front of our stone wall remained there during the charge, having been disabled. A daring Southerner jumped upon this gun and waved his hat; but did not live to tell the story. In going after the flag I ran past this gun, leaving it upon my left hand." †

On the right of the Fourteenth, but further to the front,

* August 1, 1886.

† See full-page drawing facing opening of this chapter.

another small regiment, the Eighth Ohio Infantry, had been posted since the day before, as part of the picket-line.

## SERGEANT MILLER'S TROPHIES.

When the wave of Pickett's charge rolled up to the crest of the Cemetery Ridge it passed to the left of the Ohioans. Having spent its force, part of it receded and, breaker-like, scattered its foam along the battle beach. For a moment it seemed as if the gallant Eighth would be washed away. But it stood like a rock; and the ebbing tide divided as it met this new obstruction. The enemy was not panic-stricken; there was plenty of fight in him yet. Hand-to-hand encounters took place. Prisoners and colors were taken, and there were many acts of gallantry. Sergeant DANIEL MILLER, of "Company G, 8th O. V. I.," was a terror in this combat. He had already sent several prisoners to the rear when he saw, a short distance away, something tempting; it was a rebel flag in the centre of three or four "Pine Knots." At that moment a shell exploded just over their heads. A piece struck the color-bearer and brought him to his knees. The colors were not suffered to touch the ground. A young officer sprang forward and grasped the staff. This man was already wounded; covered with dust, the blood trickling from a gash on his forehead, without a hat, his eyes blazing, holding his torn but precious standard aloft in one hand while he guarded it with his bare rapier in the other, he seemed the living impersonation of valor. But he was almost alone, his revolver empty and his line of retreat nearly cut off. He backed slowly toward a gap in the fence near which he stood; once

on the other side of it he might reach his own lines in safety. But the foeman was upon him. The Ohio soldier confronted the brave Confederate and bade him surrender. Nine out of ten men would have done so. But no; holding the flag behind him the rebel officer parried with great dexterity the thrusts made by the sergeant, who was loath to shoot this gallant youth. But there was no time to lose;

RELIEVING THE WOUNDED.

if he wanted the flag he must act promptly. "Surrender! or I'll shoot," hoarsely cried Miller. In response the slender sword-blade seemed to wrap itself round the barrel of his rifle and the point pierced his wrist. A sharp report rang in the ears of the Southern soldier; he dropped his weapon and fell backward upon the banner of his regiment, pale and motionless. His opponent in vain tried to loosen the death-grip which held the color-staff, so tearing the silken trophy from the lance, he thrust it into his bosom. Honors now were easier. There were but few in sight of that grand division of Virginians and Georgians which

swept so proudly on to the Union position less than half an hour before. Here and there might be seen a little group slowly nearing the rebel lines with wounded comrades. Once more did Sergeant Miller add to the glorious "loot." Creeping along a stone wall he saw a "butternut" figure. It proved to be another color-bearer. One by one his color-guard had been killed or wounded, and he was making to the rear. It required but slight exercise of Miller's persuasive powers to induce the man with his charge to turn about as a prisoner of war.

And now the forces of Nature took their turn. A great thunder-storm gathered and broke over the battlefield. The artillery of the heavens in mighty peals seemed to mock the late cannonade. The lightning blinded man and beast; and the rain, falling in great sheets, promised to wash out the blood-stains from the face of mother earth. And this last was a great blessing to the thousands of wounded and dying who, burning with thirst and faint for want of food and drink, were instantly refreshed.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

The day following was the anniversary of our national independence. How it was spent on the battlefield is told by Sergeant Wade of the Fourteenth Connecticut, in an interesting letter: "Saturday, July 4, we were called up at three o'clock, and ordered to fix up our little stone wall put in front of us, as the rebels would no doubt try us again early in the day. But they did not come and we lay here all day, resting from our arduous labors of the few days previous. We could hear the groans of the wounded rebels

ahead of our picket-lines, but every attempt at taking them off to a hospital would prove unavailing, as the enemy's pickets would fire at us if we attempted it. . . . .

"This was the first Fourth of July we had been in the Service, and we talked over our prospects for the future, and reviewed the past; especially that portion since we had left Falmouth. We had been on the march twenty-one days, had travelled over 200 miles, and suffered exceedingly from the heat and had pretty hard living. We had scarcely anything to eat from July 1 to the night of the 3d, when we crawled out on the battlefield after dark, where the enemy's wounded lay, and took the haversacks from those who had been killed in the fight that day; these haversacks were nearly all full of nice hoe-cakes. Some that we found were stained with blood where it had run into their haversacks from their wounds. But we were so hungry that we didn't stop for that. This may seem a tough story, but it is true."

The Dietrich family, shorn of much of this world's goods by the Confederate foraging party, finally reached their kinsman's roof. Here, during the battle, they eagerly listened to the booming and the crash of the conflict as it came to them on the fitful wind. But Elinor was not idle; together with others of the household she scraped lint and made rolls of bandages, and felt that although men might fight and maim, yet it was woman's sweet privilege to bind up the wounds, to be the ministering angel, and to spread the soft mantle of Christian charity over Rebel and Yankee alike. Naturally her thoughts turned to the young soldier

so far from home and kindred; she did not sympathize with his cause, but he was her hero and in danger.

Coming up the lane, at this moment, appeared a negro boy, dressed in a Union soldier's blue trousers and cap, and a shirt of no particular allegiance or color. As he came nearer, Elinor's heart beat fast. It was Jim. Were his news good or bad? She ran forward. Jim took off his cap when he saw her, and in answer to her questioning eyes, said: "Sorry, Mis Elinor, t' bring you sich news. He's been wounded despert bad, an de doctah say he doan kno ef he kin live fru de night."

## WOUNDED UNTO DEATH.

Seated under a tree, out of sight of the house, and fortified by the simple refreshment of pie and milk, Jim told his story. In brief, he had been left in camp by Captain Arden on the morning of the third day. When the remnant of the "Pine Knots" came back that night his master was not with them; he had been last seen in front, when the Confederate line fell back. Late at night, Jim and one of Arden's men had crept out to the point indicated between the pickets, and after an hour's search had found the missing officer lying unconscious, but alive, and still grasping the color-staff, from which the flag had evidently been torn. Having found him, the difficulty was to get him within his own lines. Jim had brought with him a small flask of Pennsylvania "apple-jack," with which he managed to partially revive the captain. Then, aided by his companion, he made a sort of litter with a blanket and rubber poncho, stripped from a dead Union soldier, and

thus they half carried, half dragged their almost unconscious burden to the Confederate picket-line—not without danger of occasional shots from the vigilant watchers of both armies. From this point Arden was carried to a small hut occupied by an old colored woman. Upon examination, the surgeon reported that Captain Arden had received a slight scalp wound, apparently from a bayonet; but the most serious thing was a gunshot wound through the body, near the left lung, the ball having evidently passed out through the back, under the shoulder-blade. That it was impossible to say, then, what were the chances of recovery, but that, so far, the absence of fever and a fine physique were in the patient's favor. In any case, it would be a matter of nursing rather than of medicine. As the boy finished, Elinor had made up her mind. She must go to Frank. Who could nurse him so well as she?

Jim reported that the Confederates had fallen back from the place where Arden was lying, and that he had passed a number of farmers returning to their homesteads. So Elinor took her father into her confidence, and he, seeing her resolution, yielded. Her mother was not to be taken into the secret until a day later, when it would be possible for her to join Elinor by comfortable conveyance. Under pretence of taking a ride in the direction of the Dietrich farm, Elinor and her father, followed by Jim on one of the despised "U. S." cavalry horses, set out early the next morning.

Aunt Sheba's abode was a rude cabin of boards with two rooms; one was kitchen, reception, dining and sewing room, and the other answered the purpose of a bedroom;

at present doing duty as guest chamber. The place was "neat as wax" and not without a picturesque air, with nasturtium vines running up its weather-beaten sides and almost shutting out the light which struggled to enter at the port-hole-like windows.

Within, on the bed, lay Arden, pale, helpless and breathing with difficulty, his eyes fastened upon Elinor, who stood by his side, holding his hand. On the other side of the bed was the doctor, an old practitioner in the neighborhood. At the foot of the bed stood one in half clerical, half military garb, with a book in his hand. In the background sat Farmer Dietrich.

Although fever had not set in yet, the wounded man was very weak, and it was thought his case was hopeless. By mutual consent it was determined to join these loving hearts while the spark of life still lingered. It seemed to gratify Arden that at least Elinor would bear his name.

The ceremony was brief but impressive. After it was over, the sick man closed his eyes, and all but the doctor and the young wife left the room.

## REWARDING THE VICTORS.

On a crisp, beautiful morning in December, 1864, there was a grand parade, of all the troops available, near the headquarters of the Second Corps. After a review by General Meade, the command "Order arms!" was given. The adjutant-general of the corps soon appeared at the head of a small party of officers and men, wearing side-arms only. There were three commissioned officers, two non-commissioned staff-officers, and several sergeants, corporals and

privates. They advanced to the front and centre of the line, and after the adjutant-general had read the orders in the case, the Victor of Gettysburg, followed by a brilliant retinue, including several corps commanders, visiting officers of foreign armies and others, approached near the little group and presented to each man, with a graceful word or two of congratulation, the Medal of Honor won during the campaign. When Lieutenant Hincks' name was called, a tall, slender, boyish figure in the full dress of an adjutant of infantry, advanced and received his medal. As General Meade handed Hincks the prize, he said, looking at the lieutenant's shoulder-strap, "I am glad to see, sir, that you have received something more substantial than a medal." * . Through some inexcusable blunder the gallant Sergeant Miller, of G Company, 8th Ohio Volunteers, never received the medal for which he was recommended by his regimental commander, but it was sent from the War Department to another man of similar surname, in the same company. The poor fellow died some years since, and never ceased to feel that "Republics are ungrateful." †

We have already taken up too much space with the incidents of the great battle, and must stop short now. But not before it can be truly said that what seemed to be a

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* William B. Hincks of Connecticut, aged 22, enlisted as a private in the 14th C. V. I., July, 1862. Promoted through all grades to 2d lieutenant and adjutant, Oct. 20, 1863, major, April 3, 1865. Served with regiment in Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, during entire period, and in following engagements: Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Hatcher's Run, Appomattox. Received honorary degree of A.M. from Yale College, July, 1878.

† "The 8th pressed forward, capturing a large number of prisoners and three stands of colors; one marked 34th North Carolina and one 38th Virginia were captured by Sergeant Daniel Miller 'G' Co."—*Lt.-Col. F. Sawyer, 8th O. V. I. Official Report, Battle of Gettysburg.*

death-bed marriage had a happy ending. A strong constitution and the tender care of his wife enabled Captain Arden to pull through. But his recovery was very slow, and required a trip to Europe to complete the cure which Elinor's nursing had commenced. Indeed, the young Carolinian had hardly stepped upon his native heath when the news of Appomattox put an end to his military ambition.

I saw them driving in the Park the other day. From the size of the family party and the appearance of the equipage it was evident that our Gettysburg friends are both happy and prosperous. In the dignified coachman, I with difficulty recognized Jim.

CORPORAL WEEKS AND HIS CORPS COMMANDER.

CORPORAL JOHN H. WEEKS.
152D N. Y. VOL. INFANTRY.

## THE SALIENT AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

THE Army of the Potomac, leaving its winter quarters at Brandy Station and Culpeper, with its shelter-tents folded on the top of the knapsacks, and its cartridge-boxes and haversacks well filled, had crossed the Rapidan River, for the last time, "on to Richmond."

For six days it had fought and marched through the Wilderness, and on May 11, 1864, had reached the neighborhood of Spottsylvania Court House, where General Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia, barred the way.

Never before had gigantic armies striven for the mastery in such dense forests, where in a single week forty thousand men had fallen, killed or wounded.

The country from the Rapidan River to Spottsylvania Court House was an immense wood, with here and there a clearing or field that had in former years been cultivated for the raising of corn and tobacco. The male portion of

the population had nearly all gone further south, leaving the women and a few negroes at home.

There was a projection in General Lee's line a short distance north of the Court House, which military men call "The Salient." General Grant determined that an assault should be made at that point. He issued orders at 3 P.M. to "move three divisions of the Second Corps by the rear of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, under cover of the night, so as to join the Ninth Corps in a vigorous assault on the enemy at four o'clock A.M., to-morrow." He sent two staff officers to impress upon the commanders concerned the necessity of pushing forward vigorously.

How these orders were carried out is related in the following pages by two soldiers of Hancock's Corps—one from a Pennsylvania and one from a New York regiment. These men received two out of the fifteen Medals of Honor awarded by the Government to Grant's army for distinguished service at Spottsylvania. Their statements were contributed upon the invitation of the Editor.

## I. CORPORAL WEEKS' STORY.*

"On the night of the 11th of May, 1864, we were relieved by the 5th Corps at Laurel Ridge (or Stony Ridge, I have forgotten which) after dark, and moved out of the works, with instructions to move as silently as possible; not to allow our cups or bayonets to rattle or make any unnecessary noise. We marched all night through a cold rain,

* JOHN H. WEEKS was born at Hampton, Windom County, Connecticut, March 15, 1845. *Enlisted* as private, "H" 152d N. Y. Volunteers, August 28, 1862. *Served* in Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, until discharged as corporal, for wounds, May 25, 1865.

until just before the break of day, on the morning of the 12th, we were halted in line of battle, with orders to 'in place rest.' The report had been in circulation during the night that we were going to relieve the 6th Corps in the Reserve, that we might get a chance to rest, as we had been under fire constantly for six days; and when we halted we could see the light of camp fires shining along the sky in our front, where we supposed were the 6th Corps. No sooner were we ordered to rest, than I threw myself down in the mud and fell asleep. In a few minutes I was awakened by the tramp of a horse coming on a lope. I raised up and saw an aide ride to General Hancock (who happened to be near our right) and give the verbal order to the general, as near as I can remember, as follows:—'Gen. Meade's compliments, and directs that you move your corps forward and occupy those works.'

"We were called to attention and ordered 'Forward, guide centre, march!' Little did I think then what it would cost to obey that order, as I still thought it was the 6th Corps in our front.*

"We were in the second line of battle, following close behind the first, till soon the Reb skirmishers commenced firing. Then for the first I began to realize that we had work before us. It was now getting quite light, but the fog prevented us from seeing far in our advance. We soon

* General Grant says, "The ground over which Hancock had to pass to reach the enemy was ascending, and heavily wooded to within two or three hundred yards of the enemy's intrenchments. In front of Birney there was also a marsh to cross. But notwithstanding all these difficulties the troops pushed on in quick time without firing a gun, and when within four or five hundred yards of the enemy's line broke out in loud cheers, and with a rush went up to and over the breastworks. Barlow and Birney entered almost simultaneously. Here a desperate hand-to-hand conflict took place.

came to an open field with a gradual ascent to near the top, where there had been heavy timber, which had been felled with the tops toward us and the boughs sharpened ; also wire stretched through the tree tops. Still beyond this obstruction were the enemy's works, which consisted of a ditch, eight feet wide and nearly as deep, with a row of sharpened stakes set in front, the points about breast high. Immediately in rear of the ditch were the breastworks, which were formed of the dirt thrown up from the ditch, making the distance from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the works from twelve to fourteen feet, without a chance of a foothold.

"As soon as we came to the edge of the open field they opened on us with canister and musketry. The artillery had been massed at this point and all double-shotted with canister—thirty pieces, if I remember right. Such a storm of iron and lead I never saw before or since. It did not seem possible for a man to live to reach the crest of the hill and pass the obstructions ; but, as history tells, some did. But by the time we reached the ditch there was no line of battle, but a moving mass of yelling Yankees. We succeeded in wrenching the sharpened stakes from their places, and used them in crossing the ditch and scaling the works. When I think now of all the difficulties we had to overcome, with the flower of the rebel army behind such works pouring upon us a shower of lead, success seems impossible. It seemed to be an angle of their works where we made the charge, in shape of the letter V. Our right was on the left wing of the angle, so that when we got inside of the works we could still see the enemy on the

right wing opposing our men there from entering. It brought us in their rear. When we had sent our prisoners to the rear we still advanced, but very slowly, on account of our broken ranks.

"I saw the enemy give way at this time on the right wing, and amongst the rest was a stand of colors and color-guard. These men fired their muskets in a volley, and broke for the rear. They had to pass down our front to get out of the angle, and would have succeeded, but I made up my mind, as soon as I saw them start, that I must have those colors. I had also fired my gun, but had no time to reload. I ran up to the sergeant and snatched his colors from him, threw them on the ground and put my foot on them, cocked my empty gun, and told them the first one of them that moved out of his tracks I would shoot him down, and ordered them to throw down their guns and surrender. The sergeant said to them, 'Boys, they have got the colors, let us go with the colors;' so they threw down their guns and marched to the rear as my prisoners. When I got back to our line, Col. Curtiss told me to take them away, for we might get driven back at any moment.

"I recrossed the works and started for our rear, when I met General Hancock and staff going to the front. As he passed I saluted him. He returned the salute, and said, 'What have you got there?' I told him a stand of colors I had captured in the front. He then asked me if those were my prisoners. I told him they were. He looked at some of his staff and smiled (I thought at the time a little incredulously), for there were five or six lusty rebels and I was at that time about eighteen years old.

Then he said, 'You deliver your prisoners to the provost marshal and write your name, company and regiment with the date of the occasion on a slip of paper, and pin it on your colors, and turn them in to the adjutant of your regiment,'—which I did. I did not hear anything more about it till in the following winter when in Campbell Hospital, suffering from a wound received at the battle of Boydton Plank Road, on the left of Petersburg, I received a package. Upon opening it I found it to be a Medal of Honor."

LIEUT. CHARLES H. FASNACHT,
NINETY-NINTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

## II. SERGEANT FASNACHT'S ADVENTURES.*

"On the evening of the eleventh day of May, 1864, the Ninety-ninth Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers

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* CHARLES H. FASNACHT was born March 27, 1842, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Enlisted in 1861, in the Ninety-ninth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers for three years. Re-enlisted February, 1864. Served continuously with his regiment, excepting seven months in hospital from wounds received at Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania. Promoted corporal and sergeant and mustered out of service, with regiment, as first lieutenant July, 1865. Received the MEDAL OF HONOR; *Silver Medal* from the Directors of the U. S. Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia in 1864; and the *Bronze* "*Kearney Badge.*"

was lying back to the right of Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia. The men were somewhat exhausted, having had fighting and marching in the Wilderness since the 5th day of May. Rations were issued between seven and eight o'clock P.M. About nine o'clock P.M. the troops of the 2d Brigade, Brigadier-General J. Hobart Ward, 3d Division (Birney), Second Corps (Hancock), received orders to fall in, and shortly afterward the march to the left commenced.

"The Ninety-ninth was commanded by Colonel Edwin R. Biles, and was the leading regiment of the division, being preceded by Generals Birney and Ward, with their staff officers, and the pioneer corps. The night was very dark, and rain was falling nearly all the time. The men had orders to keep very quiet, and allow no noise from the rattling of canteens or other equipments. The rank-and-file had an idea that the Second Corps was marching for some vulnerable point of the enemy's line, and that as Birney's Division (composed of what was left of the old Third Corps) was leading, it meant that on the morrow desperate work was before us.

"Nothing occurred during this weary march until after midnight. We could hear, now and then, all through the night, away off to our left, the soldiers of Lee chopping wood; while away off to our right could be heard the rumbling noise of artillery. The quiet and stillness of this steady march through rain and mud was almost unbearable. Some of the men were tramping along almost asleep; in fact, on several occasions muskets dropped from the shoulders of weary men. Now and then a comrade

would ask in a whisper, 'What does this mean?' or, 'Where are we going?' But no answer could be given, as no one knew, except only those high in command.

"Company A of our regiment was leading, and kept well closed up to Colonel Biles, who was just behind the staff of Generals Birney and Ward. And as we were thus marching silently along, with a soldier's steady tramp, suddenly the horses and their riders in our front came back pell mell, scattering the men in every direction. Every man grasped his musket more tightly, with hand on trigger, believing the enemy was at hand. The cause of this stampede was soon discovered. A soldier in the pioneer corps in front had accidentally discharged his musket, which scared horses, staff officers and others who were near. It must have been between one and two o'clock, on the morning of May 12, when the head of our column arrived at its place of destination, and our company commenced to 'right by file into line;' and for a long while after, the troops were passing in our rear and forming in line to our left, with our regiment on the extreme right of our corps. The ground was wet and all around was darkness. The men in the ranks had no idea, as yet, of what was to be done in the morning. But the veteran soldiers who composed that line knew by instinct that daylight would see heavy fighting. With this belief, the men were soon 'lying on their arms,' dreaming of home and loved ones. The writer hereof was in 'light marching order,' having nothing but haversack, canteen and rubber blanket, besides his trusty Springfield musket. So with my rubber blanket wrapped around me, a soft spot in rear of the company was found, where I also was soon lost

in dreamland. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by being punched in the ribs with an officer's sword, and hearing a rustling noise, and low talk of the officers and men in my front. Jumping to my feet I discovered that the line was commencing to move forward.

"The men were told that we were advancing to charge the enemy's works, supposed to be three-fourths of a mile in our front, but which could not be seen from our starting-point. Colonel Biles also ordered the men not to fire a shot or give a cheer until we were inside the rebel earthworks; this was to take the enemy by surprise. At starting, we advanced through a swamp, overgrown with briers and small trees. After going about one-third of a mile we came out into a clearing on high ground. The line by this time being somewhat out of shape, it was straightened while still advancing. It was now daylight, and the enemy's works could be seen about one-third of a mile in our front, running along the edge of the woods, parallel with our advancing line of battle.

"These works looked formidable at that distance, and proved so, later on, when we crossed them. A great many low camp-fires were burning in the woods behind the enemy's line, while still others were being started; no doubt to dry clothing and to prepare for an early breakfast. The smoke of these fires, mingled with the fog, was hovering a few feet from the ground. What force the enemy had could not be known, as only here and there a sentry could be seen on the intrenchments; nor did any one in our line have time to scan very closely.

"As our line came out in this open ground, where it got a

glimpse of the rebel earthworks, some soldier away off to our left, who could not hold in any longer, gave a cheer. It was against orders, but it started the cheering along our whole line, and the rebel pickets commenced to fire on us, while the enemy was seen to rush up to their works. But our line swept on. Colonel Biles told us now that the faster we went, and the quicker we got over the enemy's works, the better it would be for us.

### CAPTURING A FLAG AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

"The assaulting column was composed of Birney's Division on the right, Barlow's Division on the left, with Mott and Gibbon's divisions supporting; my company (A), 99th P. V. V., being on the extreme right of the line. As we advanced, it was discovered that on our right there was a gap in the line, which was afterward filled up by troops (I think) of the Sixth Corps.

"When the colonel gave the order to get over the enemy's works, the regiment started on 'the double-quick.' At this time, and while yet five hundred yards distant, a rebel flag was raised over the works right in front of my company. The man holding it, waved it to and fro, as if inviting us to come on. Long before this I had an ambition to capture a rebel flag in actual battle; not to pick it up from where, perhaps, it had been lost by its bearer, who being shot down had left it on the ground; I wanted to be able to say that it was actually a *captured* flag.

"I was behind the company as a 'file closer,' being a sergeant at the time. I ran around the right and in front of the company. We had swept the enemy's pickets from

before us; the rebels were crowding to their works; their fire was getting very warm, and opposite the gap on our right the enemy had a battery which opened a flank fire on our regiment. By this time the Ninety-ninth was pretty close to the enemy's works, and their strength was evident. In times like this every man in the ranks must, for the time, be a general himself; that is, he must be brave, use good judgment, make up his mind in a moment, and take advantage of every opportunity to overcome the enemy. In short, it is only when each private soldier is doing his whole duty, feeling the responsibility resting upon himself, that the general commanding will have his orders executed and his plans crowned with success.

"As we came nearer, the enemy's fire was very heavy, the ditch, about eight or ten feet wide in front of the works, being nearly filled with water from the rain in the night. In front of the ditch limbs of trees had been placed, making a strong *abatis*. When our regiment came to this, the enemy's fire was making great gaps in our ranks, but we pressed on, tore away the obstructions, and jumped into the ditch (the water being over two feet deep at this point) and commenced to scale the works. The rebel flag was still held up and waved, until just as I was about on top of the works calling to the color-bearer to surrender, and making a grab for it, the rebel sergeant, with several other soldiers, started off on a run up on the inside of the works. At this hour the smoke and fog were still near the ground in the woods, and one could see but a very short distance ahead. Tents to shelter the men from the rain, during the night, had been made hastily with blankets and canvas.

"Thus it was not only impossible to see far into the dense woods, but it was hard to get through and over these obstructions. On account of the cheering of our men and the delay in starting, the enemy was aware of our movement before we got over his works. But the charge was still a surprise to many of them, and a grand result in the end, for we took over six thousand prisoners. The Confederate general, Ewell, made a narrow escape from capture.*

"When I jumped over the works I was followed by our whole regiment, Colonel Biles being right behind me. What a sight to behold! Confusion all around. While many of the enemy had rallied to the works, numbers of them were found in their rude shelter-tents. Some were without their equipments; they were firing in every direction. Some had just begun to get their breakfast; others would shoot through their tents. Our men tore down everything giving shelter to the enemy, using the butt-end of the musket and the bayonet. Our men seemed to be possessed of superhuman strength and a determination to conquer or die, right then and there. No one seemed to see or fear danger, and yet we were right in the midst of it, men falling all around us.

"Immediately after our regiment had crossed the first line of works, Colonel Biles made a half-wheel to the right with the regiment, intending to move up and capture a battery the enemy had there.

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* "Hancock's corps captured some 4000 prisoners—among them a division and brigade commander—20 or more guns with their horses, caissons and ammunition, several thousand stand of arms and many colors. Hancock, as soon as the hand-to-hand conflict was over, turned the guns of the enemy against him, and advanced inside the rebel lines. About six o'clock I ordered Warren's Corps to the support of Hancock."—*Gen. Grant's Memoirs.*

"From the time that I first saw that rebel flag waving so defiantly in our faces, my sole object was to get it, and to that end all my energies were brought in play. So after I was inside of the works I took in the situation in a moment. Knowing the direction of our line of battle toward the left, and the open gap on our right, I concluded that the rebel color-bearer would try to escape by running up towards the right, and then cutting through the woods. I started on the run, diagonally through the woods, intending to head off the color-bearer. The distance I had to go would be shorter than his, and as one could see but a very short distance through smoke, fog and woods, I lost sight of the flag for a few minutes. But I had run probably one hundred and fifty yards over all kinds of obstructions, when my calculations proved correct; for suddenly right in front of me, through a clump of trees, came this same color-bearer, carrying aloft his flag, and behind him were five or six soldiers, his color-guard. I brought my musket to my shoulder, with hand on trigger, and as he did not see me as soon as I saw him, he ran almost up against my bayonet before he stopped. True, my musket was empty at this time, but the muzzle of an empty gun at such close quarters looks almost as dangerous as a loaded one, and he did not know but that it *was* loaded. The men behind him might have shot me down, but for some reason did not.

"So when we met at that instant I demanded his surrender and the flag; he asked me not to shoot and reached the flag towards me. I did not lower my musket, but let the flag fall at my feet, and told him to go to my rear, which he did with his companions, who dropped their arms. I have

often, since then, wondered why the men behind him did not shoot, but I suppose they were in the same fix as myself; that is, their muskets were empty. When the color-bearer, who was a man fully six feet tall, had passed to my rear I placed my foot on the staff and tore the flag off. It was a flag inscribed with many battles, and the words '*2d Louisiana Tigres*,'—a good fighting regiment in the Southern army, and one that we had met on many a battlefield before. While crowding the flag into my bosom under my blouse, absorbed in what I was doing, I cared little for what was taking place around me. I heard some one say, 'You had better let me have that.' On turning my head I discovered my colonel, for the first time, about twelve yards behind me, and about as many yards in front of the regiment; he had taken the same direction with the regiment as I had. When I saw from whom came the voice, I gave him such a look (continuing to stow the flag away) that in after years he told me that he saw very plainly I did not wish to part with my prize, and he therefore told me to keep it.

WITH THE WOUNDED UNDER FIRE.

"By this time the regiment had advanced some distance to a line of works running at right angles from the first to the second line of defence, behind which the enemy had rallied to the support of some artillery. Our regiment at this time was on the flank and rear of these pieces, and the enemy, seeing the hopelessness of holding out, just as we were about charging, raised white flags, in the shape of handkerchiefs and pieces of tents, in token of surrender.

We called out to them to come over the works without their arms, and they embraced the opportunity as fast as possible. At this time a heavy fire from the second line of works was opened on us, while quite a large number who had been driven before us took refuge on the outside of the first line, and were also firing into us.* Just as I had stepped back a few feet to make room for these men who were surrendering, a volley from the enemy on our right and front was poured into us, killing and wounding a large number. I fell shot, by a minie-ball, in my left leg at the knee joint. Brave Captain Lewis F. Waters of 'I,' and Lieutenant Henry S. Zeisert of 'D,' both fell alongside of me, instantly killed.

"I was picked up and carried back to the first line we had crossed, where Sergeants McGrann and Ursprung took me further back about one-half mile, when our provost-guard was met; they ordered all the wounded, who could not walk, to be laid on the ground, and the carriers to return to their regiments. The men with the stretchers were not up yet, and we remained in this clearing for an hour or more. This one hour seemed an entire day, surrounded as I was by several hundred wounded men who could not walk. We laid on the bare ground like so many sheaves of wheat, unable to move or get out of reach of the enemy's shells and solid shot that were striking the ground all around us, their artillery having a good range of this part of the field.

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* "Lee made the most strenuous efforts to regain the position he had lost. Troops were brought up and attacked Hancock furiously. Hancock was forced to fall back: but he did so slowly, with his face to the enemy, inflicting on them heavy loss, until behind the breastworks he had captured. These he turned, facing them the other way, and continued to hold."—*Gen. Grant's Memoirs.*

With all my pain I couldn't help but smile at some of the odd expressions and ludicrous scenes, when a shell or solid shot would strike close to some unfortunate and scatter the dust all around. Some would berate the provost-guard, severely, for leaving us lying there, to be scared to death if not killed outright by the enemy's missiles; others, with mangled arms or legs, would try and roll themselves away from a shell or round shot, as it struck the ground near them, making some witty remark.

"No pen can fully describe, nor pencil do justice to, this scene; several acres of ground covered with wounded soldiers, enduring untold pain, without attention or medical treatment, and under the constant fire of the enemy's artillery. It must be borne in mind that the bravest of the brave under such circumstances will weaken, and wish for a place of safety.

"At last, after an hour or so, the stretcher-bearers came, and I was taken away from this place to an ambulance, and driven to the rear, about two miles, to a little grove. On one side of this grove ran a small stream of water, and on the other a road, an open field beyond the road, a cornfield on the other side of the stream, a little rise or hill in our rear, and in front a heavy woods into which the road entered. These were the surroundings of the place where I was doomed to remain a prisoner for five days.

"It was probably a little after noon when we were brought to this place. There was great activity all the afternoon in loading up the wounded into ambulances, and toward evening heavy army wagons were used. As darkness had set in I saw the last wagon filled and drive away, as they said, for

Fredericksburg Hospital. It now dawned upon me that I was one of the unfortunate two hundred and twenty who were doomed to remain, for we were soon told by a surgeon that one hospital steward and ten men were left in charge of us; that we should try and be contented and see what would turn up in our favor; that he would do all he could to make us as comfortable as lay in his power. The surgeon (whose name I have forgotten) had but a small amount of stores with him, and could give but little medical treatment to us; he and his men were busy day and night carrying water and food to us; besides, they had to dig graves and bury, on an average, ten of our number daily.

## CAPTIVITY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

"On the morning of May 13, about nine o'clock, a brigade of Confederate cavalry, under General Rosser (since Engineer of the Northern Pacific R. R.), and known as the 'Laurel Brigade' (their badge being a sprig of green pinned on the left breast), came marching over the brow of the hill behind us. My place being quite close to the road, I heard the general give orders to one of his aides not to allow his men to go among the wounded, nor to disturb anything. But as soon as the head of the column had disappeared in the woods, the Confederates swarmed in among us, asking all manner of questions, and teasing us with the assurance that soon the Army of the Potomac would be driven back across the Rappahannock River. But we were rather outspoken in telling them that a new commander, 'GRANT,' was at the head of our army, and that there would be no

retreat and no stop this side of Richmond. None of our wounded were molested, but the newcomers took nearly all the meat, sugar and coffee that had been left for us.

"The evening before, we could hear firing until late at night, and this morning the firing seemed further away; we were now told that we were outside of our lines, and that our army had moved further on towards Lee's right. After the Confederate cavalry had passed out of sight, into the woods, I concluded to look at my rebel flag, which was still in my bosom, not having looked at it since the day before. I asked the hospital steward to assist me. I had on at the time a short army blouse, made for me the winter previous by a Philadelphia tailor. It was lined throughout and filled in with cotton wadding. I took off my blouse and secreted the flag under a piece of old army blanket and placed it under my legs. We next opened the lining at the back of the blouse and pulled out all the wadding, then stuffed the rebel flag in and pinned up the lining, after which I put on the blouse; and no one could notice it, except that I appeared rather stout. We had to be very careful while doing this so that no one could see the flag, especially the six wounded Confederates, who were lying about one hundred feet away from me. I was afraid that if the rebel soldiers should find it out they would take the flag away from me; and as I had no other place to hide it, and as it was a trophy that I prized very highly, I determined to keep it with me as long as I possibly could.

"We had barely got through with our work when we heard scattered musketry in the direction the Confederate cavalry had taken, and in a very short time the whole brigade came

back pell mell; the road not being wide enough, many of the cavalry came through the woods and brought back with them several wounded men. They had been gone only two or three hours, and all that we could find out as to their sudden return was that after they had gone out several miles they came across some of the Union cavalry, who drove them back. After this episode, General Rosser, with his brigade, made his camp right alongside of us in the open field, and remained four or five days. Their officers paid frequent visits to our wounded, conversing with us, and paying a good deal of attention to their own six wounded who lay amongst us. These Confederate officers told us that they were only camped there for the purpose of capturing our ambulances that would be sent there for us, and that then they would take us in our own wagons to Richmond. We were anxious to find out what would be our fate, and this was certainly bad news to us. The horrors of Libby Prison, Belle Isle, Andersonville and other Southern prisons, arose before us in their vivid forms, and I made up my mind that death would be my fate if I was taken on to Richmond. For three years past I had been striving with thousands of other Northern soldiers to get to the Confederate capital, and now that in all probability an opportunity would be given to go there I did not wish to accept it. I set my wits together to devise some plan whereby I could outflank this latest of Confederate movements on my liberty. I had some hopes that our cavalry would come in there after General Rosser, and find us and take us away. But five long, weary days passed and no sign of a Union

soldier coming from any direction. Was it any wonder then that despondency took possession of all of us?

DELIVERANCE.

"On the afternoon of the fifth day of our captivity, several Confederate officers came among us and told us to be prepared to leave by next morning, as they would then bring their own conveyances and take us away. During these days I had planned out a course to take, and now I had but a few hours to make my preparations. I again called on the hospital steward, and told him my plan; that he was to get me two small limbs with forks on them, and by wrapping pieces of old blankets around them I would make use of them for crutches. That in the night I would try and drag myself across the little run of water and into the cornfield, where I would hide myself until the Confederate cavalry had departed with the wounded. I would then get out of the cornfield and run my chances of being picked up by some Union cavalry, or die in my effort to escape rather than go a wounded prisoner to Richmond. The hospital steward listened to my plan, told me it was risky, but he would assist me all he could, and wished me success. Before dark, that evening, I was ready for my undertaking. But 'man proposes and God disposes,' for while I was worrying my brain over what would be my fate in the next few days, a movement by some of our troops was being executed for our rescue.

"It seems that our situation had been made known to army headquarters, and a small division of infantry (I think it was Mott's White Diamond Division), and a battery of

artillery were on their way to our relief, and just before sunset, while sitting on the ground with my back against a tree, a wounded soldier, lying not far from me, cried out loud enough for all of us to hear him: 'Look up there on the hill!' Turning my head and looking towards the hill, I saw that a piece of artillery was unlimbering, and the infantry were moving up to support it, when several other pieces were run up and placed in position. But the first piece fired one shot into General Rosser's cavalry before they knew that there were any Union troops near. The echo of the first shot had not died away before three more pieces were firing in rapid succession. In the Confederate camp all was confusion; horses tore loose, officers were calling to the men, and everybody was looking out for his own safety. And it took General Rosser and his men but a very short time to get away from that place, and their speed was accelerated by the Union shot and shell. Never before nor since did I experience such real happiness as at that moment, when these friends, wearing the loyal blue uniform, came marching under the Stars and Stripes so unexpectedly to our rescue. There were wounded soldiers among our number, more dead than alive, who would rise up and faintly cheer at the sight of the old flag and friends, and then fall back exhausted, weeping for joy. Men grasped each other by the hand, and with tears in their eyes praised God for this unexpected deliverance. Yet in our feeble condition we tried to give a few parting words to General Rosser's men, as they so hastily took their departure. We twitted them on their unceremonious going away without us; asked them how soon they would return: but they paid

no heed to our remarks, and in a very few minutes they had all disappeared, leaving behind a few wounded and prisoners. In less than one half hour ambulances were driven up and we were carefully lifted into them, so that by eight o'clock that evening the last Union wounded soldier had been loaded and the ambulance train with its escort was ready to start for Fredericksburg. As already stated, there were two hundred and twenty of us who were brought here, but about fifty had died.

"It was about eight o'clock on the evening of May 16 that our train started. I had been placed on the seat with the driver, with my leg in a swing, and tied to the roof of the ambulance, and in driving along that night through the darkness, over rough roads, the wheels would strike a rut or stone and give my leg a jerk that would send the pain all through my body, and jolt those lying in behind, who would hurl uncomplimentary remarks at the driver, for causing them so much pain. About nine o'clock the next morning our train arrived at Fredericksburg, where it was intended to place us in hospitals; but all the houses that could be made use of were already filled with the wounded from the Wilderness.

### MINISTERING ANGELS.

"We were then given coffee and bread, and after some delay our ambulance train was started off across the Rappahannock River, towards 'Belle Plain,' on the Potomac River, where we arrived early that evening. It was about nine o'clock that evening when I was carried on board of a barge which was afterwards towed out to a large Government

boat in the middle of the stream. Shortly after, I was laid on the barge, where a few flickering lamps shed their dim light. I could hear sweet voices, followed by some of the ladies of the 'Sanitary Commissions.' These 'ministering angels,' with lint, medicines, brandy, milk-punch and sandwiches, went from cot to cot, attending to the wounded and speaking words of good cheer. Surely the sick and wounded soldiers can never repay the debt of gratitude they owe to the loyal and patriotic women of the North, for the good work done by them in hospital and in camp during the dark days of the war.

"During the night, our barge was towed out in the middle of the river alongside of the large steam-boat, to which its load of wounded was transferred, being placed on stretchers in rows, making several hundred in all. The flag attracted a great deal of attention in the hospital at Washington. One gentleman, when he saw it unfolded, with the name and number of the regiment it belonged to printed on its stripes, 'Second Louisiana Infantry, C. S. A.,' said he was in New Orleans in April, 1861, when this same flag was presented to the regiment. At the Armory Square Hospital, to which I was taken, a screen was put up, a tub of water brought, and a good bath given me. During this process the surgeon came with a large glass of brandy and told me to drink it, and it seems to me, even at this late day, that was the best drink I ever tasted. I was now dressed with clean under-clothing, and placed in a bed on the right hand side, next to the entrance door, with my flag fastened on to the wall over my head; and under the influence of what I had been drinking, and the sweet strains of music coming

from a piano at the other end of the ward, I forgot my pain, and was soon lost in slumber. After going through with what I had the previous two weeks, I indeed now felt as if I was in Paradise.

* * * * * * *

"After remaining in hospital at Washington and Philadelphia for nearly seven months, I rejoined my regiment in the field and served with it continuously until the close of the war."

THE WILDERNESS—A YEAR AFTER.

LIEUT. THOMAS PARKE GERE,
FIFTH MINNESOTA INFANTRY.

## THE VICTORS AND THE SPOILS.

IT was upon a crisp, bright day in February, 1865, that an interesting scene might have been witnessed in the War Department at Washington.

The place itself was one of the lions which all pilgrims to the Shrine of the Constitution thought it the correct thing to visit.

Young officers, who for the first time entered it on official business, did not entirely "leave Hope behind," but they were conscious of a chill in the region of the backbone as the old green leather doors swung to behind them. The corridors were dark and damp, and had a musty odor from the tons of red-taped official papers which filled the countless pigeon-holes. And the messengers, sitting on guard at the doors of the various *bureaux*, had a stern and

BATTLE RELICS.

mysterious air, befitting men filled with plans of battles and secrets of the Council Chamber.

There are pleasant memories, also, of the ancient structure; of the time when the stone-flagged halls echoed the ponderous tread of General Scott, with the front of Mars himself; or resounded with the stride of General Harney, the military gladiator of his time; or reflected the jingle of Charlie May's spurs, or rang with the jolly laugh of old Ben Beall, of the dragoons, as he bandied jests with Prince John Magruder, of the artillery, careless of the coming "chestnut bell." While, later on, the clank of Custer's sabre and Sheridan's quick footfalls mingled with the running to and fro of orderlies, and the tinkle of the great Secretary's little bell.

But the quaint, ark-shaped edifice has been torn down, and in its place has arisen an official palace of marble and iron and mahogany. In the new order of things one is not impressed, as in the olden time, with the Spartan simplicity which belongs to the God of War.

## I. NASHVILLE TROPHIES.

Within the large reception-room of the War Department there had assembled, on the day already mentioned, about one hundred persons.

They had been summoned by the Secretary of War to take part in the ceremony of receiving certain Confederate battle-flags captured at the battles before Nashville, in December, 1864.

In the centre of the room were grouped fifteen gallant men who, in hand-to-hand combat, had perilled their lives

to secure as trophies the tattered banners now proudly borne as spoils of war. These were generally young men —some of them mere boys—whose bronzed faces were flushed with pride and excitement. In front of these, and in a sort of horseshoe formation, was another party. Senators and Representatives, war governors, members of foreign legations, a cabinet minister, the Adjutant-general of the Army, and other distinguished personages had taken a half hour from their public duties to do honor to these brave Western soldiers.

The spacious room had been cleared of furniture. Near the walls, on three sides, were arranged in continuous line a number of muskets, "stacked." Suddenly the hum of conversation ceased, and a short, stout man with square shoulders, and wearing eye-glasses, stepped out between the soldiers and the civilians and unfolded a paper. This was the famous cabinet minister, whose name will always be associated with troublous times—our "Reign of Terror." He read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
NASHVILLE, TENN., *Feb.* 13, 1865.

*Special Field Orders, No.* 38.
(*Extract.*)

XIX. By virtue of permission received from the Honorable Secretary of War, the following named officers and enlisted men, captors of rebel battle-flags, at the battles of Franklin, Nov. 30, 1864, and the battles before Nashville, Dec. 15 and 16, 1864, will proceed with the trophies to Washington, D. C., where they will report to the Honorable Secretary of War, turning over to him the flags now in their possession, after which they will rejoin their various commands in the field.

The detachment will be in charge of 1st Lieut. and Adjt. THOMAS P. GERE, 5th Regt. Minn. Vet. Vol. Inf., who will be accountable for their good conduct while en route.

The Qr. M. Depmt. will furnish the necessary transportation.

1st Lt. (Adjt.) *Thos. P. Gere*, 5th Minn. V. V. Infantry.
1st Lt. *O. Colwell*, "G" 95th Ohio V. Infantry.
1st Lt. *C. H. McCleary*, "C" 72d Ohio V. Infantry.
1st Lt. *W. T. Simmons*, "C" 11th Mo. Vol. Infantry.
Sergt. *A. Ramsbottom*, "K" 97th O. V. Infantry.
Sergt. *W. Garrett*, 41st O. V. Infantry.

Corpl. *J. W. Parks*, "F" 11th Mo. Vol. Infantry.
Corpl. *L. P. Koltenback*, "F" 12th Iowa Vol. Infantry.
Corpl. *G. W. Welch*, "A" 11th Mo. Vol. Infantry.
Corpl. *F. Carr*, "D" 124th O. Vol. Infantry.
Private *O. W. Smith*, "G" 95th O. V. Infantry.
Private *W. May*, "H" 32d Iowa V. Infantry.
Private *G. Stokes*, "C" 122d Ills. V. Infantry.
Private *A. J. Sloan*, "H" 12th Iowa V. Infantry.
Private *Wm. F. Moore*, "C" 117th Ills. V. Infantry.
Private *D. J. Holcomb*, "A" 41st Ohio V. Infantry.
Corpl. *H. Collins*, 1st Tenn. Cavalry.

By command of Major-General THOMAS,
WM. D. WHIPPLE, *Asst. Adjt. Genl.*

Lieutenant Gere's name was called. A slender and earnest-looking young man advanced, flag in hand, and made these remarks: *

"*Mr. Secretary:* I have the honor and pleasure to present to you the colors of the 4th Mississippi Infantry, C. S. A.

"The capture was due, and should be credited, to the valor of the soldiers of Hubbard's Brigade, McArthur's Division of A. J. Smith's detachment, Army of Tennessee. It was the result of the final charge upon the enemy's works by that invincible command in the second day's battle. Every soldier who participated in that assault shares the credit of the captured colors.

"This brigade had a record previous to Nashville, and its services had been recognized in the promotion of its former lion-hearted leader, Joseph A. Mower, to be a major-general.

"Smith's detachment, ten thousand strong, made up from the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps, after fol-

* THOMAS PARKE GERE was originally mustered as a private, Co. "B," Fifth Regiment Minnesota Infantry, Jan. 17, 1862, aged 19; appointed 1st sergeant, March 6, 1862; 2d lieutenant, March 14, 1862; 1st lieutenant, August 20, 1862; regt. adjutant, March 19, 1863; brigade adjutant, March 7, 1864; discharged, April 5, by reason of expiration of term of service.

lowing the fortunes of Grant and Sherman from Shiloh to Vicksburg, was, much to its regret, made an orphan by the order lending it for sixty days to the Red River expedition, but emerged with undimmed record from that campaign to join in the long chase of Price and Marmaduke * through Arkansas and Missouri, and arrived at Nashville just in time to take position as the right of the army confronting Hood.

"Advancing south-westerly on the morning of December 15, from the Charlottesville Pike, in *echelon*, by brigades, the enemy was soon encountered and steadily driven, through continuous fighting, some three miles south; at night our front was to the east within one-fourth mile of the Granny White Pike, our pickets on that road, and the enemy's left flank was completely enveloped. During the night he extended his line to the west some distance beyond our position, again fronting north; to meet which dispositions our front was, on the morning of the 16th, changed to the south, and our portion of the line advanced to within three hundred yards of his position. Hubbard's Brigade, its left now on the Granny White Pike, just north of the Brentwood Hills, was in an open field, protected only by such works as the soldier had learned to hastily construct under fire. The enemy's line was behind a stone wall, in front of which during the preceding night he had constructed a strong ditch and *abatis;* and between us only a cornfield. Our batteries took position on higher ground to our rear, and opened upon the enemy's line. The enemy's batteries

* See "Capturing a Major-General," p. 107.

in our front were in his main line, but the short distance between the lines prevented any exposure whatever. These relative positions were maintained until about 3.30 P.M., at which time we received the order to assault. Eloquent speakers have detailed the history of the succeeding minutes that made the soft cornfield 'the battle's gory meadow.'

"The command swept through the carnage, over the works, capturing everything. In forming for the assault in two lines an interval was left between our brigade and the troops on our right, which subjected the brigade to an enfilading fire, but by sheer momentum the assaulting column cut straight through and landed beyond the opposing line. Quickly discerning that the enemy in this intervening space were our prisoners, we swept down their flank, pushing them to our rear. This is where the capture of these colors took place.* I reached the works near the right of the brigade, but my horse could not cross the *abatis* and wall; so with the troops hurrying along the enemy's works to our right we came upon the colors. I was a little in advance in this movement. The color-bearer leaped over the works toward our rear with the others, leaving the colors behind the works. I could not reach them, but compelled him to recross and deliver the flag.

"That second day's battle at Nashville was the most complete rout of the enemy that I ever witnessed, and had the assault taken place as early as noon I don't think anything could have prevented the capture of Hood's entire

* All that follows is taken from a recent letter (Aug., 1886) written by Lieut. Gere.

army; but it was wet and misty and soon became dark. The Rebs were completely broken up by that charge; they were tired and hungry, and did not offer much opposition to capture after the works were reached. I carried a 'revolver' in hand during the mêlée, and as everybody was 'shooting quite promiscuously' they complied very promptly with our orders to move to our rear. I had been slightly wounded in the right wrist the day before, but forgot about it until the excitement was over."

Lieut. Gere also delivered to the Secretary, on behalf of Lieut. CHARLES MCCLEARY, who was absent, the flag of the 4th Florida Regiment. McCleary, being in advance of the Union line of battle, came upon the rebel color-bearer and color-guard. He called upon them to surrender, which they at first declined to do; but, as he insisted, they finally yielded and were made his prisoners.

Lieut. OLIVER COLWELL'S trophy was also handed in by Mr. Gere.

Lieut. WILLIAM T. SIMMONS presented the flag of the 24th Louisiana.

Sergeant ALFRED RAMSBOTTOM gave into the Secretary's hands the flag of the 2d Mississippi regiment, taken only after a hand-to-hand conflict.

Sergeant WILLIAM GARRETT turned in the flag of the 13th Mississippi.

Corporals JAMES W. PARKS and LUTHER B. KALTENBACK each brought forward a captured color; the last named that of the 44th Mississippi.

Corporal G. W. WELCH offered the flag of the 13th Ala

bama. He said that as the color-bearer was trying to escape he shot him and secured the trophy.

When Corporal HARRISON COLLINS stepped out from the group the Secretary made a little speech to his deeply interested auditors. Said he:

"General Croxton, who commands the force to which this man belongs, praises in the highest terms his gallantry. I am sure we will all be glad to hear the story of the capture from the lips of this brave soldier."

Corporal Collins blushed under the fire of so many big guns, and after the clapping of hands had subsided, with a little urging on the part of his comrades, he said:

"Well, gentlemen, there ain't much to tell, but I'll give you the story the best I can. You see, last December, when General Hood advanced toward Nashville, I saw that flag rally to the front. For thirteen days we fell back in good order before the enemy; it looks now as if we were just drawing them on. That flag seemed to be in sight nearly all the time. I shot at it every time I got a chance, sometimes under embarrassing circumstances. It got to be so provoking that I made up my mind if we ever got a chance I'd pay those rebels for flaunting that there flag in our faces. After our army rested at Nashville for a week we advanced on the enemy, and it was now their turn to fall back, which they did, so fast, that on the second day it ended in a big stampede. On the third day I caught sight of my old friend, this flag. I was on duty with my regiment—the First Tennessee Cavalry—supporting a battery. The rebels made a stand at a creek which was bridged in our front. Part of them, with the flag, tried to

cross lower down. Then I saw my chance. Some of us charged. I was soon close to the flag. The Confederate officer ordered some of his men to dismount and 'fight on foot.' Our party halted here, but I forgot everything but the prize, and riding through the dismounted enemy, overtook the color-bearer and demanded the flag. He threw it on the ground. I dismounted and picked it up.

"By this time I was some distance in advance, and as our bugle was sounding the 'rally' I turned back with my trophy."

Corporal FRANK CARR recaptured a U. S. guidon from the enemy.

"So you recaptured the old flag?" inquired the Secretary.

"Yes," was Carr's reply. "We made a charge and were repulsed. I got into the *abatis*, and couldn't get out. A Johnnie came up and told me to surrender. I wouldn't do it, but put on my bayonet and was going to stand a fight. The fellow had this flag sticking out of his breast. I grabbed it, and he turned and ran away."

Private OTIS W. SMITH captured the battle-flag of the 6th Florida. He was one of the first to leap the rebel works, and took both flag and bearer.

Private WILLIAM MAY presented the flag of Borrancood's Battery, and Private ANDREW J. SLOAN delivered the colors of the 1st Louisiana Battery.

Private GEORGE STOKES and DANIEL J. HOLCOMB also transferred, to the care of the War Department, Confederate flags.

Private WILLIAM F. MOORE told how he got his trophy,

a battery flag of Cheatham's command. He said: "The color-bearer was in a small group of rebels and was trying to climb the hills. I shed my knapsack, took after him and a captain of the same regiment and captured both."

As each man advanced to deliver his trophy it was received by a gray-headed veteran of the Mexican War, who, after unfurling the flag, laid it upon the musket-stacks provided, and when the last silken standard had been placed there the effect was brilliant and thrilling. The varied hues of the rainbow lighted up the sombre apartment in a blaze of color. Each face, for the time at least, glowed with the patriotic spirit of the occasion, and reflected the warm tints of the tapestried walls. Was ever there a grander decoration to human habitation—to feudal castle or imperial palace—than these battle-flags? Embroidered by the hands of fair women, bearing upon their folds the names of bloody battles where brave Confederates had rallied under them again and again; torn by conflict, worn by tempest, they had at last fallen by the fortune of war into the hands of the victor. The Secretary, beaming with genuine pleasure, now as Master of Ceremonies, presented each of the notable personages to the heroes of the hour; each received a hearty grasp of the hand and a word of encouragement which none of them was likely soon to forget.

The trophies were then inspected by the company, and, when the last dignitary had been presented, all returned to their respective groups while the Secretary of War addressed Lieutenant Gere and his comrades as follows:

"In behalf of the Government of the United States, I return to you its thanks, and the thanks of the people for

your gallantry. Accept also the gratitude of this Department for yourselves and for your comrades-in-arms. The Adjutant-general will be ordered to take charge of the flags with the descriptions you have this morning given, so as to connect your own individual histories with the noble actions by which they were captured. He will also be ordered to present to each one of you a Medal of Honor, to be worn by you as a token and a recognition of your gallantry and distinguished services. I wish you all a safe return to your homes, and that you may long live to enjoy in peace the victories which have been won by you and your companions in arms. Lieutenant, I return to you and your command the thanks of the Department and of the Government, and you will make known to them the high estimation in which their services are held."

Turning about, the Secretary, in an imperious manner, thus addressed the Adjutant-general of the Army, who was present, accompanied by the military chiefs of bureaux and officers temporarily in the city:

"General Townsend, to your keeping I commend these sacred tokens of the courage, self-sacrifice and patriotism of our armies. You will cause a proper record to be made of the particulars of each capture, and present to each captor, on behalf of the United States, a Medal of Honor suitably inscribed.

"You will publish in General Orders the names of these gallant soldiers, furnishing each with a copy of the order, to the end that their noble example may incite others to similar deeds.

"You will direct the Paymaster-general to pay to each officer and soldier a month's pay in advance.

"And, finally, you will grant to each a furlough of thirty days, with free transportation to his home and thence to his regiment."

As the detachment filed out of the apartment each man saluted the War Minister. Mr. Stanton seemed for the moment to forget the grimness of official duty in the emotions that swayed the warm-hearted man. He waved his hand in acknowledgment, his eyes filled with tears, and as the last "boy in blue" disappeared the Secretary turned, without a word to his guests, and darted into his private room.

PRIVATE JAMES DUNLAVY,
THIRD IOWA VOL. CAVALRY.

## II. CAPTURING A MAJOR-GENERAL.

In presenting the trophies of the battle of Nashville to the Secretary of War, Lieutenant Gere spoke of the long chase of Price and Marmaduke in Missouri and Arkansas by the very troops that returned to Tennessee in time to gain a victory over the famous leader, Hood, at Nashville.

The capture of the Confederate general, Marmaduke, was made by a young Iowa cavalryman, Private JAMES DUNLAVY,* under circumstances which he relates in a letter from which an extract is here given.

The Union forces consisted of two brigades of cavalry, commanded by Colonels Benteen and Phillips. General Sterling Price's forces were falling back, with the Yankees close upon their heels. Dunlavy says:

"General Marmaduke had formed his division on the prairie to hold us while Price's train crossed Mine Creek. His position was bad, with Mine Creek to his rear, Benteen on his right and Phillips on his left. Col. Benteen's charges were made promptly, and, according to Gen. Cabell (Confederate), 'just in the nick of time.' A moment later Cabell intended to charge upon Phillips. He had just passed the word for it when Benteen struck their right, capturing their artillery. Marmaduke's whole right and centre were completely stampeded. I was on the extreme right of my regiment, and was wounded in the arm by a piece of shell, which also hurt my horse. Just as Marmaduke's men 'broke,' my horse wheeled to the rear and my gun fell from my hand, but held by the sling. Just as quick as I could get my horse to the front, seeing my brigade far in advance to my right, I noticed troops. Thinking they were Federals I started for them, but soon found they were Marmaduke's men in full retreat. I noticed an officer in a Confederate uniform. This officer started in my direction,

* JAMES DUNLAVY enlisted in Co. F, 30th Iowa Vol. Infantry (aged 18); re-enlisted Co. D, 3d Iowa Cavalry, 1863. *Served* during all campaigns in Tennessee, Missouri and Georgia until close of the war. Mustered out with regiment at Atlanta, Ga., April 9, 1865. Was graduated M.D. at Keokuk in 1870.

shouting, 'What do you mean, shooting your own men!' He was evidently trying to rally what he thought were his own men. I shot at him, but missed. I checked to a trot and he was soon by my side, and seemed surprised when I demanded his revolver. He handed it over, saying, 'I surrender; thought I was with my own men.' I started to the rear, and as one of our men asked for the rebel horse, I ordered my prisoner to dismount, which he did in a very cool and military style.

"I then started to the rear with him on double-quick. Had gone a short distance when he said that he had been up all night, and was very tired, and asked me if I would let him walk; which I did. He wanted a horse, but I refused to get him one. He then asked me to take him to General Pleasanton, as he was personally acquainted with him.

"I told him that if the General could be found he should see him. He then remarked, 'I will tell you who I am.' Just then one of Pleasanton's staff came up, and my prisoner introduced himself as General Marmaduke. I again started to the rear with the officer. He asked me in what troops' hands he was. I told him Iowa. He said he was glad he was in Iowa instead of Kansas. We had gone but a short distance when we met Gen. C. W. Blair, to whom I delivered my captive. Blair got a horse and mounted General Marmaduke, and asked me to accompany them to General Curtis.

"General Blair introduced Marmaduke to Curtis, then myself as General Marmaduke's captor. General Curtis remarked, 'Right from my own State,' and that he was acquainted with my father. I started to the field hospital

to get my arm dressed, when an officer rode up to me, shook my hand warmly, and said, 'My boy, you will hear of this day's work in years to come.'

"Started, in company with a comrade, for the front, but had not gone far when my arm began to bleed and become so painful that I gave it up and returned to Fort Scott.

"That night it rained; my feelings can better be imagined than described. A boy away from home the first time; a stranger in a strange place; wet, wounded, dirty, hungry and homesick. But General Blair sent for me and treated me with great kindness. A load was thus removed from my heart for which I shall ever be grateful.

"As soon as my arm was well enough for duty, I left Fort Scott, carrying with me a vivid recollection of the kindness of the citizens, and as tokens of their friendship, from the ladies an elegant album and a beautiful copy of Tom Moore's poetical works, and from the men a brace of very handsome 'Colt's navy revolvers.'"

A rather unique testimonial to military merit in the form of a Resolution of the Board of Supervisors of Davis County, Iowa, is in Dr. Dunlavy's possession. It reads as follows:

BLOOMFIELD, IOWA,
*Jan.* 12, 1865.

*WHEREAS* it has come to the knowledge of the citizens of this county that Private JAMES DUNLAVY, Co. D, 3d Iowa Cavalry, did in the late battle of Mine Creek, Kansas, between the Federal and Rebel forces, after being severely wounded in the arm, by his own personal daring and courage rush upon and compel the noted general, Marmaduke (rebel), to surrender to him as a prisoner of war, Therefore be it

*Resolved*, that we hereby tender the said JAMES DUNLAVY the thanks of the

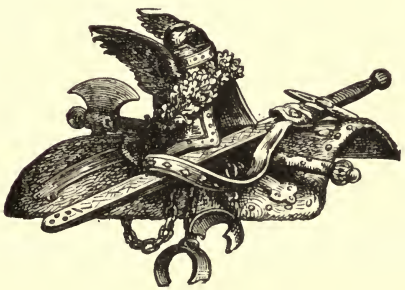
citizens of this county for his brave, faithful and distinguished services. Be it further

*Resolved*, that the clerk of the Board of Supervisors be directed to spread this proceeding upon the record of this Board, and that he furnish the said JAMES DUNLAVY with a copy of same under seal.

I, *William Law*, Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of Davis County, Iowa, certify that the foregoing is a correct copy of proceedings, had by said Board at its January term, 1865.

Witness my hand and Official Seal this 12th day of January, A.D. 1865.

L. S. WM. J. LAW,
*Clerk.*



# STATE OF WISCONSIN.

## LUCIUS FAIRCHILD, GOVERNOR.

**To all to Whom these Presents shall Come, Greeting:**

**Know Ye,** *That I do hereby confer on* Peter Anderson Late a Private

*in Company* H. Thirty First *Regiment of Wisconsin* Infantry *Volunteer*

*the rank of* Captain **BY BREVET,** *to rank as such from* March 19th 1865

*in recognition of* distinguished gallantry displayed by him at the battle of Bentonville N.C. at that date where an Indiana Battery

*has* so fully pushed that the new Abandoned their guns, Private Anderson mounted one of the horses, and with a ramrod for

a whip took one of the guns out from the ends of the army and safely to the Head Quarters of his commanding General,

upon whose recommendation he was awarded a medal of Honor.

*And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command, to obey and respect him accordingly: and he is to observe and follow such orders and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future Governor of the State of Wisconsin, and other officers set over him, according to law, and the rules and discipline of War.*

**In Testimony Whereof,** *I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused the Great Seal of the State of Wisconsin to be affixed.*

**Done at Madison,** *this* Twentieth *day of* August *in the year of our Lord*

*(me Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-* Seven

By the Governor.

Lucius Fairchild

E. A. Spencer
Secretary of State

James K. Proudfit
Adjutant General.

CORPORAL PATRICK H. MONAGHAN,
FORTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

## THREE THINKING BAYONETS.

IN every army there may be found enlisted men who are not only able to obey orders intelligently under the eye of their commanding officer, but who can act with energy, courage and good judgment when thrown upon their own resources in an emergency.

The armies of the United States have abounded with such men—especially in time of war.

The "three thinking bayonets," whose adventures are described in this chapter, belong to the high type of American soldiership referred to, and their gallantry was rewarded with the Medal.

### I. RECAPTURING THE COLORS.

PATRICK H. MONAGHAN,* formerly a corporal, Co. F, 48th Pennsylvania Volunteers, writes as follows:

* PATRICK H. MONAGHAN enlisted (at the age of eighteen) at Minersville, Pa., Aug. 12, 1861, in Co. F, 48th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. *Promoted* Corporal —— 18. *Attached* to Battery "M," 3d U. S. Artillery, Sept. to Dec., 1863. *Served* with Army of Potomac and in East Tennessee Campaign, until mustered out with regiment, July 17, 1865. MEDAL OF HONOR "for recapture of colors 7th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, June 17, 1864."

"My recollection of the affair of June 17, 1864, and the recapture of the colors of the 7th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, is as follows:

"After crossing the James River on the 15th of June, we marched rapidly towards Petersburg, and on the evening of the 16th debouched from a dense strip of woods, deployed, and double-quicked across a field toward the enemy's works. On our approach, a brigade of the Second Corps, which occupied a hastily constructed breastwork in front, advanced to carry the enemy's works. But after a desperate attempt to storm them, they were repulsed with severe loss, especially in prisoners. It was then that the New York regiment lost its colors. This was late on the evening of the 16th. During the night we manœuvred, crossing a marsh that intervened in single file, and took position closer to the rebel works. While in this position the most profound silence was maintained, as we could hear the enemy talking, and every man was notified to secure his tin cup and trappings so as to make no noise and be ready for a charge. Before daylight the order came, and we, with the 36th Massachusetts, dashed forward, under a heavy fire, leaped the enemy's breastworks, capturing four pieces of artillery, six hundred prisoners, and about a thousand stand of arms.

"In leaping the breastworks, a rebel fired, with his gun so close to the left side of my head that my hair was singed, my cheek slightly burned, and ear injured by the concussion so that I feel the effects of it yet. Thomas James, a comrade of mine, knocked a rebel down with his gun, and Isaac Lewis (another comrade) and a rebel fired

at each other, killing each other instantly. It was short, sharp work and we lost seventy-five men. The enemy fell back in confusion toward their second line, while our troops occupied the one just taken. A few of us—a strong skirmish line as it were—without orders, pursued them. Between the line just taken and the next, the ground was undulating, and a small stream of water flowed in a hollow thus formed. A growth of small trees and underbrush lined either bank of this stream. A part of the enemy made a stand here and delivered fire. As we dashed forward, firing as we went, a young man, whom I took for an officer, came towards us, with a handkerchief fastened to a rod, reached it to me and said he wished to surrender. I asked him to what regiment he belonged, and he replied, 'The litter corps' (corresponding, I think, to our stretcher or ambulance corps). I directed him to the rear—the line just captured and held by our troops—and ran to the edge of the woods and fired. A man fell across the small stream with his head almost in the water, and immediately a tall rebel, who was near, threw down his gun, ran forward, caught him, sat on the bank with his feet in the water, and placed the head of the wounded man in his lap. I came forward, aimed my empty gun, and ordered both to surrender and go to the rear. The tall man cried out, 'Don't shoot the Major!' I inquired, 'Major who?' and I understood him to say, 'Major Crawford of the 34th Tennessee.'* I asked the Major to arise, and we both would help him back. But he said, 'No, I can't walk, I have just

* I think he said "34th Tennessee," although it might have been "44th Tennessee," as Robert Reed, of Co. "G," captured the colors of that regiment the same morning.

been wounded. I think my hip is broken.' He seemed to be a man, forty or forty-five years of age, with a florid complexion, and a reddish beard, clipped short.

"I then ordered the tall man to go to the rear, but when he attempted to rise the Major moaned and said, 'Please leave him with me, and you go and get some of your men to carry me back.' I replied, 'And he will be gone when I return.' He answered, 'I give you my word of honor that we both will remain until you come.' The other man said, 'I saw a stretcher (litter) in there. If we could get it you and I might be able to carry him.' Of course all this took place in less time than it takes me to tell it. I stepped a few paces to the left in search of the stretcher, when a rebel, with a gun at a trail and a flag over his shoulder, came running toward me. When he saw me he attempted to use his piece, but I had him covered, and shouted to him to drop his gun and surrender. He dropped it, and I ran forward and took the colors from him.

"I was so elated over getting those colors that I merely called to the prisoners to follow me, and not knowing whether they did or not, ran excitedly back to the line which was still firing over us, who were in the hollow, at the retreating rebels beyond the thicket. I fortunately approached my own company, who upon seeing me ceased firing, set up a cheer, while I leaped upon the breastworks and waved the flag. Lieut. John L. Williams, of our company, jumped up, embraced me, and the boys pulled us both down, as the enemy had opened a pretty lively fire from their second line by this time. We unfurled the flag and found it belonged to the 7th New York Heavy Artil-

lery. The prisoners, except the few we had taken in the pursuit, had been sent to the rear by this time. The young man who first surrendered to me was still there, but was about being sent back under guard. When he saw me he said to the captain, 'I am his prisoner, I surrendered to him.'

"I told the captain about the wounded major and the other two men. He ordered me to the rear with the prisoner and the colors, and said he would attend to them. On my return I understood they were brought in. In the centre and on the left was an equally interesting time. As I started back I met Lieut.-Col. Pleasants, who commanded the regiment. He congratulated me, and requested me to give him the colors, bring the prisoner to the rear, and report to him on my return. After some hesitation I gave him the flag. I soon overtook the other prisoners, escorted by as numerous a guard, from various regiments, as they numbered. I turned over mine and returned to the front. In the mean time, the regiment had moved forward and were throwing up breastworks. It was from near this position, a week later, that we commenced the mine that we exploded on the 30th of July.

"General Meade presented three others and me with Medals of Honor, December 16th, 1864, at Ninth Corps Headquarters in presence of a large part of the Army."

## II. A GOOD DAY'S FISHING.

One of the operations resulting in the capture of Richmond was the affair of Hatcher's Run, October 27, 1864. Its object was to gain possession of the Southside Railroad,

then an important line of supply for the Confederate army. Although the attack was unsuccessful, there was some hard fighting and many curious happenings yet to be told in print. One of these incidents is described by ALONZO SMITH, then 1st Sergeant (since lieutenant) 7th Michigan Veteran Volunteer Infantry.* He says:

"I will give a sketch of what is known as the battle of Hatcher's Run, Va., Oct. 27, 1864, so far as my memory serves me. The 2d Division, 2d Corps, formed line of battle across the Boydton plank-road on quite a high ridge, facing towards the south and west. My regiment was a part of the left flanking brigade, with its right resting at or near said plank-road, extending the line to the left in front of the woods that were in our rear; and on the left of the road, as we faced the south and west, our line formed a half circle with centre in the advance, my regiment extending into the woods towards the plank-road. The brigade was composed of 19th and 20th Massachusetts, 42d and 59th New York, 1st Minnesota, 36th Wisconsin and 7th Michigan. The Confederates attacked our right and rear, capturing the artillery in position on our right. While in this position some stragglers came through the woods in rear of my regiment. Our colonel then deployed us to the left, towards the plank-road, to prevent any stragglers from passing our left, we being the left flanking regiment of infantry within sight or hearing; although we understood at

* ALONZO SMITH enlisted (on his nineteenth birth-day) Aug. 9, 1861, in the 7th Mich. Vol. Infantry. *Promoted* corporal, Apr., 1863; sergeant, Apr., 1864; first sergeant Nov., 1864; first lieutenant, Dec. 9, 1864. *Served* through campaigns, Army of the Potomac. *Wounded* at Antietam, in left thigh; at Gettysburg, in left wrist. MEDAL OF HONOR for capture of flag 26th N. C. Inf., Oct. 27, 1864.

the time that Gregg's Division of cavalry were the only troops on our left. Looking in our rear I saw quite a number of men moving towards our line. Calling to Sergeant Thomas Smith, who happened to be near me, I asked him if he did not think they were 'Rebs.' After a thorough look in that direction he pronounced them to be 'Yanks,' and started to report to Colonel Lapoint, who then had charge of the picket-line a little in our advance. Feeling somewhat uneasy as to our position, I went some fifteen or twenty rods to the rear and discovered the men to be Confederates, coming directly toward me—every man for himself. Stepping behind a large elm tree, I concluded to try a demand for surrender as soon as they came near enough.

"With a loaded musket and fixed bayonet I awaited their approach. When within a rod or so, I stepped out from my hiding-place and demanded a surrender, which they did not appear to heed. I made the second demand when their line officers came to the front, and I saw that none of them had side-arms. They said they would surrender to me if I would take them out of there all right. They wished to know if we had any troops in there, and in what direction I was going to take them out. I pointed to the direction of the plank-road, when they said it would be taking them back into their own lines. I informed them that we had a division only a few rods from me. Their officers then told the men to throw down their arms and surrender. I then called to Alfred Bordine and John Cramer, they being the first I saw after the surrender.

"The good news soon reached the regiment and a guard

formed who helped the discomfited Confederates to remove their cartridge-boxes, and I kindly became the color-bearer of the 26th North Carolina. Just as I had taken the colors from the sergeant, Colonel Lapoint came to the scene and wished to know what I had been doing. He then told me to take a guard and report to General Hancock, whose headquarters were in an open field to our left, and across the plank-road. I obeyed the order, and General Hancock directed me to report the prisoners to the provost-marshal.

"The same night the army fell back to their old camp, and through some mistake of the aides my regiment and the 59th N. Y. were left to their fate. When daylight came, the colonel discovered their position and started for the rear, but had not crossed the first field when a squad of rebel cavalry made a dash on them, which was repulsed by a volley from the boys in blue. They then formed a skirmish line and kept under shelter of the woods. The color-bearer of the State flag took the flag from the staff and put it around his body, under his shirt; the U. S. flag was torn to pieces, each man putting a piece in his pocket.

"After wandering through the woods, avoiding openings as much as possible, they became lost. Going to a log cabin they found an old negro, who was willing to pilot them to the Union lines, where they arrived after two days' tramping. The old contraband was sent to Monroe, Michigan, by the regiment, as a reward for his services.

"The number of prisoners for which my regiment received credit at the engagement on Hatcher's Run, Va., was 20 officers and 480 enlisted men."

This was an extraordinary haul for one lone fisherman, but shows what a thoroughly wide awake sergeant may do.

BVT. CAPTAIN PETER T. ANDERSON,
LATE CORPORAL 31ST WISC. INFANTRY.

## III. AN INDEPENDENT BATTERY.

In the year 1840, when Chicago was a village, among the arrivals there were two Norwegians—husband and wife—on their way to a new home in free America, where land was cheap and where industry and thrift have ever been rewarded with success.

They settled in Wisconsin, on the banks of the East Pecatonica River, and erected a homestead, where in due time numerous olive branches grew up around the worthy couple, and became the seasoned timber of which true American citizens and, when needed, good Union soldiers are made. When the great war came, two of the boys volunteered to fight under the old flag. One, Gotack, gave his life to his country in one of the battles near Atlanta, in

1864. The other, PETER T. ANDERSON,* enlisted in a Wisconsin regiment at the age of sixteen, and before the close of the war, in which he served to the bitter end, had given many proofs of his hardy Norway blood and his healthy American training. His is one of the few instances in which a private soldier has been honored with a brevet commission as captain, for a special act of gallantry in the presence of the enemy.

Anderson had tramped with his regiment under General Sherman on the Great March to the Sea, and after the capture of Savannah, had found himself still under the leadership of "Uncle Billy"—as Sherman was affectionately called by his men—close at the heels of the distinguished Confederate, Joe Johnston.

Occasionally the enemy would turn and snap viciously at his pursuers.

One of these occasions was at Bentonville, March 19, 1865. It is thus described by Captain Anderson, then Corporal Co. B, 31st Wisconsin Infantry:

"The morning opened fair and warm. About one o'clock, and just after dinner, we forded a stream. While we were crossing the stream our major, Robert Stepherson, asked me to fill his canteen with water and then get into an ambulance and ride, as he thought I looked too sick to march. I told him I never had been in an ambulance and would rather stay with my company. We were ordered down

* PETER T. ANDERSON enlisted Sept. 8, 1863, in Co. B, 31st Wisconsin Infantry. *Promoted* corporal "for gallantry at Averysboro, N. C.," March 16, 1865. *Breveted* captain Wisconsin Volunteers (page 112). *Served* in the Western Army continuously until mustered out with regiment at Louisville, July 8, 1865. MEDAL OF HONOR "for gallant conduct in saving gun of 14th Corps from capture," Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865.

close to the left of the turnpike leading to Bentonville; the timber grew quite large and thick where we were formed in line of battle. About four rods in front of our regiment there was an open field; about a quarter of a mile across it we could see the Rebs forming their lines. In the mean time, our men were cutting down trees and piling them up for temporary breastworks. There were only three regiments of our brigade there. We had only a few minutes to work, as the Rebs saw (or thought they saw) a chance of gobbling us up—a large gap between us and the 14th Corps. They fell upon both our flanks about the same time; our right flank gave way first. Our regiment was on the left flank and my Co. (B) on the extreme left. When we saw the Rebs were clear to our rear, on both of our flanks, we fell back in great disorder, some of the boys going so far to the rear that they never got back until noon the next day. We ran towards the rear, on the other side of the pike, and behind where we formed our first line the 19th Indiana Battery was stationed. The men had abandoned three of their guns. After most all of our brigade had passed them, some one (think it was one of the battery boys) shouted: 'For God's sake, save the battery!'

"I said to one of our men (George Neamiah) that I was going back to get the battery; he said I was a d—d fool if I did; but back I went. The gun nearest the road was 'limbered up' and ready to move. The team consisted of a pair of mules on the lead, while the 'swing' and wheelers were horses. I soon got them started by using my ramrod for a whip. I only had about four rods to go to reach the pike. Just as I got to the pike, the rebels began

to flock around me pretty thick. All the time I kept giving it to the horses with my ramrod. Once I undertook to get into the saddle of the wheel team; just as I was going to mount a bullet struck the strap of the stirrup and cut it in two. The enemy began to think they were likely to lose their prize, and all began to shoot at me (or at the horses, as they were badly wounded), and some of them used pretty rough language, telling me to surrender. There was one Johnnie rode right up to me, with a Colt's revolver drawn and pointed at me, and shouted, 'Surrender! you d—d Yankee.' He had hardly uttered the words before one of our boys shot him from his horse.

"The Rebs followed me up close till they saw our brigade forming. Colonel West, taking command, said, 'We will hold this position or die right here.' My ramrod was bent double from trying to load my gun as I was running. So when I got to the regiment the colonel told me to go to the rear, as I could do no good there with a broken ramrod and my hand badly bruised. I took the gun and horses to the rear with me. As I approached the batteries that were massed in our rear, an officer (I think it was the chief of artillery) stepped in front of the works they had thrown up and asked me what battery I belonged to. I told him I was 'Independent.' I told him in a few words all I knew about it. Then he asked me if I would let him use the gun, and of course I consented. Then I went to the rear of the battery and sat down under a tree. I sat there about ten minutes when an orderly came along with a ramrod in his hand. I asked him to give it to me as mine was broken. He gave it to me. I started right away for my

company, and got there just as the rebels were making their second charge. They charged us five times, but we checked them every time.

"Just after dusk that evening the Major asked me to pick a few men to go with me to reconnoitre in our front, and see where the enemy were. Our regiment was instructed not to fire until we got in, even if we did shoot a little in front of them. We started, and kept in the dark as much as possible; several of the pitch-pine trees were burning, and made it quite light in some places. After advancing about two hundred yards several rebels jumped up and shouted, 'We surrender!' There were ten or twelve of them and only five of us. We took them into our lines, which was just what they wanted. The next day we buried the dead of both armies, and on the twenty-first started for Raleigh, N. C., where we lay until the surrender of Johnston's army."

LIEUTENANT JOSIAH M. CURTIS,
TWELFTH WEST VA. INFANTRY.

## HORSE, FOOT AND DRAGOONS.

THE Sword has been often, in figure of speech, "turned into a ploughshare," but has seldom been likened unto a *sickle*, with which in olden time the harvest was gathered. And yet, in the last month of the Civil War in America, Farmer Grant made just that use of the sabres of his cavalrymen, while with the bayonets of his infantry the overripe crops of rebel resistance—the weary soldiers, the drooping battle-flags, the flying artillery, the stampeded wagon trains—were tossed into Uncle Sam's barns.

Many of the reapers were rewarded with the Medal. Let us glance at the record in three cases.

### I. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The month of April, 1865, was a black one in the Confederate calendar. Ere its second day was spent two heavy blows had been struck at General Lee's army, and while the enemy was reeling under the shock, General Grant

ordered others to be delivered in quick succession. The outer intrenchments of Petersburg had fallen into the hands of the victorious Yankees, and of the inner line of works there only remained two small but strong forts, called Gregg and Whitworth. General Grant says: "We thought it had now become necessary to carry them by assault. About one o'clock in the day Fort Gregg was assaulted by Foster's Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps (Gibbon's), supported by two brigades from Ord's command. The battle was desperate, and the national troops were repulsed several times; but it was finally carried, and immediately the troops in Fort Whitworth evacuated the place. The guns of Fort Gregg were turned upon the retreating enemy."

Of the assaulting force, one young officer* greatly distinguished himself. His father (Brevet Brigadier-General W. B. Curtis, late Colonel 12th W. V. Infantry) furnishes the following account:

"I was commanding the 2d Brigade, Independent Division, which consisted of the 12th West Va., 54th Pa., and 23d Ill. (Gen. Mulligan's Irish Regiment). Lieutenant Curtis was then acting as aide on my staff. The assault was first made on the Confederates by the 6th Corps, and their line was broken. The fighting during the night was terrific, the artillery and infantry both being engaged. When day dawned on the morning of the 2d of April, we discovered

* Lieut. JOSIAH M. CURTIS enlisted as a private, D, 12th West Virginia Infantry, Aug. 25, 1862, at the age of sixteen years. Promoted through successive grades to 2d lieut. Dec. 16, 1864. Served under Milroy and Hunter, 1863, and under Sheridan in campaign of 1864 in the Valley of Virginia; honorably mustered out of service in 1865; awarded Medal of Honor for gallant conduct in battle, April 2, 1865.

that the enemy were evacuating their works. We were ordered to attack a large fort, which we took without any material loss, as the enemy had mostly withdrawn. Our division was ordered to move along the Confederate works towards Petersburg. We captured many prisoners on our route, meeting with no opposition until we came to forts Gregg and Whitworth, south of Petersburg. Fort Gregg was surrounded by a ditch, flooded with water, about eight feet wide and four or five feet deep, and manned by the 48th Mississippi Infantry (a part of Mahone's Brigade). Gen. Foster, who was commanding the first division of our corps, had made two or three assaults on the fort, being repulsed each time with heavy loss. Our division commander, when we came up, ordered me to charge. After a desperate struggle we succeeded in crossing the ditch,—pulling each other up the bank—and planting our colors on top of the parapet, captured the fort. In this assault Major Davis of the 54th P. V., and three color-bearers of the 12th W. V., were killed before we succeeded in planting the colors upon the parapet.

"My son, Lieut. J. M. Curtis, after the third man had been killed, grabbed the colors in his left hand, and cheering the men on in the charge, a rush was made into the fort, and after a short struggle the enemy surrendered. The Medal of Honor was given to him for gallant conduct in this assault.

"This was the last place the enemy attempted to hold in front of Richmond; they commenced to evacuate the city that day. My regiment was presented by our corps commander with a golden eagle to surmount our State colors,

inscribed as follows: 'Presented to the 12th West Va. Vol. Infantry by their corps commander, Gen. John Gibbon, for gallant conduct in the assault upon Fort Gregg, in front of Petersburg, on the 2d day of April, 1865.' The loss of our corps in this assault was 715 killed and wounded. Lieutenant Curtis, with his regiment and brigade, also participated in the pursuit of Lee, until he surrendered at Appomattox Court House, marching thirty-five miles on the 8th of April to get to the support of Sheridan.

"Lieutenant Curtis was one of the officers appointed to take charge of the Confederate colors, which were surrendered and sent to Washington. Gen. Gibbon, our corps commander, who had seen service all through the war, and participated in some of the hardest-fought battles that occurred, says in his report that this was one of the most desperate assaults made during the war." *

In a conversation that took place the night after the assault between some of Mulligan's Irish Regiment, one was overheard to say:

"Moike, did yez moind young Cortis, standin' on the parrypet av the foort, wid the colors in wan fisht an his soord in the other? Be me faith, he luk'd loike he wuz afther takin' a lape entoo *Gayhanna!*"

## II. A FOOT SOLDIER AT "THE LAST DITCH."†

"Since the day that Sheridan's cavalry, the Fifth Corps,

* "The whole capture since the army started out gunning will amount to not less than 12,000 men, and probably fifty pieces of artillery."—*Grant's Memoirs.*

† Lieut. RUDOLPH R. RIDDELL (late 61st N. Y. Vols.). He enlisted in 1861, at the age of fifteen, as a drummer, and was promoted through intermediate grades to rank of Lieutenant, commanding a company. Honorably discharged 1865. Awarded Medal of Honor for capture of flag at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865. (This account of the battle is by Mr. Riddell.)

and Miles Division of the Second (to which we belonged) had struck Lee's extreme right, rolling him back and doubling him up, we had been straining every power to 'finish the job,' as Sheridan had expressed it to Grant. To this end the pursuit was vigorous. The now desperate enemy, finding himself too closely pressed, would frequently and

LIEUTENANT R. R. RIDDELL,
SIXTY-FIRST N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.

with great suddenness turn upon us. This made the many engagements which took place along the line of retreat and pursuit generally unexpected, and always sharp and deadly. 'Keep 'em on a jump,' was Sheridan's characteristic order, and inspired with victory the order was carried out with terrible energy. Thus the two armies swept their stormy course from Petersburg to Appomattox.

"Near the close of that race for life the enemy's converging columns reached a point on Sailor's Creek, and taking up a position of great natural strength upon the further bluffs that border the creek, faced their pursuers, for what

proved to be the last and greatest struggle of the retreat. It was the veritable 'last ditch' into which, for four years, we had been trying to get them.

"I remember we had pressed on one day, with frequent heavy skirmishes, until late at night, nearly exhausted, we threw ourselves upon the ground to get what rest a soldier may under such circumstances. The morning (the 6th of April, I believe) broke dark and lowery, and the weather continued heavy, with frequent showers throughout the day. At an early hour we were under arms, but instead of taking up the pursuit and moving out with promptness, there were certain dispositions made, and positions taken, which seemed to indicate that we had something more serious to undertake than a rapid march after a flying foe. To men who have served four years and fought a score of battles, the signs of approaching battle are pretty clear. I was ordered by our adjutant to take my company, with full supply of cartridges, and report to brigade headquarters. As I had been on the skirmish lines all the preceding day, I indulged in a little quiet reasoning, while preparations were being made, as to the probable service before me; and as it was not customary to detail the same officers and men for skirmish line or picket duty two days in succession, I drew my conclusions, and they made me homesick.

"However, I was scared too soon; just as I was about to file off with old Company B, I was informed that the order was recalled and I could keep my place in line. Firing now began in our front, telling us the skirmish line was feeling the enemy, and warning us that the services of a line of battle might be needed. The woods in which we

were, and the general conformation of the ground, concealed the position of the enemy from that part of the lines. But as the firing became heavier, we were moved forward in line, and soon came to the edge of the woods, and halted for a moment just within shelter. Walking forward a few yards with some brother officers, we saw our skirmish lines about half way down the slope, hotly engaged with a strong skirmish line of the enemy, who were posted along the creek, and in little squads by the bridge, and at several places sheltered by trees and bushes on the slope leading up to the enemy's position on the ridge beyond. It was perhaps a third of a mile from our position to theirs, but the creek did not evenly divide the valley. From our crest the descent was more gradual, and the distance to the creek much greater than from the crest occupied by the enemy. Running diagonally from left to right down the slope, on our front, to the creek, was a broad road, badly cut up by the passage of the enemy's trains, and partly concealed from us, because cutting in places quite deeply into the side of the slope, leaving the upper bank deep and steep; but after leaving the bridge it rose clear and distinct in its diagonal course to the creek beyond. I have a decidedly clear recollection of that road. It impressed me, as standing upon the wooded crest I saw its broad, red course as it left the creek and rose to the opposite crest, strewn with the cast-off clothing and equipments of a retreating army, together with its steep upper bank; and as our line of charge, if direct, would take us across it, I wondered how the boys would manage to get up that wet and slippery bank. But it impressed itself upon me more substantially

soon after, when, in charging down, about a quarter of the regiment rolled pell mell down its steep bank, carrying an undignified quantity of the muddy, sticky sacred soil with us, and making us look like an outlaw band of Sioux braves painted for the war-path. Those who get the idea that a line of battle charges as if dressed on a straight edge, with guns aligned to a hair at an angle of forty-five degrees, with alternate movements of right and left legs, so perfect and together as to enable you to look down the entire line and see the triangular hole made by the bend of their knees, ought to see the real article as it tears its way through brush and woods; as it tosses and heaves across fields; as it bends and billows and crowds itself up the slope; as it reels and roars and plunges itself upon the enemy, perhaps to recoil broken into fragments, streaming back to shelter. This latter is just the way we went down that slope, across the run and up to the crest beyond. We did not wait long in the edge of the woods before the order came, and bursting forth we began the charge. The artillery opened on us at once, and as we neared the run the musketry joined in the work of death. Many a brave fellow was struck down before the crest was reached. Especially was the loss heavy during the struggle up the rise, beyond the creek. It was like all other charges of like magnitude, impossible to describe; the terrible rush of armed men, the hoarse commands, the fierce energy of action, the smoke and tumult and tempest of cannon and musketry are beyond description. We reached the crest, pausing a moment to pour our fire into their ranks, then leaped forward with the smoke, tore our way through the brush and tree-tops with which

they had hastily covered their works, swarmed over it shouting, yelling, struggling a moment in the awful chaos, broke and crushed them, and—well, it was all over in less time than it takes to tell it.

"Colors were captured all along the line. It's easy enough. All one has to do is to be there and go in with the crowd, and be careful not to let too many get ahead of him, else the first choice of flags is lost. There are some risks, however. If the fellow who carries the flag is obstinate, and don't want to give it up, you can hand him your card, or use any other inducement which may occur to you at the time.

"Those of us who took flags were soon after permitted to go to Washington and present them to the Secretary of War; were granted a leave of absence or furlough for thirty days, and a Medal of Honor from Congress."

### III. A CAVALRY REAPER.*

"Uncle Elliott, I think I'd like to be a soldier."

The speaker was a handsome boy of fifteen, just at the age when boys are apt to run to hero-worship, and Charlie Jackson's hero was his Uncle Elliott, who had fought in the war under Custer and Sheridan, and who, long before Charlie had opened his eyes on this world, had been honorably mustered out of service, and turned his attention to the quieter pursuits of an American citizen.

"Why do you say that, Charlie?"

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* Elliott M. Norton enlisted as a private (B) 6th Michigan Volunteer Cavalry, Oct. 11, 1862. Promoted through intermediate grades to rank of lieutenant and adjutant, served with his regiment in the field in Virginia, and for a few months on the Western frontier, and was mustered out at Salt Lake City in 1865.

"Well, I've been reading 'Charles O'Malley, or the Irish Dragoon.' Did you ever read it? It's a daisy book, I tell you."

"Oh! That's the reason, is it? Yes, I've read it, but I wouldn't like to say just how long ago; and I'm inclined to think it had the same effect on me. At any rate, when the war came, in 1861, I was wild to 'jine the cavalry,' as we used to say."

LIEUTENANT ELLIOTT M. NORTON,
ADJUTANT SIXTH MICH. CAVALRY.

"I say, Uncle, tell me something about the cavalry and how you got the Medal and all."

"Well, my boy, there isn't so much to tell—(just hand me those slippers and my old brier-wood pipe—seems to bring me back to camp-life again). Four years of fighting and marching are equal to a lifetime of peaceful pursuits here at home. Time travels very slowly when minutes of excitement seem like days, and when hours of suspense are like months at other times. But it doesn't take long to tell about, as we sit here now."

"Uncle Elliott, how did you feel in your first battle?"

"Well, the first fight, I think, was at Hanover, in Virginia, on the 30th of June, 1863. I don't remember much about it now, only that I was badly frightened, and supposed we must all be killed. It did not seem possible that any one could live in such a shower of lead. It literally *rained* bullets. I determined to sell my life dearly and just 'waded in.' A few days after, we had a stubborn fight at Hunterstown, Pennsylvania. We drove the enemy, and I was surprised to find myself alive and able to go into camp at night. The fact was, I was getting used to it a little; it seemed that when I had plenty to do I forgot the danger."

"Uncle, which was the greatest battle of the war?"

"Charlie, that's rather a hard question to answer. Perhaps the most important single battle was Gettysburg, when we drove General Lee's army across the Potomac, and, it was said, 'broke the back-bone of the Rebellion.'"

"Were you at Gettysburg, Uncle?"

"Not precisely at the town, but all around the neighborhood. On the third day we were engaged part of the time with the enemy's cavalry, and part of the time in supporting some artillery. This last is the worst sort of service—to stand still, while every now and then a solid shot will come rolling along like a base-ball, and knock down a 'set of fours' like so many tin soldiers; or a shell may explode just over you, and cut off limbs of trees and drop them on you. This sort of thing tries the nerves of horses and men, you may depend. But there is nothing to do for it but just to close in the gaps made by a horse falling in the ranks, or, wounded, backing frantically clear out of them."

Charlie seemed much impressed by this serious glimpse of real war. He sat silent for some minutes, while his uncle puffed away at the brier-wood.

Suddenly the boy burst forth with a new query.

"Did you ever kill a man?"

"I am afraid I have—in the line of duty; probably several, but I only recollect one, and that was in self-defence."

"Where was that, sir?"

"It was on the glorious Fourth (the day after the battle of Gettysburg), at Monterey, Maryland. Although the enemy were firing rapidly from their field batteries and our artillery replied, and our men kept up a lively racket on the skirmish line with their carbines, I confess it has seemed much more deafening in a real old-fashioned Grand Rapids 'Fourth.' We had some hand-to-hand encounters. One gigantic rebel captain—at least he seemed so at the time—sprang from behind a high stump (we were fighting on foot), and fired right into my face. The bullet went through the rim of my hat, pretty near the crown. The pistol was so close that the smoke and flash almost blinded me for a second. At the same moment I fired, and the 'Johnnie' fell back with a groan. At that moment something else claimed my attention, and I never knew whether my enemy was dead or only wounded."

"Were you an officer then, Uncle?"

"No, only a sergeant; but I can tell you, I never felt prouder than when my captain promoted me to be a non-commissioned officer of our company, July 1, 1863."

"Was that the narrowest escape you had in the war, Uncle?"

"No, I suppose our charge on the rebel rear-guard at Falling Waters, July 14, of the same year, was 'the closest call' I ever had. The enemy had crossed the Potomac, and feeling secure from any pursuit in force by our army, was resting some of his infantry on the opposite bank. The Michigan brigade was ordered to advance a short distance and form in line. My regiment, the 6th Michigan Cavalry, was then moved forward very quietly to within two hundred yards and halted, and companies 'B,' of which I was sergeant, and 'F'—in all about one hundred men—were ordered to charge the breastworks which the enemy had thrown up to cover the crossing. It was a greater blunder than the 'Charge of the Six Hundred' at Balaclava, from which less than two hundred returned. But our officers and men never faltered.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

"The enemy at that point comprised a large force of infantry, who could have successfully resisted a brigade of cavalry. What chance do you think our little squadron had?

"Well, a Confederate soldier who saw the whole affair answers the question.* He says:

"'As Heth's Division, guarding the line of the retreat of the main army, reached Falling Waters, near the Potomac, while lying on the ground with arms stacked, in a state of

* "A Confederate Soldier," in the *Southern Bivouac*.

presumed security, they were attacked by the enemy under the following circumstances:

"'Generals Heth and Pettigrew, Capt. Jas. H. Moore, and other officers, from an eminence, were reviewing the route over which they had just travelled, when all of a sudden a small force of cavalry burst forth from a skirt of woods about two hundred yards distant. The little group took the cavalry for Confederates. The cavalry then displayed the United States flag, and galloping up to Pettigrew, with swords drawn, shouted out "Surrender!" They rushed over the little group, firing their pistols and mortally wounding General Pettigrew. These brave fellows then attacked the command of Heth. Heth's men very soon realized the situation of things, and seizing their muskets, opened on this party with effect, and very soon despatched the force, tumbling them out of their saddles in every direction. They were all killed or wounded in a very few moments. This was the last battle fought north of the Potomac in the Gettysburg campaign.'

"You see, Charlie, he says 'they were all killed or wounded,' but that is not quite true. Of that devoted band of one hundred, I and five others rode back; the rest fell victims of a foolish order.

"You asked me if it was a narrow escape. You can judge for yourself. A rifle ball took off my hat, another pierced every thickness but two of my overcoat, which was rolled and strapped on the cantle of my saddle; three bullets passed through my clothes and three through my horse. What a charger he was, Charlie! A superbly built black, nearly seventeen hands high, and as active as a cat. I saw

both my officers fall, and the detachment almost 'wiped out' in two or three minutes. I turned to leave when a Confederate infantryman thrust his piece almost in my face and fired. My face was filled with powder, and the ball cut off a lock of my hair, which was rather long and thick; with my sabre I struck the barrel of the musket an upward blow, and at the same time took a downward cut at the Johnnie. Without wasting any time, however, my horse carried me back over the works and, while I laid as close to his neck as a Comanche, used the spur and flat of my sabre on his sides. He carried me to our lines, nearly a quarter of a mile away, and as I dismounted, the grand old fellow sank down in a heap, shivered and was dead."

"Was there much fighting the last year of the war?"

"Yes: the year 1864 was a constant series of hard struggles on both sides. Our cavalry was improving in every respect, and our supply of horses was unlimited; the enemy was running short of horses and supplies of all kinds, and their horsemen were getting discouraged."

"Now, Uncle Elliott, tell me how you captured the flag."

"It was near the last gasp of the war, only a day or two before Lee's surrender—Sailor's Creek,* it was called. The battle began about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. I was then a lieutenant and acting-adjutant of my regiment. At five-thirty we were pursuing the enemy in 'column of fours' at a gallop. I was riding at the head of the regiment with the colonel. Seeing a squad of the enemy, about twenty in number, about sixty rods to the left with a battle-flag, I left the regiment and went for them, with no other

* This is the same battle described by Lieutenant Riddell, page 130.

object than to capture a flag. I had made several attempts to do this before, but failed. When within six or eight rods of the party they fired together at me, leaving their carbines empty, and me unharmed. With drawn sabre I rushed upon them and ordered them to throw down their arms, which they did. They did not so quickly give up the flag. But I suppose they saw I was bound to have it, and as some of our troops were now ahead of these Confederates they sullenly resigned the flag to my care. Tearing it from the staff and thrusting it inside my coat, I told my prisoners to fall into line and start for the rear.

"It was after seven o'clock that evening when I overtook the command, then going into camp. I kept my prize a secret until evening, when as we (the colonel and I occupied the same tent) were about turning in I told Col. Vinton that if he would promise not to say anything I would show him something. He agreed, and I then pulled out my trophy. The old war-dog fairly danced with delight.

"'Jeems' River!' cried he, 'my regiment shall have the honor of capturing that flag. No, Adjutant, I shall break faith with you!' And he did. But I forgave him.

"After the surrender, I was ordered to Washington, in company with a number of other flag-captors, to turn over to the Secretary of War all the flags captured by the cavalry corps. Here we each received a furlough of thirty days and a Medal of Honor.

"My battle-flag belonged to the 44th Tennessee Regiment. It was of heavy silk, 12 x 4½ feet in dimensions, with gilt stars and bars, and the motto '*Death to Invaders.*'"

"Well, Uncle, that is very interesting; but although you

ran a great risk of getting shot when you went for the flag, it seems to me that the Southern color-guard gave up the flag pretty easily to one man."

"Ah, my boy, those were gallant men. They had fought us during four long, weary, years; but when they saw our forces closing around them on that day, they realized that the end had come, and then resistance died out with the last volley from their carbines. Just how they felt is described by an eloquent Southern soldier, who, writing of this very occasion, says:

"'Soon we hear the notes of a cavalry bugle. How merrily it sings! how defiant its tones! how martial the strains as the gentle south wind brings its cadence to our ears! It is no stranger to us, for its strains we have heard before, and we know their meaning. It is Custer's trumpeter, rallying his dashing squadrons to the headlong charge. We fall back to the foot of the hill to receive it. A Georgia brigade re-enforces us. On, on they come, as though on pleasure bent. The sharp clang of sabres is heard as they fly from the scabbards. A moment more they flash in the sunlight, magnificently. The enemy ascends the summit of the hill and dash on us. We pour in a deadly and appalling volley, and thirty brave fellows fall from their saddles. The conflict is short, sharp, and decisive, and the gallant Custer and his squadron fall back before overwhelming numbers as gayly and gallantly as they came. But the lines are closing around us, and the Confederacy is in its death throes. Four hours later and the bloody conflict of Sailor's Creek closes the last chapter in its melancholy history.

"'Nearly all of Ewell's Corps are captured. Oh, the an-

guish of the hour! We saw, surrendered, eighteen battle-flags which bore upon their tattered folds the historic names of Manassas, Cold-Harbor, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court-House. Wait! Every cloud has its silver lining. The next morning, after a refreshing slumber on the sweetest of all beds—the bare ground—we are again marshalled in line.

"'Down that line came General Custer. By his yellow hair and boyish face he is known to all of us. Near the centre of the line he turns to his band and orders it to play "Dixie." As the marvellous strains of the Confederate war-song floated in liquid sweetness around us, we break into tumultuous cheering. General Custer waves his hat, and a thousand gallant soldiers in blue dash their caps in the air.

"'Such was General Custer in the presence of a conquered foe. Here might the artist have found his inspiration for "Custer's Last Rally," and the Southern poet who wrote:

> "'The nations of the earth shall know
> That love, not hate, alone can glow
> In soldier-hearts by valor tried
> On many a field, and this our pride,
> When heroes of the Blue and Gray
> Shall each to each due homage pay,
> And scorn with all their martial souls
> The cowards base and venal ghouls
> Who shunned the conflict they had bred,
> And live but to malign the dead.'"*

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* "A Confederate Soldier," in the *Southern Bivouac.*

FIGHTING THE BATTLE O'ER AGAIN.

## FIGHTING THE BATTLE O'ER AGAIN.

IT was a wet day in November at the Soldiers' Home. Four veterans of the War of the Rebellion were enjoying themselves in an innocent fashion. Two were playing chess. It was not serious chess by any means, and whenever the players lagged in the conversation they were cheerfully relieved by the others, who appeared to act as seconds in a peculiar game—they called it in old soldier slang, "swapping lies." All, but one, were smoking pipes, and punctuating their talk with puffs, now and then taking the pipe out of the mouth and waving it in a lofty manner, intended to be at once impressive and convincing. One of the players was a white-haired man, who had been with Sherman in the Great March to the Sea, and now, being without kindred, he was spending his last days upon one of

the most beautiful of the green pastures for ancient war-horses that a grateful country has provided.

They were talking of the promptness with which the people of the North answered the President's call to arms in the early days of the war.

"Well," said old Sergeant Bent, "none on 'em did better'n Illinoy."

"Ohio wa'nt no slouch them days," remarked Private Strong, who was standing behind the first speaker, nursing his elbow.

"That's so," grunted Peter Williams, who never indulged in long sentences, but was generally supposed among his associates to do "a heap of thinking."

The fourth man—Corporal Prim—was more laconic still. After poring over the chess-board for a few moments he briefly remarked, "Check!"

By mutual consent a halt was called, and the ancient Sergeant, taking up the thread where he had dropped it, continued: "I ain't a going back on Ohio; she done noble; but as an Illinoy soldier I hev a pride in her war record. See here what the adjutant-general of the State said in his report. I cut it out a long time ago." The old man produced a great leathern wallet, and turning over a bundle of discharges and pension papers found a newspaper clipping which he handed over to Comrade Strong, saying, "Your eyes better'n mine; jest read that to the crowd."

With one hand raised to fix the attention of his listeners, Strong read the following:

"'The order of the Secretary of War, making the call upon this State, assumed that a draft would be necessary, and in

anticipation that the States would not be able to contribute their quotas of the call in July (1862), announced that if any State should not, by the 18th of August, furnish its quota of the three-years volunteers, the deficiency would be made up by special draft from the militia. . . . These vigorous measures gave hope of a speedy termination of this terrible war. The people of the State received the announcement with the wildest excitement and most unbounded satisfaction. Messengers and committees from every portion of the State hastened to the capital, demanding that, as they were ready to perform their share of the work of saving the Government, that they should not be drafted so long as they were willing to volunteer. This condition of things was promptly communicated to the War Department, and the assignment of our quota under both calls urgently requested. The next day it was announced that our quota under each call would be 26,148, but as Illinois had furnished 16,987 men in excess of her quota of those in the field, the total number required under both calls was 35,320. . . . On the 9th August, from returns made to this Department, I informed the public that there would not be a draft: this was upon the strength of the despatch from Washington that our quota was 35,320. . . . On the evening of that day, however, the assistant-general announced that it had been decided in fixing the quota not to regard those in the field before the call, leaving our quota at 52,296. . . . To raise the increased number (16,976) of volunteers, but thirteen days were allowed. The floating population of the State who would enlist had already done so. These new volunteers must come, if come at all, from the

farmers and mechanics of the State. It is no exaggeration to say that, inspired by a holy zeal, animated by a common purpose, and firmly resolved on rescuing this Government from the verge of ruin and restoring it to the condition in which our fathers left it, over 50,000 of them left their harvest ungathered, their tools on their benches, their ploughs in the furrows, and turned their backs upon home and loved ones; and before eleven days had expired, the demands of the country were met and both quotas were filled! Proud indeed was the day to all Illinoisans when the extraordinary announcement was made that the enlistment rolls were full. And when the historian shall write the record of those eventful days of August, 1862, no prouder monument can be erected to the honor and memory of a free people than a plain, full narrative of the actual facts!' "

"There," burst in the Sergeant, "what do you say to *that!* Ain't that bully?"

"Why, the fact is," quietly drawled Corporal Prim, "I enlisted under that call myself."

The reading of the Adjutant-General's report seemed to stir the usually placid pulse of the Corporal, and as his companions pulled at their pipes and gazed at him in mute agreement that he had the floor, the veteran leaned back in his chair and went on: "Yes, I enlisted in the 119th Illinois Infantry in 1862, but we weren't mustered into the United States service until October of that year. Our first duty was guarding the Mobile and Ohio Railroad for more than a hundred miles, and we came mighty near being gobbled up by the rebel generals, Van Dorn and Forrest, near Holly Springs; but while they were capturing one of our

companies, five miles away, our little detachment jumped on a train and 'changed station' in a hurry. In February, 1864, we joined General Sherman at Vicksburg, and the next month were sent under Gen. A. J. Smith to join Banks' Red River expedition. My company, 'H,' was commanded by a gallant officer, Captain SAMUEL MCCONNELL.

A MEDALLIST OF THE 119TH ILLINOIS.

"The troops from the Army of the Tennessee were rear-guard of Banks' army to the mouth of the Mississippi River, and also guarding Commodore Porter's ironclad fleet—infantry guarding ironclads the same as a train of wagons—the fleet being covered with cotton. On our trip up Red River we landed at Simsport, Louisiana, and on the 14th of March, 1864, we started on the march to attack Fort De Russy, which we captured after 28 miles, before sundown. Captain McConnell captured the field-glass of the commanding officer, as he said, to show that he 'was in with the first'; it was on the platform of the pivot-gun. Our next battle was at Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1864, where we drove Dick Taylor from the field. Our regiment captured the flag of the 12th Texas Infantry; on the flag was embroidered in silk, '*Presented to the 12th Texas Infantry by the ladies of Galveston.*' Our next fight was at Bayou La Moore, La., May 7, 1864. We were sent in some heavy timber on the left of the line of battle, as there was heavy skirmishing in that direction. We took our position about four hundred yards in the timber, and about one mile from the line of battle. The regiment took position in a low depression and was ordered to lie down. There was no enemy

in sight, but the musket-balls striking the trees around us and cutting off boughs over our heads, with an occasional solid shot from a one-pounder the Rebs had. We had not to wait long. The 5th Texas Infantry came on the double-quick, with the Texas fierce yell, to turn our left flank and get between us and our line of battle. The heavy timber and underbrush concealed us as we lay on the ground in the depression, and instead of gaining our rear by passing our left flank they came square in on our front. When they got within about thirty paces of us we fired a volley into them, and then charged on the double-quick with the bayonet. In less time than it takes to tell it there was not a Texan to be seen, except the dead and wounded. The regiment then fell back to the same depression. In the mean time, the 89th Indiana Infantry was ordered to our assistance. They were passing along in our rear, on the double-quick, by the right flank, when the 5th, 6th and 7th Texas Infantry made another dash to gain our rear. This time they made the attempt to get round the *right* flank. The right flank of the 89th Indiana had passed our right flank about fifty paces, when the Texans opened fire on them at short range; but the Hoosiers kept on the trot until they cleared our regiment, when they came to a front. Both regiments charged with the bayonet, when the enemy again ran. Each Reb seemed to be an arsenal on legs; besides his musket, each man had two navy revolvers and a heavy knife, about twenty inches long, with eight feet of cord, one end attached to the handle of the knife and the other end tied around the wrist; the prisoners we took explained that the knife was to be used by throwing it into a

Yankee, and the string was to pull it back for another throw.

"On the 7th of February, 1865, we were sent to New Orleans, and camped on General Jackson's old battle ground, six miles below the city. We were moved from there in a short time to Dauphine Island, at the mouth of Mobile Bay. From there we went up the bay and marched across to Spanish Fort; there our brigade guarded the flank of the forces that were operating against Spanish Fort to keep re-enforcements from coming by way of Fort Blakely, opposite the city of Mobile.* After the forces had completely invested Fort Spanish, our division was sent up to take part in the siege of Fort Blakely, which commenced on the 3d of April and ended on the 9th of April, 1865."

Here the Corporal was interrupted by, "Blakely?—Why, I was there, too," from the Sergeant, and "We helped you take it," from Strong. "Is that so?" replied Prim. "Perhaps I'd better stop; 'twont be much news to you fellows."

"Go on! go on!" urged the others, and the veteran went on with his story.

"On April 9th, about four o'clock in the afternoon, an order came from brigade headquarters that our company was detailed to lead the charge on Fort Blakely. Soon we had orders to form the company, and see that each man had

* Canby appeared before Mobile on the 27th of March. The city of Mobile was protected by two forts, besides other intrenchments—Spanish Fort, on the east side of the bay, and Fort Blakely, north of the city. These forts were invested. On the night of the 8th of April the national troops, having carried the enemy's works at one point, Spanish Fort was evacuated; and on the 9th, the very day of Lee's surrender, Blakely was carried by assault, with a considerable loss to us. On the 11th the city was evacuated.

his arms in good condition, with full forty rounds of ammunition.

"The men took their places in silence, and answered to their names as though they felt it would be the last time they would stand in line for roll-call on this earth. I felt the tears in my eyes as I saw the boys stripping off everything that would be an incumbrance, and tightening the waist-belt and making every preparation for a desperate rush. We took our position in the rifle-pits in front of our brigade; the charging columns of infantry were in line close in rear of us. Near where I was standing the two color-bearers of the 21st Missouri, counciling together in regard to throwing their deck of cards away. One was saying that they had gone through the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Tupelo and Nashville, and had thrown away their decks of cards at all of those places and had come out all right; and that, as cards were hard to get, he thought they would take the risk of going in the fight with them. The other thought they ought to throw them away; but as the first man was not willing, he would not carry them and he gave them to his comrade. They were large, strong men. When the bugle sounded, they left their regiment and overtook Captain McConnell, about forty paces from the fort, where they were both shot dead, one falling against the captain. I heard distinctly the balls pass through their bodies.

"When Colonel T. J. Kinney of our regiment was giving the final instructions, Tom O—— (known as 'Big Ugly') said: 'Colonel, I think we had better not go in the fort, for it will only *raise a fuss!*'

"The color-bearers of the three regiments of our brigade seemed to think it was a foot-race, as all three left their regiments and started on a dead run for the rebel works. Our color-bearer, a bow-legged Dutchman, came over the works two hundred yards ahead of his regiment. He did not stop to plant the colors on the works, but went straight on. He is running yet for all I know. We made our way through the *abatis*, which covered the ground in front of the works for two hundred yards. The *abatis*, you know, was made by a thick growth of small pine trees that were felled, the tops out; the limbs trimmed and cut off at the proper distance and sharpened, which made our progress very difficult. When we got through, we found a wire stretched along the front of the ditch and about twenty feet from it. When I got to the ditch I looked around to see if the company was close at hand. I found only the Captain near; he was just in front; the rest of the company was some distance back, making the best progress they could. There was no time to waste. Captain McConnell said, 'Come along, Prim.' We started for the works, got over the ditch, and were near the top of the breastworks when the rebels ran out a gun through the embrasure and fired. In the smoke and confusion we had not noticed the embrasure, and we were close to the muzzle of the gun when it was fired. We were blown back in the ditch. We were on our feet in a moment, and went over the works among the guns and gunners; I with my musket cocked and bayonet fixed, the captain with revolver in hand, ready for instant use. The gunners held up their white hats in token of surrender. I suppose they thought that

only two men would not come over the works unless they had backing close at hand. I told them to get down close to the breastwork, where they would be out of danger; they did so.

"Captain McConnell and I went to the rear of the works and turned to the left, towards the bay, and opened fire with musket and revolver on a squad of Rebs that was trying to get to a small gun-boat that was at the landing on the right of their works. They fired one volley at us and turned to the right. We kept on our course till we came near their right, on the bluff near the bay, when a captain faced his company to the rear and they came to a 'ready' on us. I thought my time had come, for it did not seem possible that they could miss us at that distance; but at that instant some of our men came over the works and saved our bacon. The rebel company surrendered to Captain McConnell, and he took the rebel flag that was on the works. The gun-boat was still at the landing. It was lying broadside to land, and the gang-plank was still out and the boat was crowded with rebels that had taken refuge on board. We concluded to take the boat in and got within about one hundred yards of it when we halted, and the captain came to the conclusion that it would be risking more than we cared about; although the boat had a white flag hoisted, we were afraid it was a trick to catch some Yanks. We fell back in good order and the boat steamed over to Mobile. I did not get a scratch, but Captain McConnell was hit by a piece of shell on his left knee and his clothes were riddled by Minie balls.

"Our brigade was paraded July 12, 1865, on Government

Street, opposite the headquarters of General Kilby Smith, and the Medal of Honor was presented to Captain McConnell by Lieut. Colonel Lyons, Assistant Adjutant-General, 16th Army Corps. He made a splendid presentation speech. The captain seemed to think it a more trying ordeal than the capturing of a rebel flag, and his company took as much pride in it as he did."

After a few minutes' pause Private Strong asked:

"What regiment was yours, Sergeant?"

"The 122d Illinois. At the siege of Blakely we were on the left of Corporal Prim's regiment."

"And my regiment, the 97th, was on your right, Corporal."

"It looks as if we had General Canby's entire force represented here," chimed in Peter Williams.

"Don't forget the colored troops; they were on the extreme right, next the 97th, you know," remarked the Corporal.

"Yes," said Strong, "they did well when they came to close quarters."

"You see," continued Strong, "I was Colonel Vifquain's standing orderly, and had an opportunity of seeing and hearing a good deal about the operations in front of Blakely.

## COLONEL VIFQUAIN AT BLAKELY.

"The 9th of April, 1865, was an eventful day around there. Since the 2d of the month the trenches had been pushed forward with great energy. Colonel Vifquain had charge of the works in front of the Second Division, 13th

Army Corps. The division was under the command of C. C. Andrews, the corps under Maj.-Gen. Steele. On the right of Andrews' Division was Hawkins' colored Division, and the works in front of this division had not been pushed with the same vigor as those in front of Andrews', so that on the 9th of April, in the morning, several rifle shots had been sent through the third parallel which Vifquain was then completing. Not having lost one man as yet, while at work, and not desirous to lose any unless it was unavoidable, the Colonel reported the fact to General Andrews, about twelve o'clock noon, and requested that the colored division be instructed to occupy the ground on his right and in their front, so as to push back the rebel line of pickets and skirmishers. He also reported the facts to General Steele, who ordered the colored division to advance sufficiently to answer the requirements.

"The rebel line of pickets was unusually strong that day, and the works of the Second Division were not over fifty yards from the little V redoubts occupied by the rebel pickets. So close were they, indeed, that the night previous, a beautiful moonlight night, several rebel bullets struck the spades of our working force. The spades were bright, and the moon, shining on them, made, so to speak, looking-glass targets for the rebels as the earth was flung over the parapet.

"At four o'clock P.M. the colored division started on its advance and were soon greeted by a terrible cross-fire of artillery, which, added to the numerous torpedoes with which the ground was covered, made the task a telling one. The officers of the negro division behaved with unusual

gallantry, but their men had laid down and could not be made to rise up again under the destructive fire from their front, and the secret fire that sprang up now and then from under their feet as the torpedoes were trodden upon.

"Generals Canby, Steele and Andrews were on the extreme right of our rifle-pits and could see everything very well. General Canby, who commanded the Military Division of the Gulf, turned round and inquired, 'What can we do to relieve them?' Colonel Vifquain said that if we were to charge, the rebel fire would be turned upon us, thus relieving, to some extent, the colored division. He consulted with Generals Steele and Andrews, and very soon afterwards General Andrews ordered him to prepare to lead the charge. The regiment was put in line of battle in the third parallel, the 76th Illinois being behind our right, and the 24th Indiana Volunteers behind the left of the 97th Illinois. These two regiments were crowded in the zig-zags and second and first parallels, and were to follow our regiment after we had reached the foot of the hills on which the forts of Blakely were. The Colonel had given special instructions to every one of the captains as to what point they were to go for. By this time it was almost five o'clock. General Canby had remained in the works and was in the zig-zag that led almost to the very centre of our regiment. The last words he told Colonel Vifquain were: 'Colonel, stop at the foot of the hill if the fire is too murderous.' Vifquain answered, 'General, there is no stopping place for us except in Blakely.' He had studied the ground for several days, and knew that any charge or assault from the place where we were must be made to a

finish. He had the most implicit confidence in his men, knowing what they had done at Vicksburg. General Canby then said: 'Well, go; and good fortune attend you.' Vifquain asked him what time it was; General Canby replied it was five o'clock and five minutes. The Colonel told him that within a quarter of an hour our flag would be on the rebel works.

"At the appointed time, I saw the Colonel jump on the shoulder of the parapet; the rebels could see him from his knees up. He quietly drew his sword and allowed the rebels to empty their rifles at him, and then gave the word. Before the enemy could reload their guns we were upon them; rolling down the hill like an avalanche and up the other side with great force. Our commander made for the battle-flag on the rebel works, with the color company right upon his heels; and while he cut the halliard of the rebel flag with his sword, and in the act of pulling it down, our color-bearer planted our flag; for a second or two Vifquain was hidden by the folds of our victorious banner mingling with those of the rebel standard. Our color-bearer was killed on the spot. The bayonet finished the work, and Blakely was ours with 5000 prisoners and 85 pieces of heavy artillery.

"The same night our regiment slept in the fort where the rebel battle-flag stood in the morning, and General Canby sent Colonel Vifquain a note in pencil, which read as follows:

"'*Dear Colonel:*

"'Thank you, and may God bless you and your brave boys.

"'E. R. S. CANBY,

"'*Mj.-Genl. Comdg.*'

"The orderly that brought the note was killed on his way back by a torpedo. Upon General Canby's recommendation Colonel Vifquain was breveted Brigadier-General, and received the Medal of Honor.

"ONE OF THE NINETY-SEVENTH."

"Captain P. H. PENTZER,* of my company, 'C,' 97th Illinois Infantry, also won the medal. He was commanding the extreme right of our skirmish line, and finding himself inside the rebel works in the charge, would have been captured had it not been for the colored troops, who attacked the enemy with great fury, using the butts of their muskets. About this time the captain noticed a rebel soldier waving a white flag. Approaching, the man shouted that the general wanted to surrender. Captain Pentzer was then conducted to the headquarters of General C——, who in person surrendered himself and headquarters' flag. Captain Pentzer remained in charge of his distinguished prisoner for several days."

PRIVATE CALLAHAN AT BLAKELY.

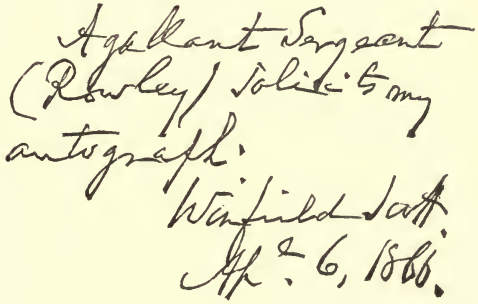
"Well, boys, dunno that I can add anything to what's been said about the Blakely fight, but one of our boys got a Medal of Honor there, too," said the old Sergeant.

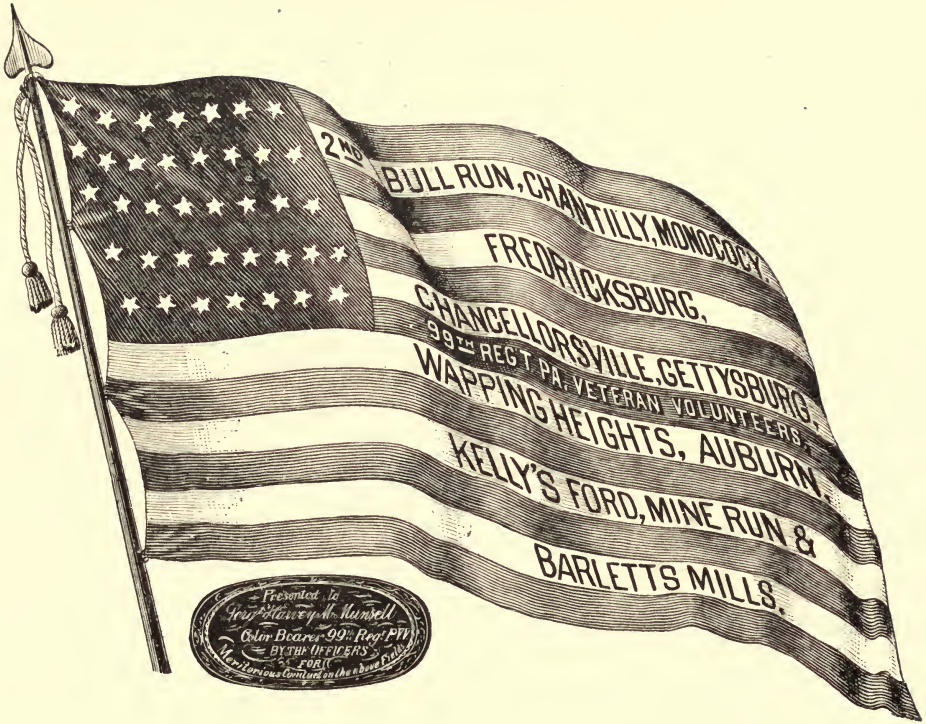
"It was this way: My regiment, the 122d Illinois Infantry, was on the extreme left of the Union forces surrounding Blakely, and between our position and the enemy

* Captain P. H. PENTZER enlisted as a private in Co. H, 9th Illinois Volunteers (three-months men), April, 1861. Re-enlisted for three years July 15, 1862, as sergeant-major 97th Ill. Vol. Infantry; captain, Feb. 14, 1863. Served at Vicksburg and Department of the Gulf. Mustered out July, 1865.

there was a swamp, in addition to the *abatis* and torpedoes you all have been describing. Blakely, you will recollect, is on high ground, about eighty rods from the swamp. Going on the skirmish line about sundown, I and Private J. J. CALLAHAN (the man who got the medal), met two of the rebels between the hostile skirmish lines and had a friendly talk for about half an hour. The rest of that night we stood on our feet with a sharp lookout to see if the rebels were going to make any move. Being relieved about sunrise on the 9th, we returned to the reserve, and tried to get a little sleep. At noon we were notified that the fort would be assaulted at five o'clock P.M. We advanced into the swamp, apparently unnoticed by the rebels, but as we raised out of the swamp it seemed as though the infernal regions had opened in all fury. But every man did his duty; we carried everything before us. We captured the Confederate general, Liddell, and many others. General Liddell had a demijohn of 'old peach' at his headquarters, of which Callahan and I had a taste. Our regiment also captured a battery. As we wheeled to the left, on the inside of the works, Callahan and I saw the rebel flag defiantly floating; then he said to me, 'That flag must come down.' Without orders we made a dash for it. Callahan reached the spot first, and seizing the colors, demanded a surrender. The color-bearer, seeing there was no way to escape, reluctantly gave up the flag. At this time a battery of two guns, just to the right, was still firing at us. Captain Bostwick of our company said: 'Boys, we want those guns,' and with a cheer we charged, capturing the battery and all of the men belonging to it. Captain Bostwick

told Callahan to get on one of the guns and stay there, and he did so until the guns were turned over to the proper officer. From Blakely we were ordered to Montgomery, where we received word that Lee had surrendered, and that Peace was made. Every man was almost wild with joy; but it is impossible to describe the shock that the Army received at the news of the assassination of Lincoln, our beloved President."






FLAG PRESENTED TO SERGEANT (NOW CAPTAIN) HARVEY M. MUNSELL.

CAPTAIN HARVEY MAY MUNSELL,
NINETY-NINTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

## WITH THE COLORS IN WAR TIME.*

JUST twenty years after the Great Conflict, I am asked to give for publication my recollections of service as a color-sergeant, during the War of the Rebellion. It seems as if the subject of War had been written almost threadbare: however, I will describe some incidents of my soldiering days.

### THE TRIALS OF A RECRUIT.

I was born at Painted Post, Steuben County, N. Y., January 5, 1843. My ancestors, on my father's side, are traced to Sir Philip de M(a)unsell, who came from Normandy with "William the Conqueror." His grandson, Sir John M(a)unsell, was Lord Chief Justice of England, in the time

* Contributed by Captain HARVEY MAY MUNSELL, at the request of the Editor.

of Henry III. My mother was a May, and one of her ancestors was John May, Esq., who came to America in 1640, from Mayfield, a town in the county of Sussex, England.

At the time war was declared, and Fort Sumter fired upon, in the Spring of 1861, I had charge, for an uncle,* of a lumber yard at Oil City, Pa. Having been taught, from a boy up, that Slavery was wrong, President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 three-months volunteers naturally set me on fire, as it did almost every one throughout the Northern States. Oil City, at that time, was in the backwoods of Pennsylvania; before the days of railroads in that section. However, the people were intensely patriotic, and joined me in purchasing the materials for an immense flag, made by the ladies, hoisted to the top of a tall staff made of derrick poles, and unfurled to the breeze amid cheers from thousands of voices.

That was a great day for Oil City, and the flag was a gentle reminder to all able-bodied men to fall into line and march off for the preservation of the Union. That flag did good service, and yet when the people of that region learn for the first time that the flag we all "rallied around" in 1861 was as much like a rebel flag as any I ever saw, they will certainly be as much surprised as I was in making the discovery. However, such was the fact, and I have since enjoyed many a good laugh over it.

The people were a little slow in Oil City, so I went to Franklin, seven miles distant, hoping to join a company there, but was too late.

* Hamilton Stow, Esq., of Cincinnati.

Then I made Pittsburg my objective point. Arrived there one day too late. Sign posted up at all recruiting stations, "*No more men wanted!*" Saw the officers, however, and plead with them to "let me in," but all in vain. Besides, the daily papers announced to the public that the quota of 75,000 men under the President's call was full, and that twice as many more had offered than were wanted.

Just then my eyes fell upon a recruiting advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper. I opened a recruiting office in Pittsburg, and wrote, published and distributed several thousand copies of the most patriotic, "soul-stirring" handbills ever flung to the wind in that ancient and honorable town; and they did the work, for in less than thirty-six hours I was on the cars with twenty-seven men, ticketed for Philadelphia.

Arriving there, all the men breakfasted at my expense, and before I could report and turn them, with myself, over to our French colonel, Romaine Lujeane, all but eleven deserted; and by evening on that day but three men remained. The colonel ordered me back to Pittsburg that night, to take advantage of my circulars: result, thirty more recruits. Took them to Philadelphia, where all but four deserted.

Those patriots simply wanted free transportation, and they got it; but the seven who remained with me were seven of the best boys,—honest, true, brave, soldier boys,—in the United States Army. The fact is, I was only a boy myself, just past eighteen, and weighed less than a hundred pounds; but taken with the other seven (who were

about my age and weight), I felt like a giant, because I could now call myself *one* or *eight* at pleasure.

From that time forward, I stood before the country in the ratio of one to seven, *or*, as seven to one; and it cost me in shining gold just $65.25 to reach those proportions, as per following detailed statement:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| When I first arrived in Pittsburg I had just | | $75.00 |
| 2 days' board in that city, | $3.00 | |
| Incidentals | 2.50 | |
| 5000 handbills | 15.00 | |
| Transportation for 28 men to Philadelphia (paid by Government) | 00.00 | |
| Loaned to a recruit (afterwards deserted) | 25.00 | |
| Breakfast for 28 men in Philadelphia | 7.00 | 52.50 |
| Total cost of first invoice | $52.50 | 22.50 |
| My return trip to Pittsburg cost: | | |
| 1 day's board | 1.50 | |
| Incidentals | 2.50 | |
| Transportation for 32 men (paid by Government) | 00.00 | |
| Breakfast in Philadelphia for 32 men | 8.00 | |
| Loaned recruit | .75 | 12.75 |
| Total cost of second invoice | $12.75 | $9.75 |
| Add cost of first invoice | 52.50 | |
| Aggregate expense | $65.25 | |

and for that, we had eight recruits and $9.75 left.

In round numbers each recruit cost just $8.15.

The Colonel was several weeks in filling his regiment, so it was among the first ready for service after President Lincoln made his first call for three-years men. The Colonel offered to promote me to a lieutenant, but I bashfully declined the honor, for I knew nothing about military tactics. Was mustered into the U. S. Volunteer Service, with my seven "good and true" recruits, July 26, 1861, we being the youngest, smallest, scrawniest-looking "high privates in the rear rank," of any in the 32d Regiment (afterwards re-numbered the 99th) Pennsylvania Volun-

teers. We were at first looked upon by everybody in the regiment, except the Colonel, as of no earthly value.

The regiment was disciplined and sent to the front, but it took some time to get there. While on the route, it garrisoned, for a few days, Fort Davis, one of the chain of forts surrounding Washington, and located about two miles from the south side of the Anacostia River, commonly known as the Eastern Branch of the Potomac. While there I was promoted corporal, and a few days later it was my misfortune to fight my first battle with an enemy not on the programme.

It was brought about in this way: A day or two previous, a very estimable young man by the name of Griffith in my company, "C," was taken with a cramp and drowned while he and the other members of the company were out bathing in the river. Griffith ventured out too far, in very deep water. His body sank, and remained at the bottom of the river.

A detachment of men from Company C was at once despatched to the Navy Yard, with orders to secure a gunboat or a heavy piece of ordnance on a barge, as soon as possible, and proceed to the spot in the river where the soldier went down, firing the cannon over the body until it rose to the surface. It was a tedious undertaking, so the men were worked by reliefs, changing every two hours. I was one, and just after I had been relieved, about eleven o'clock, one of the darkest nights I ever saw, a sergeant in my company, by the name of G—— R——, and myself started for the fort. There were two or three ways of going, but, as it was so very dark, we concluded to take

the public highway. Sergeant R—— had been drinking just enough to make him boisterous when we started, but before we had travelled half a mile he became morose and ugly. We lost our way in the dark, at a place where several roads branched off. While slowly feeling our way in the dark, a horse and wagon came along, going in the same direction. The Sergeant wanted to ride, and made known his wants in the most vigorous manner possible. He yelled so loud that the horse and driver were alarmed, and in a moment were out of hearing. Then the Sergeant became very angry and laid down in the woods, declaring he would not move another inch.

Supposing we were near our camp I travelled on, leaving him to follow at leisure. Within five minutes I heard a wagon, and saw a light in the road coming toward me at a rapid rate. It proved to be the same wagon that passed us, but this time it was crowded with soldiers, and each soldier had a loaded rifle, and each rifle had a fixed bayonet. In the next instant the wagon stopped, and the sergeant in charge called out, "Who comes there?" I replied, "Friend with the countersign," and as I was advancing to give it, down came every rifle, with the muzzle pointing at me, and with the same movement, *click*, *click*, I heard the double action of the locks, as they cocked their pieces.

Could there be anything more dreadful than to be unwittingly placed in such a position on a lonely road in the woods, in the middle of the darkest night, unarmed and alone in a strange country? All the battles I afterward saw, rolled into one, could not equal the terror of that supreme moment—just before they came to my relief, by

dragging me into the vehicle with them. They turned the horse and wagon around, and drove off at break-neck speed, finally landing me in the guard-house of an unknown regiment.

Well, it was another relief to get there, although their treatment of me had not improved, for they handcuffed, shackled and tied me down. While one party was doing that another had driven away for the Sergeant, who, when found, was treated in like fashion. We had the guard-house, a large wall tent, all to ourselves; but it was doubly guarded by extra men, detailed for that purpose.

About daybreak, the following morning, I learned "confidentially" from the Officer of the Guard that the vehicle passing us on the road, and about which the Sergeant made such a row, was returning from Washington with the regimental mail. Frightened half out of his wits, in that lonely spot at the dead of night, by the sergeant's intemperate yells, the young man drove into camp, rousing the whole regiment, exclaiming at the top of his voice that he had been attacked by two highwaymen.

Sergeant R—— had commenced to sober up, and I shall never forget the look on his countenance when I told him we were a "brace of brigands," to be tried by "drum-head court-martial" at nine o'clock that morning, to be convicted, sentenced, and shot at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day. He believed every word of it, and well he might after such an ordeal as we had gone through the night previous. I wanted him to believe it, up to the very last moment, for had he let liquor alone, and gone along about his business, he would not have dragged us into that

scrape. The Officer of the Guard secretly furnished me with pencil, paper and envelope, that I might communicate with my regiment. I wrote a letter to my colonel, explaining the whole thing, and the Officer of the Guard sent it over to him.

About nine o'clock that morning we were marched out in front of the strange regiment (a new one), lectured by its colonel, and then asked by him what we had to say for ourselves. I looked off to my right, about that time, and discovered my company (C) marching toward us, and then I respectfully told the Colonel "nothing we could say, after such treatment, would be of any avail, and we would leave it to our regiment to settle with him." Just then the officer in charge of our company handed the Colonel a letter, demanding our immediate and unconditional release. We were released, there and then; and from that day forward, as long as those two regiments remained near each other, whenever our men caught any of the others outside their camp, I regret to say, terrible battles were fought on our account.

Sergeant R—— was never seen under the influence of liquor after that. He was an honest man and a brave soldier, and was, near the end of the war, a lieutenant in that same Company C when I became its captain. Colonel Lujeane and my captain (William J. Uhler) declared I had fought my first battle and won a great victory. I thought so then, and I think so now. As the result, I was promoted to sergeant. *Moral.*—Never be caught in the company of a drunken man, under any circumstances whatever, for you will have trouble when least expected.

"THE KEARNEY PATCH."

From Fort Davis the regiment moved to Alexandria, Va.; from there to the Peninsula, under General McClellan, and afterward, with his army, we moved up near Manassas, under General Pope. It took part in General Pope's eventful campaign of 1862, including Bull Run 2d and Chantilly; the latter being the battle in which our brave General Kearney was killed. After the battle of Chantilly, the Army retired to the "Defences of Washington," General Birney succeeding to General Kearney's command.

General Kearney, before his death, had issued an order requiring officers and men under his command to wear a badge or mark by which they would be always known. The badge was a piece of scarlet cloth, worn on the hat or cap, so as to be seen at all times. That was the first attempt to designate officers and men in our army by any distinctive mark. It proved to be a good thing, for then we could always tell whether our men lagged on the march or straggled in action.

Soon after Kearney's death, General Birney issued an appropriate order, and in it spoke of the piece of cloth to be worn in memory of the dead general. The scarlet cloth referred to was soon cut in the form of a diamond, and this was known as the "Kearney Patch." After General Hooker took command of the Army of the Potomac in January, 1863, he wisely issued an order requiring the officers and men of each corps to be known by some distinctive badge or mark; the 1st division of each corps wearing red, the 2d, white, and the 3d, blue.

The following is a characteristic order issued by General Kearney to his soldiers:

"*Brave Regiments of the Division:*—You have won for us a high reputation; the country is satisfied; your friends at home are proud of you. After the battles and victories purchased with much blood, you may be counted as veterans. I appeal then to your experience, to your personal observation, to your high intelligence, to put in practice on the battlefield the discipline you have acquired in camp. It will enable you to conquer with more certainty and less loss.

"*Shoulder-straps and Chevrons!* You are marked men; you must be ever in the front.

"*Colonels and Field Officers!* When it comes to the bayonet, lead the charge; at other times be among your men and supervise. Keep officers and men to their constituted commands; stimulate the laggard; brand the coward; direct the brave; prevent companies from 'huddling up.'

"*Marksmen!* Never in the fight cheapen your rifles. When you fire, make sure and hit. In wood or abatis one man in three is to fire, the others reserve their loads to repel an onset, or to head a rush. It is with short rushes, and this extra fire from time to time, such ground is gained. Each man up in first line; none delaying; share danger alike; then the peril and loss will be small.

"*Men! You Brave Soldiers in the Ranks!* whose worth and daring unknown, perhaps, to your superiors, but recognized by your comrades, influence more than others, I know that you exist. I have watched you in the fire. Your merit is sure to have its recompense; your comrades at the bivouac will repeat your deeds; it will gladden your families, and in the end will be brought before your country.

"*Color-bearers of Regiments!* Bear them proudly in the fight; erect and defiantly in the first line. It will cast terror into your opponents to see them sustained and carried forward. Let them be the beacon-light of every regiment. The noblest inscription on your banners are the traces of the balls.

"Again, Noble Division, I wish you success and more victories until, the cause of our sacred Union being triumphant, you return, honored, to your homes."

## KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.*

I.

"So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
That story of Kearney, who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line.

II.

"When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leaped up with a bound:
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
His sword waved us on, and we answered the sign;
Loud our cheer as we rushed; but his laugh rang the louder,
'There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line.'

III.

"How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his vision beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mêlée infernal,
Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine?
'O, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line.'

IV.

"O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!

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* E. C. Stedman, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still, in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is, 'Forward!' along the whole line."

## OUR BATTLE-FLAG AT FREDERICKSBURG.

It was a long step from Chantilly to Fredericksburg, but it was successfully made, overriding all sorts of obstacles, marching and counter-marching, fighting in a small way, called by some "skirmishing," and by others magnified into regular battles; and battles they were to those who happened to meet with a stray bullet while doing picket duty. Little does it matter to the poor soldier who has been shot to death while fighting where a hundred thousand were engaged, or where he was the only one out of a hundred thousand who fought and fell. That was his greatest battle, and if we could compile the thousands of cases of that description in both armies, what a record it would make! Then it is so much easier to speak of *thousands* having been killed in a certain battle, than to speak of *only one* in some other battle.

Here we are at Fredericksburg, where one of the greatest battles of the War for the Union was fought, and although nearly twenty-four years since, it makes me shudder to look back at that dreadful field as I saw it December 13, 1862. Thousands upon thousands fought their "last and greatest battle" there, and that my last was not fought then and there was certainly a miracle. And I will tell you why: I was color-bearer of my regiment, and the regiment was in

the very thickest of the fight, doing treble duty. *First*, it was on the extreme right of our division, supporting about thirty pieces of cannon the enemy wanted to capture. *Second*, we were also held there in reserve to support General Meade and his brave Pennsylvanians, who were away ahead in our front, in plain sight, grappling with the enemy. *Third*, our regiment opened ranks in the face of a victorious foe to let General Meade's decimated regiments pass to the rear, after they had exhausted their ammunition, and were compelled to retire in confusion. Then, closing our ranks, we made a dashing bayonet charge, driving back a Georgia brigade which tried to capture our artillery.

It was a sight long to be remembered in its terrible grandeur; and all happened quicker than I can write it. The brave Georgians wanted our artillery, which was pouring grape and canister into their ranks at a fearful rate, but in order to get it they had to mow down the 99th Pennsylvania. The Southerners came down upon us diagonally, on the double-quick. Our soldiers reserved their fire until the enemy was within about three hundred feet, and then gave them a galling reception, making them halt, when they in turn commenced pouring a heavy shower of bullets into our ranks, from the right of the regiment up to its centre, at the flag.

I had the colors, and when I looked down the ranks at my right and saw them melting away like ice under an August sun, and heard bullets humming about my ears like bees in a swarm, I concluded whatever was done must be done quickly; for if the enemy ever captured our artillery, or got in our rear among the ambulances, baggage-wagons,

and ponton bridges, the result might be serious; so I instantly started toward the Georgians on a run, with the flag, and beckoned our men to follow. They were found equal to the occasion, and did follow with a cheer, on an extra double-quick. All in our regiment who were not killed or wounded by the terrible musketry fire, all of General Meade's men who had recuperated from the panic, and all stragglers and "coffee-coolers," caught the inspiration, fell into line and helped drive the Georgians from the field at the point of the bayonet, capturing many prisoners. Both the flag and my clothes were riddled with bullets, but I did not receive a scratch. It was said the enemy made the same desperate attempt to break through our lines, along the entire front of our division, all at the same time and were everywhere repulsed, with great loss. However, subsequent events proved that the 99th received more than its share of the work on that day, because the objective point of the enemy was our artillery.

The "regimental poet," Mr. George Flower, composed some verses about the battle, while we were lying on the ground in the front line nearest the enemy, during the next two days, and they will come in very appropriately now, years after that desperate struggle, showing its fierceness and naming some of the actors.

SONG OF THE NINETY-NINTH PENNSYLVANIA.

(*Composed on the battlefield.*)

At Fredericksburg, the 99th their battle-banner bore
Two days and nights in foremost rank, despite the cannon's roar;
The bursting shells, the whistling balls, the grape's destructive hail,
To move that living wall are sent, but all are doomed to fail.

They are hardy as the granite, and they've got a wondrous knack,
When face to face, to give the foe good cause to turn his back;
Swift and steady on the march, firm and gallant in the fight,
They drove the best brigade of Georgia clear, clean, out of sight.

Our colonel, wounded, left the field, and many captains, too,
When gallant BILES assumed command, none braver or more true;
He cheered us on so heartily, himself so cool and steady,
That to follow in his glorious path all hands and hearts were ready.

Upon that bloody battlefield for fourteen hours or more
We stood, our comrades from their wounds their ebbing life-blood pour.
The young and gallant SETLEY, as his bright sword waved on high,
Cried, "On, boys! for our country, let us bravely fight or die!"

The colors of our glorious State, that CURTIN gave in trust,
Were borne aloft by MUNSELL, and will never kiss the dust;
While his heart with life is beating he will nobly lead the way,
With our banner proudly waving, as it did upon that day.

* * * * * * * *

Three cheers for WARD with hearty zeal, three cheers for BIRNEY too,
Who praised us on the battlefield, the enemy in view,
A sigh and tear is all we can, as sorrow's tribute, pay
To dear departed KEARNEY, ever foremost in the fray.

* * * * * * * *

*Chorus:* Come along! push along! By our bay'nets' sparkling gleam
We'll prove the rebel power but a false and idle dream.

General Lee, in his report of the battle of Fredericksburg, says that at no part of his line were his men driven from the ground they had captured from our troops except at the point where Birney's Division drove back Early's Division of Ewell's Corps. As the 99th Pa. was in and on the extreme right of Birney's Division, it held the post of honor, and had the honor of clearing the enemy from that part of the field, as already stated by me.

## MEMORIES OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The next great battle was fought at Chancellorsville, Va., on Saturday and Sunday, May 2d and 3d, 1863, and it was the only battle during the war, in which I took part, where the carnage on both sides was so great, and the blood flowed so freely down the hard-trodden, sloping sides of a ravine, that a little brook, dividing the Union and Confederate forces at the point where our division was engaged, *actually ran red with blood!*

"At midnight of Saturday, May 2, General Birney received an order from General Sickles to make the necessary dispositions to drive the enemy from the woods in his front, and retake the plank-road and earthworks near it. Ward's Brigade (in which was the 99th Pa. Vols.) was placed in advance. Slowly and cautiously the men moved along this road at midnight. No officer uttered words of encouragement; no drum beat; no colors waved; no cheer rose from the ranks. The pale light of the moon, beaming at intervals from between the clouds, increased the effect of the scene, and photographed it upon the memories of those who beheld it, in characters never to be forgotten. Add to this the flash of the guns from the batteries stationed in the rear of the line, which in the early part of the evening concentrated their fire upon a point on the plank-road, to deceive the enemy as to the real character of the movement. As the batteries belched forth their flames and lighted up the landscape with a death-like hue, which the flash of powder at night always imparts to surrounding objects, the scene was grand beyond description. At

a given signal, the fire of the batteries ceased, the men rushed forward upon the intrenchments, and their object was accomplished. The enemy abandoned the position without a struggle, and soldiers and officers rested upon their arms until daylight." *

General Jackson was in command of the line in Birney's front on Saturday night, May 2, 1863, and he was undoubtedly wounded in front of Ward's Brigade in the great midnight charge already described.

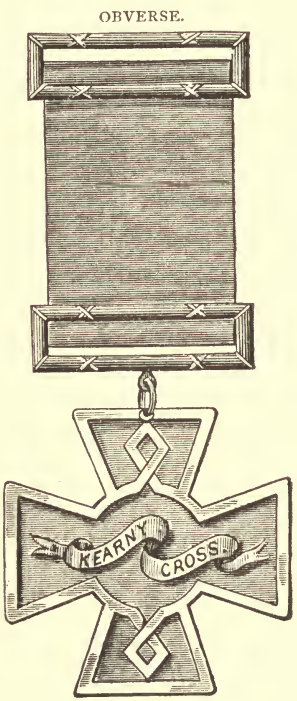
When General Lee first heard that Jackson had been wounded, he exclaimed: "Thank God, it is no worse! God be praised that he is still alive! Any victory is a dear one that deprives us of the services of Jackson for a short time!"

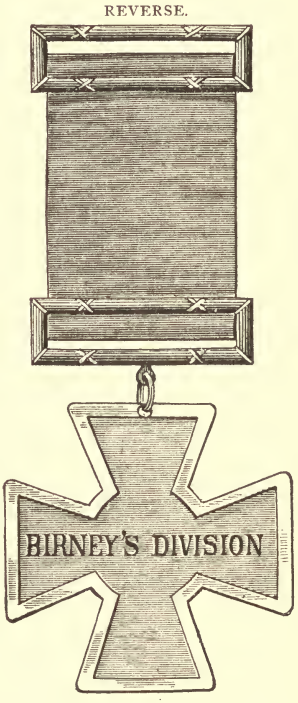
About 5 o'clock Sunday morning, May 3, 1863, the rebels in turn attacked our division, and then commenced the terrible destruction on the hill-side and in the ravine already mentioned by me. One correspondent wrote up the awful reality as follows, and when speaking of the enemy, said: "It seemed as if they were a dense mob, those in the rear being ignorant of the carnage going on in front, and crowded their companions on to sure destruction. They appeared in front of our lines for at least a mile, along the front of the entire Third and Second Corps, coming up in dense masses, climbing over the heaps of the fallen, firing heavy volleys, and going down among the slain as the response broke from our ranks. It was frightful to contemplate, the slaughter to which these men were forced.

* New York *Herald*, May 7, 1863.

Whole brigades were swept away in the determined effort to force our lines, and still other brigades sprang up to take their places."

And so the battle continued, from five o'clock that beautiful Sunday morning until after eleven on that day. If




there was ever a place on earth that could be consistently called a human slaughter-pen, that ravine and the sloping land on either side of it was the place. Nothing that I ever saw before or since could equal it. Within a radius of a mile or so, more than twenty thousand men were killed or wounded on that fatal Sunday morning.

## THE KEARNEY CROSS.

Soon after the great battle of Chancellorsville, on May 27, 1863, General Birney presented a few of his soldiers with the Cross of Honor, called "The Kearney Cross," as follows:

* * * * * * * * *

"The Brigadier-General Commanding Division announces the following names of meritorious and distinguished non-commissioned officers and privates, selected for their gallantry, as recipients of the 'Kearney Cross,' the division decoration.

"Many deserving soldiers may have escaped the notice of their commanding officers, but in the selection after the next battle they will doubtless receive this honorable distinction.

"This cross is in honor of our old leader, and the wearers of it will always remember his high standard of a true and brave soldier, and will never disgrace it.

* * * * * * * * *

"Sergeant HARVEY M. MUNSELL, Company C, 99th Penn. Volunteers.

* * * * * * * * *

"An official copy of this order will be given to each soldier entitled to wear the cross. D. B. BIRNEY,

"*Brig.-Gen. Vols., Commanding Division.*"

The following order was also issued:

"HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, THIRD CORPS,

"*General Orders*, 51. *May* 26, 1863.

"The division will be paraded to-morrow for the presentation of the medals at three o'clock P.M. A staff officer from each brigade will report at these headquarters at half-past two o'clock P.M., for instructions as to the ground. Every available man will be turned out, and particular attention will be paid to dress and accoutrements of the troops. The brigade band of First Brigade will be present, and report at two o'clock to Captain Briscoe, Acting-Assistant Adjutant-General. The drum corps of brigades will be consolidated.

"By command of Major-General BIRNEY, etc., etc."

The occasion drew together a large assemblage of soldiers and civilians, in addition to the regular force of the division and the distinguished officers present by particular invitation.

The First Division, to members of which, only, the medals were awarded, was drawn up in hollow square on a beautiful meadow in the valley of the Potomac Creek. The distinguished officers present occupied the centre of the square.

When Major-General Sickles rode into the square, the whole assemblage of soldiers broke out in the wildest cheering. An attempt was made at "three times three," but the response was more like nine times nine. It was a continuous roar for several minutes.

As soon as the party were all present, the several brigade commanders were directed to call the Roll of Honor of their several commands, and the parties designated in the above order stepped to the front. They were quickly formed in three ranks, by brigades, the representatives of each regiment carrying the regimental colors, and the brigade colors being placed in front of each rank.

At the request of General Birney, General Sickles made the presentation address. He spoke as follows:

"SOLDIERS:—Your general of division has confided to me the most pleasing of duties—the decoration of brave men with Medals of Honor. These medals are the gift of your fellow countrymen; they are such tokens of appreciation as a martial people should bring to the camp of their defenders. You have earned these proud emblems of constancy and valor—more precious than riches, more honorable than office;—they are legacies for your kindred, which neither time nor change can impair. You are Volunteers, the noblest type of an army. You have offered your lives for the preservation of a Government—alone among

nations—of which it has been gracefully said that its blessings, like the dews of heaven, descend alike upon all. Your power is in your bayonets. Bayonets have dethroned kings, created nations, opened avenues to civilization and religion. The sun which now gilds yours, never lighted holier paths than those you follow to battle. The steel which destroys the enemies of a good cause is consecrated. It is this, and because you know how to use your arms, which makes you invincible. On the day after the attack upon Fort Sumter, April 13, 1861, I had the honor to be accepted by my late lamented friend, Colonel Vosburgh, as a volunteer in the ranks of the Seventy-first Regiment of New York Militia. Like yourselves, a citizen soldier, my military services began with the Rebellion; and, if spared so long, will end when the rebels are put down. Peace, while the Rebellion breathes, is dishonor. Never since Cæsar led his legions to conquest; never since Rienzi, last of the tribunes, fell with the last fragments of the Roman Republic; not in the armies of Napoleon, where Marshals rose from the ranks; never in any army, has promotion so generally and so surely followed merit as in ours. The genius which challenges victory, even from adverse fortune, will, sooner or later, find its place at the head of the column. Let your motto be 'EXCELSIOR'—the emulation of the brave for the commendation of the good. You are the Soldiers of Kearney—that electric commander, disdaining death, whose sword yielded at last only to the Supreme Conqueror. These medals bear his honored name, and his cherished image. When I add that Birney is his fit successor, and that you are worthy of both, I hope that nothing is left unsaid which the occasion demands. The medals will now be delivered to commanding officers of regiments, who will decorate the men of their commands, named in the order."

## THE NINETY-NINTH AT GETTYSBURG.

Then came what was more important to our country in its results than the battle of Waterloo to Europe, viz., the great battles and final victory at Gettysburg, Pa., fought July 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863, just two months, to a day, after Chancellorsville.

The movement of two giant armies of nearly a hundred thousand each, from Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville to Gettysburg,—such a long distance, in such a short time,

—was looked upon by everybody as one of the most stupendous undertakings of the war. Officers and men in both armies had been schooled for that contest. All veterans; and all used to the familiar "zip" of the bullet as it passed them by. Long years of active service had hardened them against the sound of roaring cannon, screeching and ricochet shot, and bursting shells; hardened and as tough as Bessemer steel; and nothing but steel and cold lead could produce an impression upon a solitary man of that two hundred thousand thoughtful souls. There they were, face to face, in battle array. Stripped for the contest, armed to the teeth, waiting the signal to try and annihilate each other. Christians, in a civilized country, and every man of them battling for what he thought to be right.

It was my good fortune to be one of that mighty host battling for the Right—as I understood it—*that Slavery was wrong*. I was but a unit, as compared to that great whole, but I felt strong.

"Only a Color-bearer,"—but that old, tattered, bullet-riddled regimental flag appeared to be nothing more than a pipe-stem in my hands on July 2, 1863, the day the great, seething, roaring whirlpool of the battle struck my grand old regiment a regular "broadsider."

It came about in this way. The 3d Corps, General Sickles', occupied the extreme left of the Union line in the second day's battle. Ward's Brigade occupied the extreme left of the 3d Corps, and the 99th Pa. (my regiment) occupied the extreme left of Ward's Brigade, up near Big Round Top, in front of Little Round Top, at the Devil's Den.

Why it was that the 99th had the post of honor, as it were, *again*, in this line, I cannot tell; but we were there, occupying by all odds one of the most important positions in either army. As a matter of fact, historians have since declared it was the "key to the situation." Twist it as they tried, the rebels always got a double twister that hirled them back instead.

GETTYSBURG—"DEVIL'S DEN."

Describing it, an eye-witness said:

"Silence, deep, awfully impressive, but momentary, was permitted, as if by magic, to dwell upon the field. Only the groans, unheard before, of the wounded and dying; only a murmur—a morning memory—of the breeze through the foliage; only the low rattle of preparation for what was to come, embroidered this blank stillness. Then, as the smoke beyond the village was lightly borne toward the

eastward, the woods on the left were seen filled with dark masses of infantry, three columns deep, who advanced at a quick step. Magnificent! Such a charge, by such a force, —fully forty-five thousand men, under Hill and Longstreet, —even though it threatened to pierce and annihilate the 3d Corps (the one the 99th was in), against which it was directed, drew forth cries of admiration from all who beheld it.

"The rebels came on furiously, halting at intervals, pouring volleys that struck our troops down in scores."

There, on "our left," stood the 99th, as firm as the rocks beneath their feet; watching and waiting for the avalanche of maddened men bearing down upon them,—a cyclone of thirty thousand of Lee's bravest and best, sweeping toward us, with loaded guns in a bayonet charge.

"Only a Color-bearer," but—Merciful Heavens! I mechanically prayed as I never prayed before nor since. My heart was in my mouth, or boots, and never to this day have I been able to tell which. My teeth, like those of "poor old Harry Gill, went chatter, chatter, chatter still;" and chatter now when I think of it. Frightened almost to death, and not a soul in the regiment knew it but myself. If I could have been suddenly transplanted, or could have taken on the garb of an angel and heavenward flown, or gone up like Elijah, what happiness at that supreme moment in which I was living two hundred thousand lives every second, as it were, and when I would have sooner died two hundred thousand times than to continue in the terrible suspense when seconds seemed hours.

LOCKING OUT THE DEVIL.

We were at the "Devil's Den," and the "Den" was locked, and the 99th, as I said before, held the "key." Only a handful of men to arrest and keep at bay "*His Satanic Majesty*" and thirty thousand others, trying to get in. The members of the 99th, every man of them, looked like ghosts, and it was not until after I made that discovery that I came to the conclusion they thought I was the only man in the regiment not frightened half out of his senses. Every second brought the advancing host nearer to us, and every second they remained in the distance counted thousands of men in our favor, for every one of us was quadrupling himself for the herculean struggle near at hand. The regiment appeared to be elastic, able to contract and expand to any length and breadth at will.

I had the flag unfurled to the breeze in the front as in former battles, and every man looked to me and the flag as a guide, and I knew it, but they did not know I did.

They had the guns, the bayonets, the bullets, the pluck, the courage; and we all felt safe in each other's hands. Not a solitary man of that little band, even for a moment, thought of being driven from "*the Key.*"

We were the "Davids," and on came the "Goliaths" to their destruction. Our little "slings" did it. Column after column of the "flower," as Lee was pleased to call those of his army, was thrown against us, and for one hour and thirty-eight minutes we were kept busy hurling them back.

It was solemnly said, by non-combatants and eye-witnesses, that "men fell as the leaves fall in Autumn, before

those horrible discharges." "Faltering for an instant, the rebel columns seemed about to recede before the tempest; but their officers, who could be seen through the smoke of the conflict galloping and swinging their swords along the lines, rallied them anew, and the whole line sprang forward the next instant, as if to break through our own by mere weight of numbers." At many points along the 3d Corps line they did break through, but never for an instant at "the key"; but the key was finally flanked and had to be abandoned, but not until a new line of fresh troops had formed at the *hinges of the door.*

"Only a Color-bearer," with colors riddled, and eleven bullet-holes in my clothes; but the worst was not yet. I had survived the whirlwind, had looked down the throats of thousands of fiery guns, discharged without harm to my person, and now that we were compelled to go away from the "Den," out of that Hades of fire, and save ourselves and the flag from capture, immediate action and some engineering was required.

I had a color-guard of eight corporals, and every man was killed or wounded. The rebels were pouring into our rear in vast numbers on both flanks. General Ward ordered our regiment, or what was left of it, to fall back as quickly as possible. It got a good start, say about sixty feet, before I commenced to fall back, because I misunderstood the order, and as several of our men were too badly wounded to leave the field, and yet able to load and fire at the enemy from where they fell, the thin line of rebels remaining in our front, naturally thought our regiment was lying down waiting for another charge. I retreated with

the flag a few hundred yards in good order, but shortly a shell came whizzing past, then another, and still another, bursting all around me. One struck the ground, tearing it up, and burst right at my feet.

Stunned by the concussion, I tumbled into the depression it made, and many of our men, who looked back and saw me fall, reported me dead. "Munsell all blown to atoms by a shell, and the flag captured." That both the flag and myself were not captured was no fault of mine, for there we were for a long time, "*playing possum*," and I apparently dead as Julius Cæsar. The staff laid along the surface of the ground in my front, under some rocks and bushes; the flag under my body, with my head and shoulders down in the depression, and my feet and legs out, as a wounded or dead man would naturally lie, stretched at full length, during a battle; for the fight was still raging on both flanks, and the rebels were working a battery which they had captured at the "Den."

I was surrounded by low rocks and bushes, as well as by the rebels, and I dared not move from that position until the coast was clear to the rear; the only thing I feared was that a Johnnie might come along and try his bayonet on me to see if I was really dead.

Just about that time the 6th Corps swept down toward and past me, driving every "Reb" before it. I jumped up and "skedaddled" to the rear, where my regiment had formed, quietly fell into line and unfurled the flag. Such a shouting I never heard before or since. Men who saw me fall, "all blown to pieces with a shell," and "the flag captured," came and looked at the flag, and felt of me to see

if there wasn't some mistake or humbug about it, for I was already booked as among the "slain in battle." I saw more, accomplished more, in those few hours than during my whole life before.

I quote from a personal letter to me from General Daniel E. Sickles, dated New York, Aug. 17, 1886.

* * * * * * * * *

"The 99th Penn. Vol.—that noble regiment that stood the brunt of battle for hours in the 'Devil's Den,' covering Round Top, the key of the Union position, while General Meade was sending troops to hold it."

I also give an extract from the report of the commanding officer of my regiment and brigade.*

"CAMP IN THE FIELD (NEAR WARRENTON, VA.),
"*July* 27, 1863.

"*Sir*:—I have the honor to make the following report of the part my command took in the actions before Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d and 3d inst.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"The courageous conduct of *Color-Sergeant* HARVEY M. MUNSELL, and the manner with which he bore the regimental colors during the conflict, has induced me to make special mention of his case, as one worthy of the most decided approval.

"(Signed) JOHN W. MOORE,
"*Major Comd'g 99th Penn. Vols.*"

"HDQRS. 2d BRIG., 1st DIV., 3d CORPS,
"*August* 4, 1863.

"*Captain*:—I have the honor to transmit a report of the action and movements of my brigade on July 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th:

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"It would afford me much gratification to speak of others in the terms they

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* From the *advance sheets* of the U. S. Records—"War of the Rebellion," Vol. XV.. 1880.

deserve, but space will not permit. I would respectfully refer to the regimental reports for a detailed statement of the particular deeds of many other gallant officers. I cannot omit, however, the names of a few gallant non-commissioned officers, viz. . . . *Sergeant* H. M. MUNSELL, 99th Pennsylvania Volunteers, . . . who by their bravery and example inspired all in their vicinity. It is to be hoped that a suitable reward, by promotion and otherwise, will be awarded these splendid soldiers.

"J. H. HOBART WARD,

"*Brigadier-General.*"

It is proper to mention, right here, three incidents in connection with our color-guard at the "Den."

## HEROES OF THE COLOR-GUARD.

GEORGE BROADBENT, from Lancaster City, Pa.; young (about 18), tall, slim, light weight, fair complexion, always kind and gentle, and nick-named on that account, "The Lady"; had a mess-mate by the name of CHARLES HERBSTER, one of my good and true Pittsburg recruits, and both were color-corporals. Each had a "presentiment," a few hours before the battle, that he was going to be killed in the fight. They told everybody so, and made all their plans to die. I talked with them about the matter, and tried to ridicule the idea, but all to no purpose. My captain wanted to detail them on other duty till after the battle, but fight they would, and fight they did, and died as heroes there at the "Devil's Den."

"The Lady" had fired away nearly all his ammunition at the enemy in our front, and had just asked me what we would do after our last cartridges were gone, when a bullet from the enemy struck him square in the temple, right before my eyes, killing him instantly. He fell to the earth,

the blood spurting out of the bullet-hole over his battle-begrimed face.

Charles Herbster saw him fall, and was by his side in an instant, took out his handkerchief, wiped the blood from his dead comrade's face, kissed him, and said, "Poor Lady is dead!" On his knees, behind the body, Herbster planted himself, and again commenced loading and firing at the enemy in close company with GEORGE SETLEY, another one of my color-guard, from Lancaster, Pa.

When we were compelled to abandon our position and go to the rear, I tried to get Herbster and Setley to go with us, as they were the only two of the color-guard, out of eight, not killed or wounded. Nothing could move them.

There they were, riveted to the ground, avenging the lives of their comrades, and there we left them. Setley was frothing at the mouth with excitement and anger, and Herbster taking it as cool as a cucumber. Both were the best shots in the regiment, and both had done great execution. The next day we found Herbster's body lying on top, and square across "the Lady's," and both were completely riddled with bullets.

Setley had been wounded, was taken prisoner, and subsequently died in captivity. What a wreck!—annihilation we might say. Eight boys (they were nothing else) shot to death defending the Flag of their Country at a critical point, at a critical moment.

Twenty-three years have passed since that terrible tragedy, and it is as fresh in my memory to-day as if but yesterday. *Heroes* they were, every inch of them, fighting, and dying martyrs in a good cause, as were all their comrades who fought and died on that bloody field.

On the 2d day of last July, the 23d anniversary of the conflict, the surviving members of the 99th Pa. Vet. Vols. erected and dedicated a beautiful monument to the memory of all its fallen heroes, on the very spot at the Devil's Den where the little band of eight gave their lives that we might live as a Nation.

That great leader in the noble army of martyrs, Abraham Lincoln, said, on the same spot, a few months after the battle: "We cannot consecrate nor hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will but little note, nor long remember what *we say* here; but it can never forget what *they did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to dedicate ourselves to the unfinished work which they so nobly advanced; to consecrate ourselves to the great task remaining, and to gather from the graves of these honored dead increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their lives. Here let us resolve that they shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish forever from the earth."

Out of respect to the sacred memory of the heroes who consecrated with their life's blood the spot, where our beautiful and enduring monument now stands, I take pleasure in furnishing a miniature reproduction here.

MY "VETERAN FURLOUGH."

From Pennsylvania we returned to Virginia, and during the Summer and Fall of 1863, the 99th was engaged in marching and fighting many small battles, such as Auburn, Kelly's Ford, Mine Run, Wapping Heights and Bartlett's Mills, in all of which I carried the flag, and, with my usual good luck, came out unharmed. January 1, 1864, found the 99th at Brandy Station, Virginia, and during a tidal wave of patriotism that swept over our regiment about that time, nearly every man in it "re-enlisted for the war," unless sooner shot, of course. As I had been right along with the veterans, through everything up to that date, I wouldn't, couldn't, and didn't desert them.

The entire regiment received thirty days' furlough, and returned home to Philadelphia in a body. I shall long remember the day our regiment parted company with the Army. The feeling was something like that possessed by a strong, affectionate man leaving his family for a long journey. I thought, if the Army of the Potomac got into trouble with the enemy, during the absence of the 99th, it would have hard work to pull through without our assistance ; and when our regiment moved off, homeward bound, I felt as if the whole left flank of the Army was going with us, actually deserting those poor fellows left behind,—nearly a hundred thousand strong.

Soon after arriving in Philadelphia I had my photograph taken, and for the novelty of the thing, give a fac-simile of it right here. I was 21 years of age, to a day, when it was struck off.

One afternoon a committee of officers from the 99th waited upon me, requesting the pleasure of my company at a little entertainment. I accepted, as a matter of course, without thinking much about it, for the officers had always been very kind. They wouldn't tell me a thing about it, except that it was a "little entertainment." I didn't know whether it was an evening party, a ball, or a regimental drill, but I went to work and arrayed myself in my best, and when reflected in a Continental Hotel mirror I scarcely knew myself, the transformation was so great. Satisfied that I looked well enough to be presented, if necessary, to Her Majesty, the Queen, I hurried off to the "little entertainment."

Arriving at the place, I was sadly disappointed at not finding any ladies there. No one but the officers of my regiment, and their friends. In order to remove my embarrassment, the Colonel, Asher S. Leidy, of Philadelphia, brought forth from its hiding-place one of the handsomest American flags (made of heavy silk, and of the regulation size) I had ever seen.* In a short and appropriate speech, on behalf of himself and the other officers of the 99th Pa. Veteran Volunteers, he presented the flag to

* See full-page engraving facing this chapter.

me, to keep as my personal property. With tears in his eyes, and in the presence of all his commissioned associates, who were likewise in tears, he thanked me for himself, and for them, and said that as I had successfully carried the regimental standard through all the great battles in which the regiment had been engaged up to that date, and at the critical moment in each one I had never been found wanting, they desired to acknowledge the fact in a fitting and substantial manner. "That flag," said the Colonel, "with the battles in golden letters on its stripes, and the engraved inscription on the silver plate attached to the staff, tells the whole story."

The inscription reads as follows :

Presented to
SERGEANT HARVEY M. MUNSELL,
Color-Bearer 99th Reg't Pa. Vet. Vols.,
By the Officers, for
Meritorious Conduct on the above Fields.

When the Colonel had finished his remarks, I was found blubbering too. I had always been considered iron-clad, and bomb-proof, but when it came to being bombarded with tears in that fashion, I surrendered, thanked the officers for the beautiful gift, and told them I had only done my duty as I understood it. If I had been the means of aiding, in the slightest degree, in maintaining the good reputation of the Ninety-ninth, I was extremely happy, but it could only have been accomplished under certain conditions; viz., by the aid of the officers and soldiers of that grand old regiment, who vigorously sustained me at all times, and more particularly at the critical moment in all the great battles in which we had been engaged. I was

proud to say, not a solitary officer or man had ever been found wanting in a fight with the enemy,—that we had stood by each other, in fighting our battles with the common enemy; and because we were all of one mind, and stood by each other, shoulder to shoulder, we invariably won our battles. I again thanked them for their good opinion, and the honor bestowed upon me, and closed the "little entertainment" by banqueting every one present with lemonade and ice-cream.

## WHAT CAME OF A PRESENTIMENT.

Soon after I re-enlisted for the war, a feeling came over me, a sort of *presentiment*,—as in the case of Broadbent and Herbster,—that the next battle in which I carried the flag, I should be killed. That ugly sensation hung over me all the time I was home on my veteran furlough.

On the re-assembling of the regiment at a camp near Philadelphia, after its leave of absence had expired, I brought the matter before my captain, and he tried to get my furlough extended sixty days, but without avail. The commanding officer of that department said it could not be done,—that every able-bodied man was wanted and needed at the front. From Philadelphia, the regiment went to Washington on its way to the field.

I still kept on wondering how I could *honorably* get rid of carrying the "old flag" in the next battle, and at last an idea struck me.

The Government wanted officers for colored troops, and as there was a free military school in Philadelphia for

applicants for commissions, I thought I would now try the Secretary of War.

One afternoon I took my Kearney medal, and the flag presented by the officers, and started to see the Secretary of War. When I arrived at the War Department it was late, and many were ahead of me, on various kinds of business. Mr. Stanton received and listened to each man in his turn. It was nearly dark when it came my turn to meet the War Minister. Just before Mr. Stanton was ready to leave for home, I introduced myself to him; he appeared tired and worn out by the day's work, and spoke short, and treated me rudely. Wanted to know what I was doing there, away from my regiment at that time of day. I answered politely, and at the same time unfurled my flag, and showed him the battles on it, and the inscription on the silver plate. There was only a dim light in his office, and I remember how he went and hunted a match, lit up everything that could be lighted, and then called in some staff officers and others to look at the flag. It was simply a grand, impromptu reception. Scarcely a word had passed between us up to that moment, but he looked first at me, then at the flag, and then at his army of aides.

Finally Mr. Stanton asked me what I wanted. I told him I was a coward, and wanted to get out of the next fight. That blunt answer to his question nearly threw him into convulsions of laughter, and at the same time he whipped out of his side pocket a little memorandum book, and asked if there were any more "cowards" like me in my regiment? I answered, "Yes, all alike." He took my

name off of the silver plate on the flag-staff, wrote it in his book, and then asked for two more. I gave him the names of Captain John W. Moore and Lieutenant A. W. Bachman, the latter a 2d lieutenant of my own company. At his request I gave him a short account of my service, and also told him about my "presentiment."

Mr. Stanton was apparently pleased with my record, for he said, in the presence of everybody there, when shaking me by the hand, that I was the only stranger, either soldier or civilian, who had ever asked him for a favor, without being loaded down with letters, and who had brought such a living testimonial of any service they had rendered the United States Government. Those were about his words. He kept right on in the same strain, as follows: "I'll discharge you; I'll promote you to a commissioned officer in the Regular Army; I'll do anything in my power for you, Sergeant Munsell."

That was certainly the happiest moment of my life, and I was almost willing to go back to my regiment, take the "Old Flag" into the next fight, and be shot. I told Mr. Stanton, when thanking him, I did not want to be discharged or promoted, or anything of the kind; but simply wanted a furlough to attend the "Free Military School," in Philadelphia. He sat down and filled one out for me, himself, leaving it undated. He then wrote a letter to my colonel, requesting him to date the leave of absence the day I left the regiment, leaving the time optional with me. I took said furlough and letter to the Colonel, and he became furious; tore up both of them, and put me in the guard-house. Late that night the guard let me out, and

I went direct to Mr. Stanton's home and reported my trouble. He in turn became furious at the Colonel, wrote me another furlough, and sent me back to my regiment with an escort. This time the good colonel respected everything, and everybody, but Mr. Stanton never forgot the insult to his authority.

I attended the "Free Military School," then went before the Board of Examiners in Washington, and passed for what was then called a "1st Class, First Lieutenant," for a company of colored troops. The great battle of Spottsylvania had been fought in the mean time, and I having successfully *flanked it*, took "French leave" of Washington and started for my old regiment at the front, arriving there just in time to take part in the battle of Cold Harbor, and all subsequent battles with the regiment, including those around Petersburg, and the first battle at Deep Bottom.

While absent at the military school, I had been promoted to first lieutenant in my own company, C, 99th Pa. Vols., and took command as lieutenant in the regiment, at Cold Harbor, having been excused from going into a colored regiment. Then Captain Moore, Lieutenant Bachman and myself were ordered home to raise a new regiment. That was the trio Mr. Stanton took down in his memorandum book, and through him and General Birney the order was obtained. Moore was to have been colonel, Bachman, lieutenant-colonel, and I major, of the new regiment.

## PRISON AND PROMOTION.

Just before we could start home to recruit the new regiment, I was taken prisoner. Moore and Bachman raised

the new regiment,—the 203d Penna. Vols.,—in Philadelphia, in less than a month, and immediately marched with it to North Carolina. Colonel Moore was killed while leading the 203d Pa., in the assault on Fort Fisher, and Bachman was promoted colonel.

Immediately after the battle of Cold Harbor, General Grant moved the Army of the Potomac to the south side of James River, in front of Petersburg, Va., and on June 17 or 18, 1864, the day after its arrival there, it fought a desperate battle in trying to capture that city.

Our brigade had just received several invoices of raw recruits, made up in most part of conscripts, who were inclined to be anything but patriotic and soldierly,—declared they wouldn't fight, and if taken into a battle would either desert to the enemy in front, or run away to the rear. They made no secret of their designs, so the commanders of regiments and brigades were compelled to take prompt and decisive action to thwart them, and they did it in the following way. More than half of the soldiers in the brigade were old veterans, and they were detailed and divided up into two parts, one part to be equally distributed throughout each company in every regiment, and the other part was sent out on the skirmish line, in charge of an officer. I was placed in charge of those in front of our regiment, and before advancing to our position, each man was supplied with a spade, one day's rations of food and water, and 60 rounds of ammunition.

Under cover of the darkness, about two o'clock in the morning, we advanced on our hands and knees to within a few hundred feet of the rebel skirmish line, and then each

man dug a hole, large and deep enough to lie down and move about in comfortably, without being seen by the enemy. When daylight came our work was completed, and the rebels knew nothing about it. At 3 o'clock that afternoon the troops advanced to give battle to the enemy. The moment it had passed the skirmish line, which was itself a line of battle, in single file beneath the surface, the old veterans in the regiments in front were ordered to shoot or bayonet any conscript refusing to fight, or caught deserting to the enemy, and the old soldiers in their holes on the skirmish line were sternly ordered to instantly kill any man trying to pass to the rear, unless wounded. There the poor conscripts were between two fires,—viz., the fire of the enemy in front, and the fire of their friends in the rear; besides the fire of the veterans in the ranks right alongside of them. They were completely cornered, and had to fight or die; so rather than die without any show whatever for their lives, they stood square up to the rack and took their chances with the rest of us, and fought like demons. From that time on we had no more trouble with "drafted men."

During that battle the 99th had two adjutants killed. One, the regular adjutant of the regiment, was killed at the front, carrying orders to and fro. The Colonel appointed another on the spot, and sent him to the rear for something. There, over half a mile from the skirmish line and the battlefield, and down in an immense ravine, where it seemed to be entirely free from danger, the new adjutant stopped to wash his hands and face in a little brook, and while stooping over, a stray bullet from the enemy came

along and killed him. That adjutant was a poor man, while the other one was rich, but the bodies were both embalmed and sent home at the same time, to their relatives in Philadelphia. By a strange coincidence, the names and addresses to be placed on the boxes containing the remains, were by mistake changed; that error caused great confusion in Philadelphia, for the box containing the remains of the poor man went to the rich man's relatives, and the other went to the poor man's friends. When the mistake was discovered, the wealthy people defrayed all the funeral expenses.

In a little over a month after that battle I was captured on the skirmish line, at a place north of the James River, called "Deep Bottom"; it was about the time of the great "Mine explosion" in front of Petersburg.

Our lines were not long enough by a mile or so, and the rebels came right around on our flank and rear. Before we knew it, more than a dozen of us were between two fires, and compelled to surrender or die.

Not being ready to die just then, we surrendered. A rebel captain kicked off a board from a fence near, grabbed me by the shoulders, dragged me through, and said he "would make a man of me." While saying that, he took my hat, a bran new one, put it on his own head, and placed his own old, greasy, slouch hat on my head, pulling it way down over my eyes and ears. The ridiculous business made us both laugh, right in the midst of the fighting, and as he was ordering me to the rear, a shell from a mortar on one of our gun-boats in the James River came along, burst, and blew him to atoms. I made my way to the rear, and to Libby Prison, under guard, just as fast as I could.

In about a month from that date, our army had a fight with the rebels on the Weldon Railroad, near Petersburg, and lost several thousand men, taken prisoners. The following day the prisoners were brought to Richmond, and among them a few wounded colored men. They were all passed in review before "Dick" Turner, the fiend in charge of Libby Prison. The column stopped, and a wounded colored soldier, on crutches, who had almost bled to death, dropped down in his tracks, and Dick Turner gave him several heavy kicks trying to get him up. We hooted at him, through the prison grates. He ordered us back from the windows, under penalty of instant death. We, like good soldiers, obeyed. At 10 o'clock that night we were aroused from our slumbers by the music of a brass band marching into the prison, up stairs, and right into our sleeping apartment, a room fifty or sixty feet long, and about twenty feet wide. Said band was at the head of a file of rebel soldiers, with loaded guns and fixed bayonets commanded by "Dick," himself. He marched the band and soldiers around the room about half an hour, made every one of us (about 400, all officers) fall into line, between a double guard of rebel soldiers, at a charge bayonet, and then told us to commence "marking time," and ordered the guard to shoot or bayonet the first man who stopped before daylight the next morning,—said he would teach us to "hoot" at him again. That was the hardest night's work I ever did, and on an empty stomach too, for the wretch had cut off our rations of corn bread for that afternoon and evening.

From Libby we were taken to Salisbury, N. C., where

there were about ten thousand of our enlisted men, prisoners of war. Nothing but a line of rebel guards separated the men from the officers within the enclosure, called a stockade. So we commenced to plot and plan for a break and escape.

### SUCCOR BY PROXY.

By an oversight on our part the rebels found it out, and immediately sent the officers to Danville, Va., and there put us in an old tobacco warehouse that contained three floors. In order to be out of the way, I took up my position on the third floor, in the corner farthest from the stairs. A few days after our arrival there, a rebel officer came to the head of the stairs, on the floor where I existed, mounted an empty candle-box, and called out as follows:

"Any you Yanks who would like to supply food to my brother, now a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, captured at Gettysburg, I will furnish you in return." Every officer jumped at the chance, and then I commenced to bemoan my situation, condemned myself for taking up a position so far from the head of the stairs, and mentally resolved never to do such a foolish thing again. There was a regular scramble among the officers to see who would be the "lucky one," when the rebel captain firmly told everybody he would not furnish them with anything until he first heard that his brother had been supplied. I saw and heard it all, and I saw every man leave the Captain as if by magic. Then I jumped up, and yelled at the top of my voice, saying *I* would do it. He instantly discovered me, pointed and yelled at the top of *his* voice,

saying, "You are just the man I am looking for. I thought there was one honest man in this crowd, who was willing to trust me." He was Captain Hutter, a resident of Lynchburg, Va.

Although a rebel, he was an honest, upright, whole-souled man. He commenced supplying me from that moment, and kept it up till I was released from captivity. His brother wrote him from Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, that I had more than kept my part of the compact. That my friends had taken clothing, provisions, and money in great abundance to him, but as the United States Government was retaliating on prisoners of war, he was not allowed to accept. He wrote his brother in Danville the strongest letters in my behalf, telling him to do anything he could for me, which his brother in Danville did, from first to last; fed me, and several of my prison friends, sumptuously. Went all the way to Richmond, and made "Dick" Turner, of Libby Prison, surrender all the money he had robbed us of when captured. Procured a special order from the C. S. Government for my exchange; this was not used by me, as the general parole of prisoners was near at hand. He had me measured for a suit of clothes that was to have cost *twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars*, in rebel money, but did not wait to get them, because I had to go North before they were finished.* That was in 1865, just before the close of the war, when everything in the South was dear and scarce, and a barrel of flour was worth twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

* It was said Captain Hutter was a son of one of the wealthiest men in the South before the war. Owned several plantations, and several hundred slaves. Captain Hutter was ordnance officer at Danville, Va., at the time he met me in prison.

A TRANSFORMATION.

On returning to my regiment, May 17, 1865, after I had been declared exchanged, I found a letter from the Adjutant-general of Pennsylvania, enclosing me a commission as Captain of Company C, 99th Regiment, Pa. Veteran Volunteers, to rank from September 12, 1864. I was then just a little past twenty-one, and captain of the same company, in the same regiment, in which I enlisted as a "high private" in 1861, when but a little over eighteen years of age. This is a facsimile of a photograph taken of me in a captain's uniform, July, 1865, soon after the war ended. My long and tedious experience as a prisoner of war had worn me down, and made me look thin and pale. However, I did not mind that, for looking back over my four long years of the most active kind of service, barely touched upon in this article, I could not but feel thankful for having passed through the whirlpool of excitement and danger unharmed. Besides all that, the final victory had been gained, Slavery obliterated, the Rebellion crushed, and the Union saved.

But what a contrast. The little, scrawny, eighteen-year-old boy, with a knapsack on his back, marching down Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, a *Private* in the rear

rank, and at the tail end of the regiment, in July, 1861;—and the same person marching down the same thoroughfare, after the war was over, *Captain*, commanding Company C, of the same regiment, during the Great Review, by the President and his Cabinet, of two hundred thousand men.

February 9th, 1866, the Secretary of War sent me a "Medal of Honor," accompanied by a letter of transmittal.

"WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
"WASHINGTON, *February* 9, 1866.

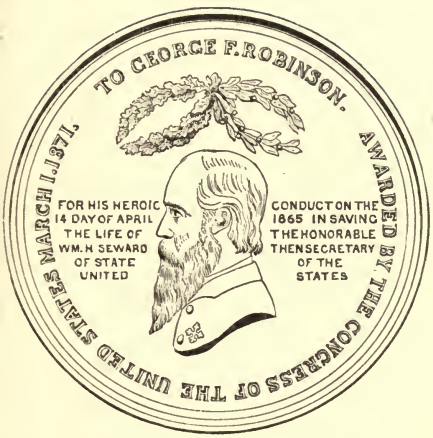
"*Sir*:—Herewith I enclose the MEDAL OF HONOR which has been awarded you by the Secretary of War, under the Resolution of Congress, approved July 12, 1862, To provide for the presentation of 'MEDALS OF HONOR' to the Enlisted Men of the Army and Volunteer forces who have distinguished or may distinguish themselves in battle during the present Rebellion.

"Please acknowledge its receipt.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"(Signed) E. D. TOWNSEND,
"*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

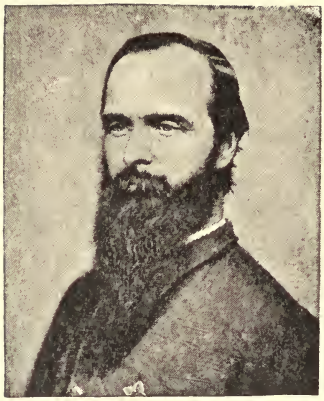
"To HARVEY M. MUNSELL, Late Color-Sergt., 99th Regiment, P. V. V."

BATTLE-FLAG 99TH PA. VOLUNTEERS.
(CARRIED THROUGH 13 BATTLES BY SERGEANT MUNSELL.)



FOILING AN ASSASSIN.

FAC-SIMILE OF GOLD MEDAL (PAGE 218)



SERGEANT GEORGE FOSTER ROBINSON,
NOW MAJOR AND PAYMASTER U. S. A.

## FOILING AN ASSASSIN.

TO the schoolboy of 1860, "the times that tried men's souls" meant the days of the American Revolution. The schoolboy of to-day learns that men's souls and bodies were sorely tried in a greater revolution, only twenty years ago, when blood was poured out like water to preserve the Union.

The war closed with a tragedy,—the assassination of one of the greatest men and wisest rulers the world has ever seen. The enquiry into the circumstances of President Lincoln's death laid bare a foul conspiracy, which intended the destruction of the principal officers of our Government. The plot was only successful in one instance. Why it failed in another case may here be shown.

In the year eighteen hundred and sixty-five, there stood

in the City of Washington, not far from the White House, and on the eastern side of Lafayette Square, a plain, red-brick house. It had been a fashionable club house, but at the time mentioned it was the residence of the Secretary of State. The street was bordered by noble old trees, and although within a few yards of that famous thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue, might almost have been a lane in the suburbs of some ancient provincial town, so prim and quiet and dull did it seem. Appearances were a trifle misleading as to its character. Over the well-swept cobble-stones had rolled the carriages of some of the noblest families of Europe; under the grateful shade had sauntered haughty dames and gallant cavaliers. Within these precincts there had been revelling and feasting and "flow of soul." But these times had fled. War, with wrinkled front, had come and changed the sights and sounds. The marching regiment had taken the place of the handsome equipage; the clanking dragoon had succeeded to the languishing beau, and the martial notes of "We're coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand more," had supplanted the softer strains of Strauss and Verdi.

As the war period drew near the end, the little street became less frequented, and at the time mentioned, was rather avoided by vehicles, for the famous dweller in the house was very ill; he had been thrown from his carriage and seriously injured.

* * * * * * * * *

"Swear to be loyal to me, to stick to me through all, and I will give you more money than you ever dreamed of!"

After a pause came the answer in low but firm tones, "*I*

*swear!*" The speakers were two young men; the time, February, 1865; the place, a room in the principal hotel of Baltimore. One of these men was tall and slender, with piercing eyes, and hair of raven hue. His dress was quiet in tone, but not in its first youth, and was worn with a careless grace. His movements were quick and nervous, and a voice singularly melodious was one of his attractions. This man bore a name honored in his profession, albeit his place was not among the "stars." But he was known to the public as a bright and promising actor, and to many as a genial companion. Who would have thought that here was the material for a conspirator—nay, a leader of conspirators? For this man was John Wilkes Booth.

Strongly in contrast was his companion. Almost gigantic in stature, broad-shouldered, muscular, he was a magnificent animal. His low brow, fierce, restless eyes, square, massive jaws and deliberate movements, indicated qualities which, in the hands of an unscrupulous master, might be potent for evil. He was dressed in a motley assortment of clothes, half military, half civil, such as might have been selected at random in a cast-off clothing shop. His shoes were originally soldier's brogans, now worn to the welt, with the toes peeping through the uppers. A pair of faded light-blue trousers, torn and patched, frayed at the bottoms, and liberally bespattered with mud, covered his legs. Around his brawny chest was tightly drawn a dark-blue flannel shirt without collar, in lieu of which a red bandanna handkerchief was loosely knotted about his neck. A jacket of Confederate-gray cloth, from which nearly all the buttons had dis-

appeared, and a brown hat, completed the costume of Booth's singular guest.

At that time, in Baltimore, it was not unusual to see men in such incongruous garb; stragglers or deserters from the Confederate army or Southern refugees. It was war time, and even the former dandy of his club, when on short leave, was glad to get into "cits" of a past date; so that it was not wonderful that this tramp-like person should be permitted to pass the portals of a fashionable hotel without question, in the company of the well-known actor.

This "queer customer" was a bit of drift-wood from the war waves. He was reared in Florida, upon a small plantation, and without the advantages of education. At eighteen he enlisted in the Confederate army, fought gallantly, it was said, and after much wild adventure had left the sinking Southern ship and wandered to Baltimore; there, footsore, hungry, destitute and utterly friendless, he had stumbled across the actor. A long while before, he had once seen Booth upon the stage, in the velvet doublet and trunk hose of the days of Chivalry, in all the golden radiance of the footlights. His imagination had made the play real and the players noblemen, in every sense. So, when he met his stage-hero in the streets of Baltimore, he ventured to accost him.

A brief conversation impressed Booth with the belief that this man could be made a useful instrument in the evil purpose he had in view. He was right. He had found the unfortunate wretch who was soon to be known to the civilized world by the name of Lewis Payne.

* * * * * * * * *

The fourteenth day of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, was well-nigh spent. It lacked but three hours of midnight, and the dimly lighted Washington streets were silent and almost deserted. It was the moment when theatre-goers begin to enjoy the play if it is good, or become bored and restless if it is otherwise. To the frequenters of Ford's Theatre there was, that evening, all the excitement of a "first night." The President and Mrs. Lincoln, with a couple of friends, were conspicuous in a box, thoroughly enjoying "Our American Cousin," which, under the auspices of that (long ago) favorite, Laura Keene, had been having a successful run. Had none among that gay throng any presentiment of calamity?

At that moment, two men were in earnest consultation in an obscure drinking-saloon in a side street, near the theatre. In one we recognize our dramatic acquaintance; the other wears his hat pulled down over his eyes. On a table before them are a couple of glasses, half full of an amber-colored liquid. With the exception of the bartender, they are the sole occupants of the room. In his nervous way, Booth puts his hand on the other's shoulder and whispers, "Remember, try the medicine dodge first; but *see him sure*. As soon as it is done, meet me at the bridge. Now go; it is nearly time." Both rose to their feet. Booth's companion towered above him as they clasped hands—for the last time in their lives, although they knew it not. The motion threw open the long brown-and-white-check overcoat worn by the stranger, and disclosed a belt, buckled tightly about his waist, in which was thrust a large knife, and from an

open holster on the other side gleamed the silver-mounted handle of a revolver.

### A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

Within the domicile of the disabled Cabinet Minister all was quiet; lights were turned low, and those persons not on duty prepared for bed. Mr. Frederick Seward (the Assistant-Secretary of State) was at his writing-table near his father's room. Major Augustus Seward was resting, preparatory to his regular watch, which would commence at midnight.

In the sick-room the curtains were tightly drawn, and the shaded lamp cast a soft radiance upon the quaint furniture and the snow-white drapery of the couch upon which the invalid sought in vain the brief oblivion of sleep. The soldier-nurse, after a final glance at his charge, sank into the depths of an old-fashioned leathern arm-chair, and picking up a book was about to open it, when he heard a ring at the bell. Sergeant Robinson was not a regular hospital nurse, but was himself barely convalescent from a severe wound received as a soldier of the Eighth Regiment of Maine Volunteer Infantry, at Bermuda Hundreds, Virginia, on the 20th of May, 1864. As soon as able, he was given light duty, and detailed to take care of Secretary Seward.

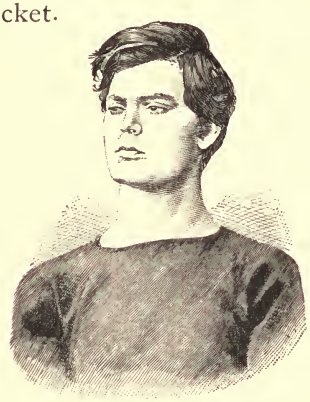
The bell was answered by the colored boy, William. A large man in a light overcoat and slouch hat strode into the hall. He spoke hurriedly and roughly.

"I want to see Mr. Seward. I have some medicine from Dr. Verdi."

"You can't see the Secretary; nobody 'lowed in his room," replied the faithful servant.

"But I *must* see him," said the stranger.

William reflected that perhaps this was a messenger from the doctor, who might be allowed to see one of the family, to whom he would perhaps deliver his message. He moved towards the stairs leading to the second floor, closely followed by the stranger, who kept his right hand in his pocket.



PAYNE, THE ASSASSIN.

"Don't tread so heavy," said William, as the stranger's boots came down solidly on the polished wood of the stairway. As they reached the first landing, Frederick Seward came forward.

"'Tis a messenger, sir, from the doctor. I told him he couldn't see the Secretary," said William.

"Of course my father can see no one; he is very ill."

"I *must* see him; the doctor said so," persisted the man.

"But I tell you it is impossible," said the Assistant-Secretary. The man turned about as if to go down, and William went before him. Suddenly, with an exclamation—more like the growl of some wild beast—"You ———!" the stranger struck Frederick Seward a terrible blow, which felled him to the floor; again he brought down the butt of his pistol on the defenceless head with crushing force.

At this moment the door of the sick-room opened and

Sergeant Robinson appeared. Before he could understand the situation, the assassin rushed at Robinson and struck at his throat with a knife. Robinson instinctively tried to ward off the blow, but received it upon his head and was knocked down. Bounding over Robinson, the would-be murderer rushed to the bed and began to strike wildly with his knife at the throat of the Secretary. Already he had cut the flesh from one cheek to the bone, and the blood flowed in torrents over the pillow. Then the courage and resolution of his New England forefathers came gloriously to the support of our Maine volunteer. Although just from the hospital, with his wounded leg not yet healed, and enfeebled from his year of suffering, he sprang to his feet, and without one moment's hesitation, without one moment's thought for himself, save, as he afterward said, the thought that he must die to save the Secretary; without a weapon of any description, he opposed his naked hands to the armed and desperate ruffian. Robinson seized the assassin just as the deadly knife was about to be buried in the throat of the Secretary. Then commenced an unequal struggle, in which the chances seemed entirely in favor of the herculean stranger. Robinson succeeded, at the expense of two deep cuts down his back and two more under the left shoulder-blade, in dragging the villain from the bed, but vainly tried to protect himself from blows which were rained upon his head with the butt of the pistol. By this time, Major Seward, aroused from slumber, ran in and also seized the desperado, and although himself cut and bruised, with Robinson's help prevented another attack upon the Secretary, who lay gasping

and bleeding upon the floor, where he had fallen from his bed.

And now, baffled in his dread purpose, and alarmed for his safety, the murderous intruder suddenly threw up his hands, exclaimed "I am mad! I am mad!" and rushed from the room. As he reached the threshold, he encountered a State Department messenger and stabbed him also. It was but the work of a moment to throw his knife across the street, to jump, hatless, upon a horse standing at the door, and disappear in the darkness. William now appeared with re-enforcements from the military headquarters at the corner of the street. It was too late. Payne,—the instrument of a stronger mind, the blind tool of a fanatic,—had made good his escape.

### A HAPPY OMEN.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the events which followed: the excitement in the North over the murder of the President; the pursuit, capture, trial, and conviction of the conspirators; and the slow but sure recovery of the wounded Secretary and his son.

The distinguished gallantry and fidelity of Sergeant George Foster Robinson were brought to the notice of Congress, and it was decreed that a gold medal should be struck, in commemoration of his exploit, and that in addition the sum of five thousand dollars should be presented to him. He was for some time a clerk in the office of the Quartermaster-General, at Washington, and in 1879 he was commissioned Major and Paymaster United States Army.

The closing scenes of the Great Conspiracy were marked

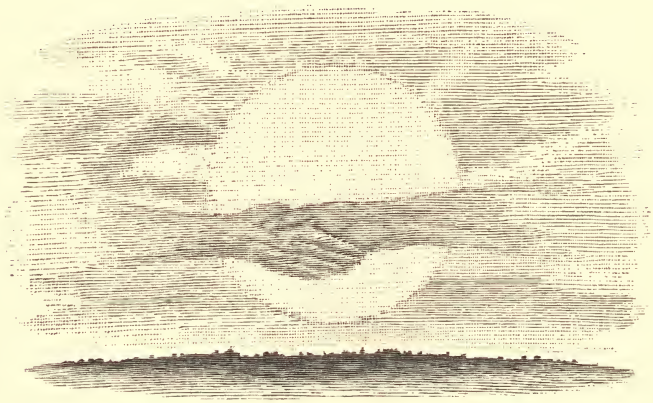
by some curious incidents. One of these, never before published, was told to the writer by an eye-witness, and seems a fitting conclusion to this story.

It was late in the afternoon of the day upon which the murderer of Lincoln was captured, when an ambulance, drawn by four handsome mules, rattled along the road from Surrattsville, in Maryland, toward Washington. It contained Major-General Hancock and several officers of his staff, Colonels Tompkins, Morgan, Mitchell, Wilson and Parker. In the confusion and terror which filled the minds of the friends of the Government, men turned with firm trust to Hancock,—next to Grant,—as a strong arm to lean upon; and a sense of relief was felt throughout the land when the presence at the Capital of these dauntless, cool-headed soldiers became generally known. As the party journeyed along, they chatted of the stirring and bloody war scenes they had witnessed. The great calamity that had just befallen the country was, of course, the leading topic, and doubt was expressed by one or two as to its effect upon the sections so lately estranged. The General, however, expressed his firm belief that nothing could prevent the re-establishment of "Peace within our borders." "The people have seen enough bloodshed; they are tired of war and seek rest," said he. Just then, Colonel Tompkins, who was looking out over the landscape, and at the distant dome of the Capitol as it glowed in the warm tints of the setting sun, said to his neighbor, "Parker, do you see anything peculiar about the sun?"

That officer cast a careless glance in the desired quarter,

and then quickly called the General's attention to a curious sight.

Within the blood-red disc, now very low on the horizon, could be plainly seen, surrounded by a luminous haze, the outlines of *a pair of clasped hands!* All saw it, and for a moment there was an impressive silence. As the phantom shape slowly melted away, Hancock said very gravely and earnestly, "Gentlemen, that is a happy omen; it is the sign of Friendship. May it come to pass throughout Our Country!"



# THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

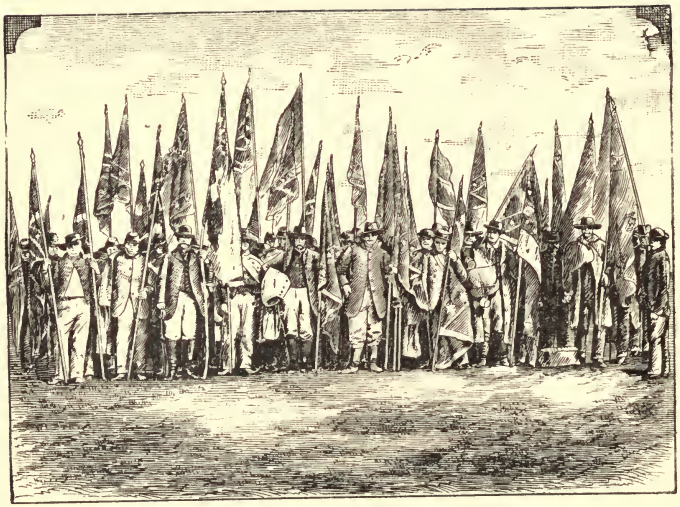
## PART SECOND.

### 1866–1886.

"O the dragoon bold, he scorns all care,
As he goes around with his uncropped hair;
He spends no thought on the evil star
That sent him away to the border war.

"His form in the saddle he lightly throws,
And on the moonlight scout he goes,
And merrily trolls some old-time song
As over the trail he bounds along.

"O blithe is the life that a soldier leads
When a lawless freedom marks his deeds;
And gay his path o'er the wildwood sod,
Where a white man's foot hath never trod."



CONFEDERATE COLORS CAPTURED AT SAILOR'S CREEK, VA., APR. 6, 1865, WITH PORTRAITS OF THE CAPTORS (CUSTER'S CAVALRY DIVISION).

(FROM A TINTYPE THIS SIZE.)

BVT. LIEUT.-COLONEL TOM CUSTER,
LATE CAPTAIN 7TH U. S. CAVALRY.

## A BEAU SABREUR.*

I CANNOT tell with what gratitude I embrace the opportunity to add my tribute to the valor of one of the soldiers this book seeks to commemorate.

Many a woman adds to the pang of bereavement, the sorrow of knowing that the grass has sprung up and faded, for over twenty years, on the graves of those who saved to us the unity of our beautiful land, and, alas! who now lie forgotten. Will not, then, the hearts of many fill with thankfulness that the brave deeds of those that are gone are here given anew to their Country, and that a monument is raised to their "loved and lost" more lasting than "storied urn or animated bust?"

In New Rumley, Ohio, on March 15, 1845, Emanuel and

* This chapter is from the pen of Mrs. George A. Custer.

Maria Custer received the gift of a son, the third tie that bound together still more closely their happy lives. The mother said in after years, even when pride for her successful boys filled her heart, that no time of her existence was so happy as when the door of the simple farm-house shut in, at dark, the little band about her. The war-drum burst in upon this contented home, and scattered her dear ones far and near. Her heart had grieved enough over the departure of her ambitious eldest, Armstrong,* who had implored his parents, four years before, to let him educate himself as a soldier. But after he had gone, she huddled the little curly-headed fellows that were left, more closely about her, and sang still, at her daily toil, for their comfort.

In 1861 peace departed from the hearth-stone. The two striplings began to beg to go to the war. They finally agreed to be content if one was permitted. Nevin offered himself, but was declined; although not an invalid, he was delicate. Then Tom rushed to get his chance, but the father had privately conferred with the local recruiting officer, and Tom was refused as under age. At last nothing could keep him. He sought another officer and was accepted; at sixteen he kissed the weeping mother and little sister Margaret, and was off to the wars as a private soldier. It was all the father could do to keep the fourteen-year-old boy, Boston, from going. Yet I hardly think the parent blamed the sons. He was, from his own boyhood, fond of "training-days," and had put his eldest son, Armstrong, into a uniform when he was but a midget of four, and chuckled and admired the piping voice of the minia-

* The late General George Armstrong Custer, U. S. A.

ture soldier when he called out a line from the schoolboy's elocution, that was practised in the home audience—"*My* Voice is for War."

The boy Tom was sent to the Western army, and soon selected as orderly for General Negley. When I saw this officer, a year ago, he went back over twenty years and told me what a splendid soldier he had found our Tom. The praise one brave man gives another, irrespective of station, shone from his eyes, while he bore testimony in unstinted words to the courage and fidelity of the lad. In 1863, my husband was made a general officer, and found his opportunity not only to send for his old school-mates and offer them places on his staff, but he began to plan for his brother to be transferred from the West to the Army of the Potomac. He obtained for him a commission as Lieutenant in the 6th Michigan Cavalry, and not long after our marriage, in 1864, Tom found us in Virginia and became our boy. The amount of mothering and petty tyranny I exercised was not in proportion to my years, but he submitted to it all as only brave and big-souled men can do when assured of sincere, disinterested affection. His manners and self-culture became a serious study with him. He not only aimed to be a perfect soldier, but he was determined to take up his studies, interrupted by his early enlistment. Even in those busy times he bought himself school-books, and pored over them with patience in the evenings. He seemed to have come through unscathed by the coarseness of his surroundings as an enlisted man; for though the best blood of our land was often in the ranks, there was a large element of lawlessness, beside, among the soldiers.

THE YOUNG AIDE-DE-CAMP.

As soon as Tom was made aide-de-camp he followed his intrepid brother in charges, and was entrusted with the carrying of important despatches and orders, which involved caution in traversing the enemy's country, and reliance upon his own judgment. He was invariably selected for the hardest work. If, after a tumultuous day, the General and his staff threw themselves down around the camp-fire to sleep and were awakened by the news that required one of them to saddle and start off for night duty, Tom was the one selected. I never heard that he even *looked* a murmur. I only know that I agreed with the staff when they used to say, "If any one thinks it is a soft thing to be a commanding officer's brother, he misses his guess." If I ever attempted to put in a protest for the nineteen-year-old boy, my husband argued with me that he must watch himself; that he never made the slightest difference in discipline because Tom happened to be his brother. If the lad came in our room to report officially, the General received the Lieutenant in the most formal manner, but the moment the business was finished, Tom flung aside his sword and the two fell to scuffling, just as they used to in their merry boyhood days on the old farm in Ohio.

Tom said little about his determination to try for medals, but he was just as eager for another, as ever, when he had taken his first flag at Namozine Church, April 2, 1865. Beside this, he was inspired to try again, as he found his brother, after whom he had modelled his life, was so proud of his achievement. General Custer had taken the first

Confederate colors of the war while serving as aide-de-camp on General McClellan's staff, in 1862.

General Capehart, who commanded the Third Brigade of the Third Division, saw Tom take his second flag at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865. I quote from a recent letter he has kindly sent me regarding that day: "I saw your brother capture his second flag. It was in a charge made by my Brigade at Sailor's Creek, Virginia, against General Ewell's Corps. Having crossed the line of temporary works on the flank of the road, we were confronted by a supporting battle-line. It was from the second line that he wrested the colors, single-handed, and only a few paces to my right. As he approached the colors he received a shot in the face which knocked him back on his horse, but in a moment he was again upright in his saddle. Reaching out his right arm, he grasped the flag while the color-bearer reeled. The bullet from Tom's revolver must have pierced him in the region of the heart. As he was falling, Captain Custer wrenched the standard from his grasp and bore it away in triumph. For intrepidity I never saw this incident surpassed."

Major Farnham Lyon, who was a staff officer of General Custer's at that time, has written me that he recalls Tom's charge over the rifle pits at Sailor's Creek, and his being wounded in the cheek. "I know I felt at the time," he adds, "that it was a great wonder he escaped with his life." General Whitaker, General Custer's chief of staff, bears testimony in a recent letter that "Tom, on that day, fought like a lion."

A BATTLE-FLAG HARVEST.

Major Allstrom of the 3d New Jersey Cavalry describes to me the *mêlée* in which General Custer's Division found themselves after the capture of nearly six miles of Confederate trains; also artillery and thirty-seven battle-flags. The confusion was great, and while the firing was still at its height, he saw our brother Tom dashing past him, his face streaming with blood from the wound he had received. The flag he had captured was flying out from the standard he still grasped. The Major, terrified at Tom's temerity in making himself so prominent an object for the enemy's sharpshooters, called out to him, saying, "For God's sake, Tom, furl that flag or they'll fire on you." Major Allstrom has in his possession a tintype,* taken by a camp photographer twenty-one years ago, of two rows of officers and soldiers, holding in their hands the lances bearing the thirty-seven battle-flags captured that day. The men are in rough campaigning dress, their weather-beaten faces partly covered with all sorts of slouched hats, but above their brave heads is a line of tattered bunting that had but the day before led out the valiant South to the last desperate struggle of their waning cause. Major Allstrom stands in the front row with his captured colors. On the end of the line, our Tom, holding a standard in each hand. The thirty-six men were sent up to Washington to present in person their flags, and receive the recognition Congress made of their valor. I was in the Capitol at the time of

* This is the original of the engraving which faces the opening of this chapter.

their arrival, wearily waiting for the war to close. The first knowledge I had that the colors were taken was the sight of a street-car filled with soldiers, and with flags streaming from every window as the horses were urged rapidly to the War Department. The street gamins following, called out, "Hurrah for Custer's soldiers and their flags!" That was enough for me. I instantly joined the crowd on the walk and followed. On giving my name at Secretary Stanton's door, he admitted me, and as each soldier presented his flag, I was introduced to him as the wife of their commander by Senator Harris, of New York. It was a very memorable day in my life, as well as in that of the dauntless men who had won distinction.

My husband described to me, as soon as I saw him, some of the circumstances of Tom's wound. He was deeply moved as he talked. He said his first knowledge that his brother was shot was seeing Tom dashing toward him, covered with blood. The ball had entered his cheek and passed out behind his ear. Only a short time before, a favorite color-bearer, whom my husband valued very highly, had been wounded in the face, and the bullet severed the jugular vein. He reeled in the saddle, and was dead almost instantly. The General, seeing Tom similarly wounded, was terribly startled, and expected that in a moment more the boy would totter in his saddle and his life ebb away. As he reached him, Tom called out, "Armstrong, the d—d rebels have shot me, but I've got my flag," and instantly set spurs to his horse to charge again. The General checked him, and told him to go to the rear and have his wound dressed. Evidently there was a trem-

ble in the elder brother's voice, and the younger was emboldened to disregard the direction. He was so full of fight no ordinary request checked him. Then the commanding officer's tone was assumed, and my husband, seeing the necessity of instant obedience, ordered him in arrest and to the rear. Poor Tom, hearing the order, which is the extreme resort of military discipline, had nothing to do but to report to a surgeon.

We both felt immense pride in his valiant deed, and the black patch, planted in the midst of a very new and downy beard, was an ornament in our eyes for all the time it covered his wound. I remember that my husband was so proud of Tom's medals that he showed them to a general officer, who was our guest just before the campaign in Dakota, in 1876. The officer was surprised to find Colonel Tom had *two*, and told my husband, if he had his choice, he would rather have a medal for a flag than any brevet that was ever given.

## "OUR TOM" ON THE FRONTIER.

In 1866, Colonel Tom received an appointment as lieutenant to his brother's regiment, the Seventh Regular Cavalry. He reported for duty at Fort Riley, Kansas, and was received into our household as one of our family. From that time on, he was in all the campaigns and engagements of the regiment. It was an immense change to come down from the position of aide-de-camp on the staff of the commander of a division of thousands of cavalry, to the simple humdrum of a lieutenant of a company. It was a great test of the true metal of a man to adapt himself to the po-

sition of a subaltern, after the independent and important duties with which he had so long been entrusted in the exciting scenes of the war. Tom's character bore this test. He was as conscientious and simple-hearted in the discharge of his company duty as if he had never known any other than that life. His brother, though never relaxing the strictness of discipline, continued to place more and more important trusts in Tom's hands, and proved, as years advanced, that his judgment and soldierly abilities stood uppermost in his mind, even among the tried and true of the Seventh Cavalry. In 1874, while the regiment was stationed at Fort Lincoln, Dakota, it became necessary to attempt the capture of a noted Indian murderer, Rain-in-the-Face. Captain Yates and Colonel Tom were selected to go to a post below us on the Missouri River, and secure the Indian as a prisoner. The story of the capture which follows has already been told by me.*

"RAIN-IN-THE-FACE" AND HIS REVENGE.

"In order, then, to deceive as to the purport of their appearance at the Agency, the captain in command resorted to a ruse. He sent fifty men to the camp, ten miles away, to make inquiries for three Indians who had murdered citizens on the Red River the year before. Colonel Custer was ordered to take five picked men and go to the trader's store, where the Indians resort constantly. This required great coolness and extreme patience, for they had to lounge about, seemingly indifferent, until they were certain the

* "Boots and Saddles," by Mrs. Custer. New York: Harper Bros.

right man was discovered. The cold made the Indians draw their blankets around them and over their heads. There is never any individuality about their dress, unless when arrayed for a council or dance; it was therefore almost impossible to tell one from the other.

"Colonel Tom had to wait for hours, only looking furtively when the sharp eyes of these wary creatures were off guard. At last one of them loosened his blanket, and with the meagre description that had been given him, Colonel Tom identified him as Rain-in-the-Face. Coming suddenly from behind, he threw his arms about him, and seized the Winchester rifle that the savage attempted to cock. He was taken entirely by surprise. No fear showed itself, but from the characteristically stolid face hate and revenge flashed out for an instant. He drew himself up in an independent manner, to show his brother warriors that he did not dread death.

"RAIN-IN-THE-FACE."

"Among them he had been considered brave beyond precedent, because he had dared to enter the Agency store at all, and so encounter the risk of arrest. The soldiers tied his hands and mounted guard over him. About thirty Indians surrounded them instantly, and one old orator com-

menced an harangue to the others, inciting them to recapture their brother. Breathless excitement prevailed. At that moment the captain in command appeared in their midst. With the same coolness he had shown in the war, and during the six years of his Indian campaigns, he spoke to them, through an interpreter. With prudence and tact he explained to them that they intended to give the prisoner exactly the treatment a white man would receive under like circumstances; that nothing would induce them to give him up; and the better plan, to save bloodshed, would be for the chiefs to withdraw and take with them their followers. Seeing that they could accomplish nothing by intimidation or by superior numbers, they had recourse to parley and proposed to compromise. They offered as a sacrifice two Indians, of the tribe, in exchange for Rain-in-the-Face.

"It was generosity like that of Artemus Ward, who offered his wife's relatives on the altar of his country, for they took care not to offer for sacrifice any but Indians of low rank. Rain-in-the-Face was a very distinguished warrior among them, and belonged to a family of six brothers, one of whom, Iron Horse, was very influential. The officers prevailed in the end, and the prisoner was taken to the cavalry camp. During the time that the Indians were opposing his removal, the troopers had assembled around the entrance, ready for any emergency, and prepared to escort the murderer away. The Indians instantly vanished; all went quickly and quietly to their camp, ten miles distant. Later in the day, a party of fifty mounted warriors dashed through the Agency to the road beyond, which had to be

taken by our troopers on the way home. Of course our officers expected an attack from that party when they began their homeward march; to their surprise, they were unmolested. We learned afterwards that the mounted Indians went to the camp of Two Bears to urge the young braves there to combine with them in the recapture of Rain-in-the-Face. Two Bears had long been friendly to the white man; he was too old to fight, and prevented his young men from joining in the contemplated rescue.

"After the command had returned, and the officers had reported, General Custer sent for Rain-in-the-Face. He was tall, straight, and young. His face was quite imperturbable. In a subsequent interview the General locked himself in his room with him. Through an interpreter, and with every clever question and infinite patience, he spent hours in trying to induce the Indian to acknowledge his crime. The culprit's face finally lost its impervious look, and he showed some agitation. He gave a brief account of the murder, and the next day made a full confession before all the officers. He said neither of the white men was armed when attacked. He had shot the old man, but he did not die instantly, riding a short distance before falling from his horse. He then went to him, and with his stone mallet beat out the last breath left. Before leaving him he shot his body full of arrows. The younger man signalled to them from among the bushes, and they knew that the manner in which he held up his hand was an overture of peace. When he reached him the white man gave him his hat as another and further petition for mercy, but he shot him at once,

first with his gun and then with arrows. One of the latter entering his back, the dying man struggled to pull it through. Neither man was scalped, as the elder was bald and the younger had closely cropped hair.

"This cruel story set the blood of the officers flowing hotly. They had already heard from one of the white scouts a description of Rain-in-the-Face at a sun-dance, when he had betrayed himself as the murderer of the veterinary surgeon, by describing in triumph his beating out the brains of the old man with his mallet. After all this, it is not to be wondered at that each officer strode out of the room with blazing eyes."

Two Indians, one of them Iron-Horse, had followed the cavalry up from the Agency, and asked to see their comrade. The General sent again for Rain-in-the-Face. He came into the room with clanking chains and with the guard at his heels. He was dressed in mourning. His leggings were black, and his sable blanket was belted by a band of white beads. One black feather stood erect on his head. Iron-Horse supposed that he was to be hung at once, and that this would be the final interview. The elder brother, believing there was no hope, was very solemn. He removed his heavily-beaded and embroidered buffalo robe, and replaced it with the plain one that Rain-in-the-Face wore. He exchanged pipes also, giving him his highly ornamented one that he afterwards presented to the General. These pipes are valuable, as the material of which the bowls are made has to be brought from Kansas. Then, finding that there was a prospect of Rain-in-the-Face having his trial in Washington, he took off the medal that had

been given to his father by a former President, whose likeness was in the medallion, and placed it over the neck of his brother, that it might be a silent argument in his favor when he confronted the "Great Father."

After his two friends had left him, Rain-in-the-Face occupied part of the guard-house with a citizen, who had been caught stealing grain from the store-house. For several months they had been chained together, and used to walk in front of the little prison for exercise and air. The guard-house was a poorly-built, insecure wooden building. After a time the sentinels became less vigilant, and the citizen, with help from his friends outside, who were working the same way, cut a hole in the wall at night and escaped. He broke the chain attaching him to the Indian, who was left free to follow. We found afterwards that Rain-in-the-Face did not dare to return to the reservation, but made his way to the hostile camp. In the Spring of 1874 he sent word from there by an Agency Indian that he had joined Sitting Bull, and was awaiting his revenge for his imprisonment.

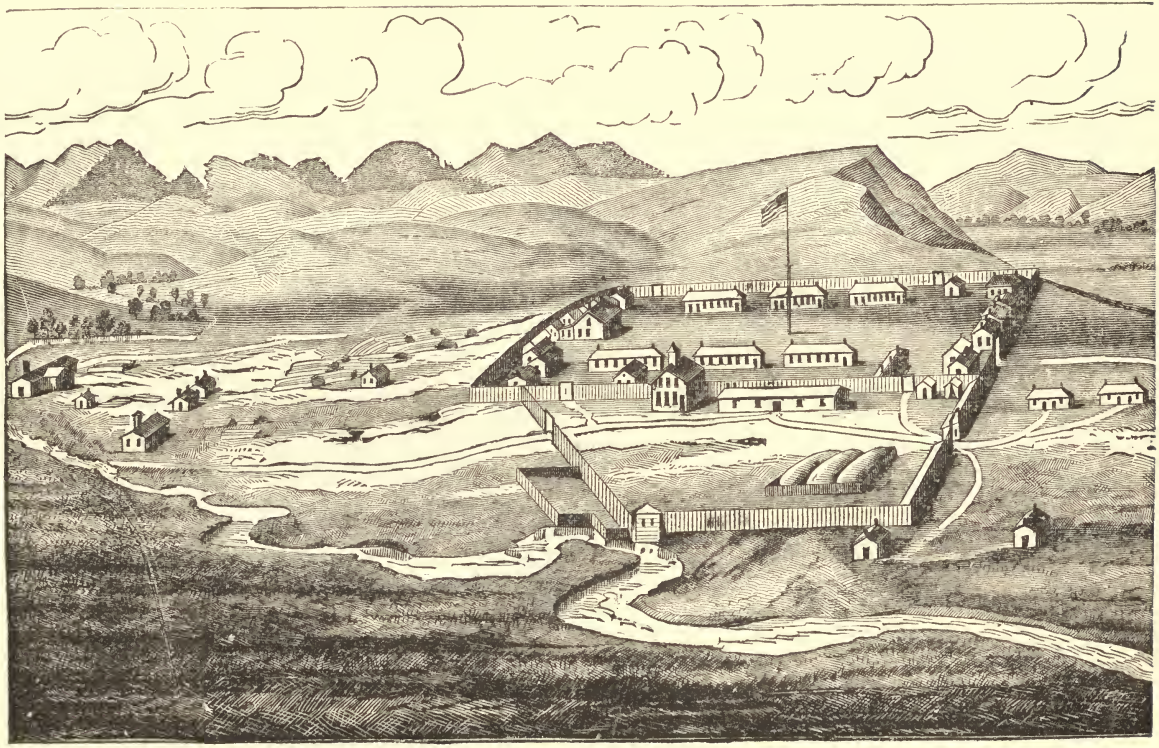
In June, 1876, the Seventh Cavalry, unaware of the fact that eleven thousand Indians were encamped on and in the vicinity of the Little Big Horn, attacked a village, were overpowered with numbers, and Colonel Tom fell beside his dearly loved brother. Rain-in-the-Face, who was in the fight, sought out our brave brother and wreaked his savage vengeance on the dead body of one against whom he had so long treasured up an injury. The vengeance of that incarnate fiend was concentrated on the man who had effected his capture. It was found on the battlefield that

he had cut out the brave heart of that gallant, loyal and lovable man, our brother Tom!

So perished a gallant, noble, tender-hearted soldier,—a devoted son, a faithful, affectionate brother, a loyal friend.

I cannot end this account of our chivalrous brother without the brief testimony my husband gave of his appreciation of Tom. Just before the last and fatal campaign, a woman friend of ours in the East, said, "Well, General, what of Tom?"

"If you want to know what I think of him, all I can say is, *Tom ought to be the General and I the Captain.*"



FORT PHIL. KEARNEY, D. T.

"RED CLOUD."

## RED CLOUD'S "BAPTISM OF FIRE."

WHEN the Emperor of the French, at the opening of the war, in 1870, which cost him an empire, dictated a dramatic despatch containing the words quoted at the head of this chapter the cold world laughed in its sleeve.

When the Indian chieftain, "Red Cloud," at the head of thousands of brave warriors, flung himself upon a handful of white men—outnumbered a hundred to one—and finally withdrew, baffled, awe-struck, and bleeding, before the deadly volleys from the newly-invented breech-loader, he might, truthfully, have said to his people, "We have had our baptism of fire!"

This affair took place in the Summer of 1867, near Fort Phil. Kearney, D. T. It was a modern tournament between

the representatives of civilization and barbarism—science and superstition.

The leaders were admirable types of their respective races.

Red Cloud was a Sioux of moderate rank but immoderate ambition. When the Government of the United States sought to obtain the consent of the Sioux to run a road through their country to Montana, Red Cloud refused to sign the treaty, and placing himself at the head of a large force of Sioux and Cheyennes, prepared to resist what they deemed invasion. Burning with a desire for distinction and accessions to his band, he laid in wait near the fort already mentioned.

His opportunity came; one day, when a little party of regular infantry—fifty-one men and two officers—marched out from the shelter of Fort Phil. Kearney into the country to protect a "wood party," which, under the eye of a contractor, was cutting fuel for the use of the garrison.

The commander of the detachment was Brevet Major James Powell, Captain 27th Infantry, an officer of more than twenty years' experience, in all grades, from private to captain. He was still suffering from the effects of wounds received in Georgia during the war, where he had won two brevets "for gallant and meritorious services."

Powell found that the contractor had two encampments of wood-choppers; one of these was in the centre of a small plain, fairly adapted to purposes of defence and for grazing the animals; the other, a mile distant, on the other side of Little Piney Creek, near the foot of the mountains. Part of the soldiers were detailed to protect the working parties

and to escort the wood trains on their trips to and from the fort.

Major Powell wisely determined to make the position on the plain as strong for defence as possible.

A number of wagons, sometimes called "Prairie Schooners," with high bodies or "beds," had been sent out to haul the wood. For this purpose the running gear alone was used.

The beds became of unexpected importance. They were laid on the ground, end to end, forming a wooden fort, oval in shape — thus : ⊂⊃. At the *point* on each side of this little plan there was one of the wagons *on wheels,* which contained supplies for the use of the troops—such as blankets, ammunition and tents. There were fourteen empty wagon-beds, and in the wooden sides of each, holes were bored about eighteen inches from the bottom, large enough to admit the barrel of a rifle. Between the wagons the spaces were filled with any loose material likely to stop a bullet, such as sacks of forage, ox-bows, chains and short logs.

BVT. LIEUT.-COLONEL JAMES POWELL, CAPTAIN U. S. ARMY.

## THE ATTACK.

Major Powell, having made his preparations for defence, calmly awaited the attack.

"About nine o'clock in the morning of August 2, 1867, two hundred Indians attacked the herders in charge of the herd, driving them off; at the same time, five hundred attacked the train at the foot of the mountain, driving off the men belonging there and burning the wagons."*

This double attack had the effect to deprive the commanding officer of nearly one-half of his detachment; these men, cut off from the "corral" of wagon-beds already described, made the best of their way back to the fort, losing several of their number, killed and wounded.

At the "corral" Major Powell completed his preparations for a desperate stand. On that very ground, but a few months before, three officers and seventy-six veteran enlisted men had been killed in an hour by the same tribe of Indians which now, to the number of three thousand braves, hemmed in this little band of twenty-six soldiers and four civilians. So confident of success were the Indians that they had brought many of their squaws with them to assist in torturing the victims, and to carry off the plunder. The soldiers were told off to the wagons, which were in most cases covered with blankets, under which the men laid flat. At the "wagon-on-wheels" on one side, Major Powell made his headquarters, rifle in hand, while Lieutenant Jenness occupied the other.

Major Powell's parting injunction to his men, before the fight opened, was, "Go in there and fight for your lives." And well did his men execute the order.

By this time the surrounding hills were covered with

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* Major Powell's Official Report.

gayly painted savages, who awaited with impatience the moment when the white soldiers should be overwhelmed. It was not unlike one of the great Roman spectacles of the time of Nero, when bands of Christians were given over to wild beasts in full view of the people. As the first act of the bloody drama, eight hundred savage horsemen charged down upon the silent little spot on the plain, as if to ride over their prey and crush them to death under the hoofs of their ponies. On they dash, with the speed and the force of a whirlwind. As they come within a hundred yards of the corral a sheet of flame darts out from the wagon sides, followed by a roar, which is kept up without cessation for several minutes. Like dry leaves before a gust of wind the Indians are swept aside to the right and left. The front of the legion has gone down in its place—melted as snow under the midday sun; those in rear are rallied again and again, under new leaders, with fresh horsemen, but although some get within ten feet of the corral they fall dead as if by lightning stroke.*

None can live in the furnace blast which shrivels up group after group of the desperate assailants. Red Cloud, who saw this failure from a commanding crest, wondered, and secretly chafed at the discomfiture of some of his most dashing lieutenants.

But the success of his whole campaign depended upon crushing this puny force—and that speedily. He determined to pour his entire band, on foot, down upon the corral.

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* Major Powell says one ball often penetrated two Indians.

Lieutenant Jenness, leaving his wagon for a moment, to perform some duty or other, exposed himself to the enemy's fire and was instantly killed. The firing had been so rapid that the barrels of the rifles became very hot, and it was difficult to handle them. The poor shots among the soldiers were set to work loading spare guns, and keeping the marksmen supplied.

To make his second attack overwhelming, Red Cloud had circled the corral with masses of Indians, preceded by a swarm of sharpshooters, creeping forward, dodging behind every stump or boulder, and hiding in the hollows, firing upon the little garrison constantly. The grand charge which followed is well described by Colonel Dodge, U. S. A., who afterwards had a talk with one of Red Cloud's sub-chiefs, who was wounded in the fight.

"But now from the hills swarms a semicircle of warriors, at least two thousand strong, under the leadership of the gallant young nephew of Red Cloud, anxious to signalize his valor, and to win the right to succeed his uncle as sub-chief. When within about five hundred yards, the order to charge was given, and the whole line dashed on to the corral, to be, when they had almost touched it, hurled back in confusion and dismay. Again and again did the gallant band rally and charge, only to be again broken, discomfited and driven back; and it was only after 'three continuous hours' of almost superhuman effort against this unseen, intangible foe, that the line became utterly demoralized, and fled in consternation to the hills.

"When the defeated horde had reached the safety of the hills, they were ordered not to fight any more, but to

recover the bodies of the killed and wounded. A cloud of skirmishers were sent out to cover this operation, with orders to keep up a continuous fire. All the killed and wounded nearest the hills were soon taken to the rear and cared for, but to recover those nearer to the corral was exceedingly difficult and dangerous. Taking one end of a long rope, formed by tying together many lariats, a warrior ran out into the open as far as he dared, then throwing himself on the ground and covering himself with a shield of thick buffalo hide, he crawled to the nearest dead or wounded man and fastened the rope around his ankles. The men in the woods at the other end of the rope then pulled on it, and dragged the man or body to a safe place. The rescuing warrior then crawled backward, protected by his shield."

## TREMENDOUS SLAUGHTER.

One of the citizens who fought with Powell was a grizzled old trapper, who had spent his life on the frontier, and been in Indian fights without number. Some months after the battle, the department commander met and questioned him.

"How many Indians were in the attack?" asked the General.

"Wall, Gin'r'l, I can't say for sartin, but I think thur wus nigh onto three thousand of 'em."

"How many were killed and wounded?"

"Wall, Gin'r'l, I can't say for sartin, but I think thur wur nigh onto two thousand ov 'em hit."

"How many did you kill?"

"Wall, Gin'r'l, I can't say, but gi'me a dead rest, I kin hit a dollar at fifty yards every time, and I fired with a dead rest at more'n fifty of them varmints inside of fifty yards."

"For Heaven's sake! how many times did you fire?" exclaimed the astonished General.

"Wall, Gin'r'l, I can't say, but I kept eight guns pretty well het up for mor'n three hours." *

Colonel Powell † writes (Sept. 20, 1886): "In one of the charges on foot, the Indians came so close that the men, not being able to load their pieces fast enough, *threw the augers* (used to bore the loopholes) at the savages, who in turn threw them at the soldiers. The tops of the wagon-beds were riddled, and after the fight presented a very ragged appearance, where the enemy's bullets had struck—fortunately, in most cases, above the heads of my men.

"I claim the credit of shooting Red Cloud's nephew during the fight, which was over before the troops came from the Fort to relieve us. We were very glad to see them, however, as we were nearly exhausted, having been fighting continuously from seven o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon."

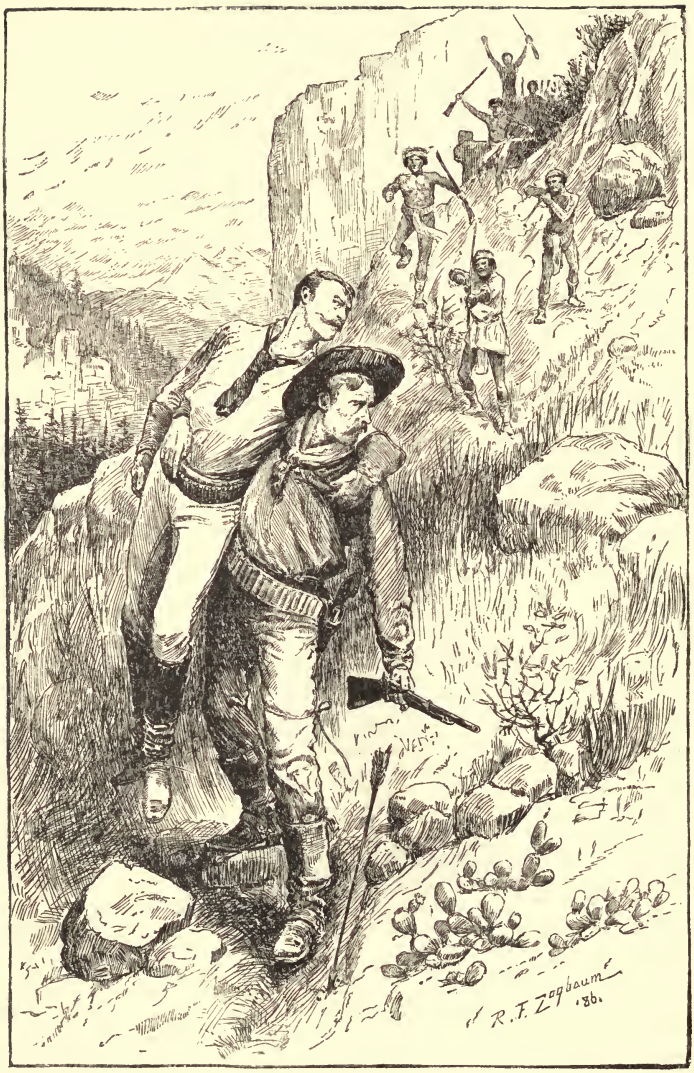
The wounded Sioux chief, in the fall of the same year, told Colonel Dodge, U. S. A., that the number of Indians in the fight was over three thousand, and that a prominent "medicine man" of the Sioux told him that the total loss in killed and wounded, of Indians, was *eleven hundred and thirty-seven;* which would be at the rate of one white man to two hundred and sixty-eight Indians! ‡

* "Our Wild Indians," by Col. R. I. Dodge. Hartford: A. D. Worthington & Co. 1882.

† Major Powell was breveted Lieut.-Colonel U. S. A. for this fight.—[EDITOR.]

‡ The troops lost one officer, and two privates killed, and two private soldiers wounded.

The Indians on the Plains, to this day, speak of this conflict as something mysterious and awful, and although they have since learned to use breech-loading arms as skilfully as white men, yet the Sioux and Cheyennes always speak of the fight as the Medicine Fight, where the "Bad God" fought against them.




A FRIEND INDEED.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

## TRAILING THE APACHES.

### I. "A FRIEND INDEED."

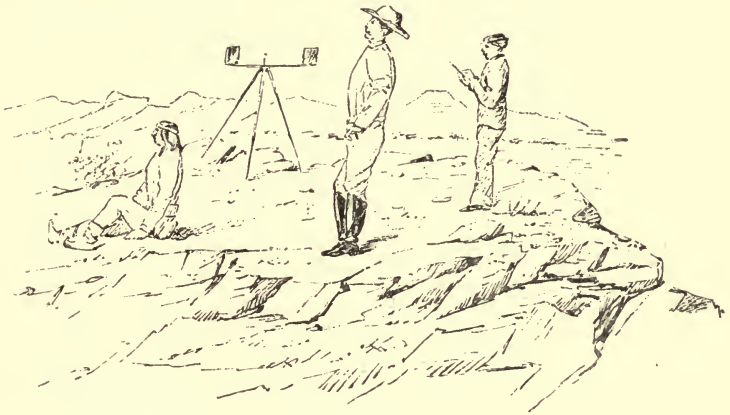
SCARCELY any savages have more thoroughly resisted every effort to civilize them than the Apaches. These Indians accept, rather sullenly, the beef and bread which Uncle Sam periodically issues to them; but when the first green blade shows itself above the ground, the Apache paints his face, leaves his tall hat and "store clothes" with his dusky housekeeper, mounts one of his numerous ponies and sallies forth. He carries the latest thing in breech-loaders, the newest patent in cartridge belts, filled with bright copper cartridges, and a pass from the agent certifying that "the bearer, Victorio, is a good Indian." He proceeds leisurely through the country, with a few boon companions, killing, burning, and laying waste. They are pursued, but so famil-

iar are they with the mountains that it is a long chase and a *stern* chase, indeed, before the last marauder is caught; and many a gallant soldier loses his life in the vain effort to perform with one horse what the Indian does not attempt without three of the toughest beasts known, or if necessary does easily on foot. The latest instance of this kind is the chase of old Geronimo's band in Arizona by that gallant and lamented officer, Captain Crawford, of the Army.

By the fall of 1874, the Apache War in Arizona had dwindled to small proportions. For nearly three years General Crook had kept the entire Fifth Cavalry in scattered detachments, scouting through the mountains and tracking the renegades to their lairs. Fghting had been incessant, the regiment had lost many a valuable officer and man, but not a single fight, and when the summer of '74 was ushered in, nearly all the once savage and hostile Apaches were huddled together; some on a reservation far up in the Verde Valley, while others were similarly guarded at San Carlos, two hundred miles by the mountain trails to the south-east. The little garrison of Camp Verde consisted of two troops of the Fifth Cavalry, "A" and "K," and two companies of the Eighth Infantry, all under command of a veteran soldier, Brevet Colonel J. W. Mason, Fifth Cavalry. Some of the cavalry were still out on the inevitable scout in the mountains, to the south-east, but all seemed peaceful around the post.

Lieutenant King, of the Fifth Cavalry, was at work making a survey of the military reservation, and was riding along with his little party of rod-and-chain men one October afternoon, when they were startled by the appear-

ance of some herders coming toward them at full gallop from the foot-hills. They brought the news that instead of being all driven off to the south-east or into the Agency, as was supposed, there was now a band of Apaches raiding through the valley, far above them, and upon the very borders of the reservation. Taking two of the herdsmen with him, Lieutenant King rode back to the post, where Colonel Mason was speedily informed of the news. The first thing



necessary was to communicate with the commanding officer at the Apache reservation, whose station was twenty miles up the valley, and the Colonel directed Mr. King to take a fresh horse, gallop to the Agency, confer with this officer, who was also acting as Indian Agent, and get twenty Apache scouts to accompany the troops, which the Colonel purposed sending out that very night. Long before sunset, therefore, the Lieutenant was reining in his panting horse before the shelter of the spreading canvas under which his regimental comrade, Lieutenant Schuyler, was

busily at work writing down the statements of some of his own "reservation police," who had come in to report that they, too, had found the trail of the raiding band, who had driven off some fifty head of cattle through the Red Rock country to the north-east. Though some years his junior, Lieutenant Schuyler had seen much more service against the Apaches than his friend and "statesman," King (they were both New Yorkers), for the latter had been on other duty until the preceding winter, and Schuyler had been selected to command this big reservation because of his long experience among, and intimate knowledge of, the Apaches. Both of them had been in the field commanding scouting parties all that Spring, however, and had been usually successful in finding the Indians for whom they were in chase. They were warm personal friends and generous rivals. Here was another opportunity for sharp, soldierly work, a chase, a battle, the recapture of the stolen cattle and the thrashing of the Indian marauders. General Crook was quick to appreciate and reward zeal and dash in his young officers, and both King and Schuyler had already been named by him to the President for "brevets" for gallant conduct in these conflicts in the Arizona mountains. Neither of them would stand in the other's way, yet each was eager for the command of the force to be sent, as orders were given in those days "to pursue and punish" the Indians in the case. The moment Schuyler caught sight of King, he knew that the story of the raid had already reached Camp Verde, and that it was to be King's "benefit," not his. All the same, he gave his comrade every assistance, pointing out to

him that so far from being a day old, as the herders had reported, it must have been three days since the stock was run off, and the Apaches were by this time well up towards Snow Lake on the "divide" of the Mogollon. King asked for some of the scouts he had had with him in May and June, but, as bad luck would have it, they were all out with other commands, down toward the Tonto Basin to the south-east. Schuyler had nothing to give him but some Apache-Yumas, whom King had never seen, and even *they* were out somewhere on the reservation, and would have to be hunted up. At sunset, therefore, King remounted, and with a parting shake of the hand and "Good luck to you, Old Man," from his brother lieutenant, hurried back to Verde, pondering over in his mind all that Schuyler had told him about the probable course taken by the Indians, and the best way to nab them.

## PREPARING FOR THE SCOUT.

Reaching Verde he found that orders were already issued by Colonel Mason. Lieutenants King and Eaton, Fifth Cavalry, with twenty men of troops "K" and "A," and a like number of Indian scouts were directed to push out at dawn, go north-eastward, find the trail, "pursue and punish the Indians." King had a few moments' chat with his colonel over what Schuyler had told him, and then went off to see the veteran packer, Harry Hawes, who was to go with the mule train. It was estimated they might be gone ten or twelve days, and already the men were drawing from the commissary store-house their supplies of bacon, flour, coffee, sugar and "hard-tack," while from the ordnance of-

fice were lifted out two solid, heavy little boxes, painted a dark olive green and labelled, "1000 Rounds—Springfield Carbine Ball Cartridge—Calibre 45." There was no telling how much of that sort of thing they would need in addition to the supply each officer and man carried on his person in the handy "thimble belt." Lieutenant Eaton was quartermaster of the post at the time, and ordinarily would not be detailed for such duty as scouting, but here was a chance of finding the Indians close at hand, and having the fight over and done with in less than a week, so he wanted to go, and received the Colonel's permission.

Busily at work among the soldiers was an Irish sergeant, between whom and the cavalry officers, and even men, there was a deep respect and esteem. He bore the name of BERNARD TAYLOR, was called "Barney" by the troopers when off duty, but respectfully addressed as "Sergeant" at all other times. Both King and Eaton knew him well. He had been in many a scout and skirmish with the regiment, and was hailed as a daring, resolute, intelligent man, and a non-commissioned officer of high merit. He had not waited for Lieutenant King's return from his forty-mile ride, but had everything in readiness to report to him on his arrival. The horses had been carefully inspected, and both they and the mules were re-shod where the shoes were worn to any extent. This is an imperative precaution over the Arizona mountain trails—there is no rougher country in the world. By ten P.M. everything was ready but the scouts. They had not appeared, and as the lieutenant knew he would have no great difficulty in overtaking the Indians during the week, burdened as they were by slow-moving cattle and

compelled to follow the beaten trails, he was well content with the Colonel's orders to let the men have a few hours' sleep before starting. It was his purpose to push up Beaver Creek in the dark, and scale the mountains from its head-waters, hiding in the cañons by day and continuing on the chase at night, so that his coming would be unperceived even by the wariest of Apache eyes. Late at night the Apache-Yumas came riding down from the reservation, and reported to Lieutenant King at his quarters. He and Eaton looked them over by lantern light and shook their heads. "No good," said Eaton. There were fifteen of them, under the leadership of a couple of petty chiefs. An interpreter came who said that Lieutenant Schuyler wanted the horses returned at once. They had only been lent to hurry them down. No mountain Apaches ever did their scouting except on foot, and the first thing these fellows did was to demand that the horses be kept for their benefit. Being refused, they began to grumble and then to demand supper, and were finally marched off to the command in a sullen mood.

"I'll bet a hat," said Sergeant Taylor, as he watched them talking in low tones among themselves, "those beggars know just who the renegades are and don't want to go and help find them."

At the first gray of dawn the little command was ready to start.

## FRONTIER UNIFORM.

Let us inspect these frontier soldiers. We look in vain, with our civilized eyes, for the "pomp and circumstance"

which one associates with a "regular" in the East—at Washington or New York. Where are the plumes and pipe-clay? where the dazzling brasses and the faultless cut of the company tailor? A search in the men's lockers would doubtless reveal them, snugly packed away for the next garrison duty. But here another garb, a combination of experience and the old-clothes' bag, is the correct thing. We may perhaps except the detachment commander. *His* clothes are not shabby; and he can't help being neat, even when on a "scout." From the top of his low-crowned, feather-weight, drab, felt hat to the dark-blue flannel shirt, fastened at the neck with a knotted silk handkerchief, and the small soft gauntlet which he twirls restlessly in one hand, the artist as well as the campaigner stands out; he of all the party wears closely-fitting cavalry breeches, boots, spurs, and a cartridge-belt well filled; an "officer's rifle" completes a picturesque and useful outfit.

Standing by his horse, a little apart from the men, is an admirable specimen of the Irish-American soldier. Of medium stature, very powerfully built, with a frank, bronzed face, bright blue eyes and close-cut auburn hair and mustache (marked in the descriptive list as "sandy"), Sergeant Bernard Taylor of the Fifth Horse would at a glance be picked out as one of the best men in the party. His costume, although hardly as natty as that of his superior, is not less adapted to the nature of the service. A gray felt sombrero, with upturned brim, is clapped well down on his head, with a gentle inclination over the right eyebrow; a faded lead-colored flannel shirt, open at the neck, gives a glimpse of a red undershirt; a plains-man's home-made

cartridge-belt, bristling with metallic ammunition, encircles his waist, with a revolver on one side, balanced on the other by a keen-bladed hunting-knife; buckskin breeches, and well-greased cowhide boots, with huge rowelled Mexican spurs, make up the Sergeant's equipment. The short-limbed, compactly-built, California horse, standing quietly at his elbow, looks fit for any emergency, and has more than once shown a clean pair of heels to the enemy, when discretion on his rider's part has been the better part of valor; the McClellan saddle, stripped of every ounce of unnecessary leather, and planted well forward on the neatly folded blanket, the snug sack of barley, like a small section of stove-pipe resting behind the cantle of the saddle, the extra girth,—all these are signs that mean business.

The rest are more or less similarly accoutred. Hardly a forage cap, not a sabre, nor a letter or number to tell to what particular regiment of Uncle Sam's retainers these bandit-like horsemen belong.

Fording the Verde, they pushed rapidly up the valley of Beaver Creek, and at night were dragging their horses after them in a tough foot-climb up the jagged steeps of the Mogollon. Long before midnight the Indians, who ought to have served as guides, had dropped hopelessly behind. "Tired out," they said, and yet, when they want to, any one of them can out-last the stoutest mountaineer on a tramp. King, Eaton and Sergeant Taylor led the way up the heights or down through the dark ravines, guided only by the stars, and when dawn of the second day arrived they halted, tired and foot-sore, far up in the range, and, they believed, undetected.

One thing had occurred to confirm the suspicions of Sergeant Taylor. Climbing up out of a deep gorge they came, just before daybreak, to a point from which they could see the range, far away northward, and there, standing boldly out among the eastern cliffs of the reservation, casting its glare miles to the eastward, but hidden from the west, was a huge signal fire, a warning to the enemy that the soldiers were coming. King sent back to the rear for his scouts and silently pointed to the distant blaze as they were finally huddled before him. One and all they denied all knowledge of it, but declared they could not keep up—"Soldiers go too fast." Warned that the first one caught at anything that might betray the presence of the command would be summarily shot, they were herded down to the next ravine, where the day was spent in resting in concealment.

The next night the command marched rapidly through a wild and beautiful table-land, far up in the mountains, among pine, juniper and scrub oak. Here nothing could keep the Indians along with the column. Two of them swore they were sick, and both the officers felt certain that they knew the troops were rapidly nearing the position of the "hostiles," and dared not be with them. One of them was so cold and abject an object that the Lieutenant ordered him to mount a spare mule. He did so, fell asleep, rolled off and nearly cracked his skull. Eaton picked him up, unconscious, and plastered the crack as well as he could by starlight, and then, leaving the Indian in charge of two of his demoralized comrades, the little column pushed ahead. When they reached the banks of Snow Lake, far

up on the plateau, only nine of the scouts were left. Two had deserted and gone no one knew whither.

The actions of the entire gang were so unlike those of all the other scouts with whom the two officers had dealt in the past that they became thoroughly distrustful of them. They kept protesting to Lieutenant King that no Apaches could be in the vicinity, but their very volubility convinced him they were lying, and excited his wrath. It had grown sharply cold so far up among the mountains, that the water froze in the canteens at night, and the Indians complained bitterly of the hardships. But on the dawn of October 31, King and Sergeant Taylor, scouting out in front, came upon recent Apache signs in the sand of a little gully; more than that, they were soon on the track of the captured cattle. That very evening, down in a broad depression, they came in sight of the chase, and, leaving their skulking allies to look out for themselves, the little troop rode headlong down the slopes, and while some "rounded up" the frightened cattle, King, Eaton and most of the men rushed on in pursuit of the Apaches, who had scattered into the hills. Darkness put an end to that, however, and they had to wait until the scouts came up.

Leaving a guard with the cattle, King and his men again set forth about nine P.M., and found themselves, about one in the morning, in the defile known as Sunset Pass, where they bivouacked for the night. Their orders were to "pursue and punish." They had pursued, but up to this moment had inflicted no punishment. Both officers were confident that they would find the Apaches lurking in the mountains north or south of the Pass, and were de-

termined to have it out with them; but the scouts protested that as soon as it was dark the Tontos must have doubled on their track and gone back towards Snow Lake. At dawn, King ordered them out to search the neighborhood for signs. They were in a rocky ravine, through which there trickled a tiny stream that formed little pools here and there, from which they watered their horses. South rose a rugged mountain, covered with tangled shrubbery and boulders. Northward lay another, and between them curled and twisted the old trail leading to the Sunset Crossing of the Colorado Chiquito, twenty miles away. The Indians sullenly obeyed, but huddled nervelessly together, making only faint pretence of search, and incessantly protesting, "No Tonto here."

"THICK AS LEAVES."

Suddenly there came a shout from down the ravine. Some of the men, in hunting about, had come finally on a pool with sandy shores, and there, thick as leaves, were the fresh prints of Tonto moccasons. The scouts were fairly driven to the spot by the officers, and confronted with the evidences of their worthlessness. Then came the hurried consultations. It was evident that after filling their water-vessels the Tontos had taken to the mountains, south of the Pass, and King determined to follow at once. Eaton, with the main body, was ordered to remain a short distance in rear, while the commander, with Sergeant Taylor, should force the scouts ahead and find the trail up the rocky slopes. White men could not do it unaided, and there were a dozen ways in which the Indians

might have gone. Damning them for their cowardice and treachery, King warned the scouts that they might expect a shot from either himself or Taylor if they lied again, ordered them out in dispersed line across the slope, and then, pointing upward, gave the word "Ugashe" (go ahead), and he and Taylor followed at their heels.

The ardent officer soon found himself and the Sergeant far in advance of the more slowly moving detachment. In a few minutes both stood upon a great flat rock, jutting out from the precipice, and covered with huge boulders, relics of some early upheaval; above them, the great cliff reared its forbidding front, black and seamed with the storms of ages; below, the mountain side fell away in mingled forest and ravine and rushing torrent.

Looking around for some outlet to the spot, for he was convinced the hostiles were lurking near, the Lieutenant sent the Sergeant in one direction, while he cautiously glided into the underbrush in an attempt to flank the position. A moment later something whizzed by his head and buried itself deep in a tree. He had found the hornet's nest! In another moment he felt a sharp burning sensation as another dart, better aimed, cut through the muscles at the outer corner of his left eye and flew down toward the cowardly scouts, who, at the sound of the first arrow, had taken to their heels.

### A HORNET'S NEST.

To jump behind a convenient rock was but the work of a moment for the bleeding but not seriously injured officer. With carbine at "ready," he eagerly watched for the game.

He had not long to wait. Another arrow sped by his head from the left, and like lightning his rifle was at his shoulder; a sharp report followed, and one of two dark forms crouching in his front dropped out of sight. Ere he could reload, a volley came from the same direction, his carbine dropped from his hand, and his right arm, pierced by a bullet, hung nerveless by his side, while down the wounded limb the warm life-blood poured.

In such situations men must think quickly. He must run for it. Could he hold out until he reached his men, whom he knew were even then springing forward to his relief? All this passed through the gallant fellow's mind in a second. In another he was springing down the side of the hill with the yelling red devils after him, but moving more slowly, as they did not expect any friends in that direction.

The breathless and fast weakening soldier hardly needs the obstruction of a tough, clinging vine to send him headlong eight or ten feet down, where, bruised and nearly senseless, he lies. But one thought is uppermost. They shall not take him alive without another shot. He fumbles for his revolver and—what is that? Upon his ear comes a familiar sound. It is the Sergeant calling his name. "Lieutenant! *Lieutenant! where* are ye?"

"*Here!* Sergeant," faintly replies the wounded man.

The Sergeant took in the situation at a glance. In a moment he had picked up his officer (who held on with one arm round the soldier's neck) and was getting over the ground in true mountaineer fashion.

When King fell, the Apaches for a few moments lost his

trail, but now they came tearing after the fugitives. Every few yards Sergeant Taylor would stop and send a reminder from his carbine that *his* arms were all right, and twice a Tonto measured his length on the rocks. But the gallant Irishman was getting winded, and King, fearing that both would lose their lives, urged, *implored*, ORDERED his companion to leave him and save himself.

But the Sergeant was not that sort of man! To leave any white human being—much less the officer whom he loved and respected—to the mercy of those howling fiends was not to be thought of for an instant. He knew what that meant,—death by torture, with which the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition pale by contrast. The shots now came more frequently, they came closer, and arrows mingled with the leaden shower.

At last, just as Sergeant Taylor's strength has nearly given out with the weight and the pace, sounds of crashing bushes and excited voices are heard, and—

"Here come the boys, sir!" is the welcome shout which rings in the Lieutenant's ear as he loses consciousness.

In a quarter of an hour the affair is over. Several of the Apaches have gone to the happy hunting-grounds of their people, and the command is resting in a picturesque nook. Lieutenant King's wound is not beyond the rough surgery of old campaigners, of whom there are not a few in the command. Fortunately, the ball had avoided the arteries and the bones. Cold-water applications, careful bandaging, some strong coffee, and as soft a bed of blankets as could be made, went far towards bracing the disabled cavalryman for the ride back to his post. And although suffering

much, the first thing he did upon his arrival was to dictate an official report, in which Sergeant Taylor's conduct came in for conspicuous mention and recommendation to the military authorities. None realized better than the Lieutenant that, but for Taylor's pluck and perseverance, to some other pen would have fallen this professional duty.

It was for this act of daring and devotion that Sergeant BERNARD TAYLOR was named for and awarded the Medal

of Honor, and in the skirmish up the height Corporal BRYAN SMITH and Private FRANK BIFFAR were named for conspicuous conduct.

Taylor was a typical Irishman, brave, intelligent, full of high spirit and pride in his regiment.

He was a fine rider, a quick shot, a gallant and enthusiastic trooper, and never more thoroughly in his element than in the rough mountain scouting, in which the Fifth spent so many stirring years. Poor fellow! he lived only a few

brief months, and died at Verde, just before the regiment started on its homeward march.

SERGEANT JOHN NIHILL,
FIFTH U. S. ARTILLERY.

## II. THREE TO ONE.

Frequently the force sent after the hostile Indians is small, but that it gains in quality what it lacks in quantity appears from the story of Private JOHN NIHILL, "F," 5th U. S. Cavalry, a soldier who won a Medal of Honor for his good conduct in the Whetstone Mountains, Arizona, July 13, 1872, and upon other occasions.

He has since become a sergeant in Battery "B," 5th U.

Recorded.
Adjutant General's Office
Washington, D.C.
June 11 1880.

# ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

## Certificate of Merit.

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know Ye That Private John Nihill of Company F, of the Fifth Regiment of Cavalry having DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF in the Service of the United States on the Thirteenth day of July 1872, in the Action at Whetstone Mountain, A.T. on the recommendation of Colonel Wesley Merritt the Commanding Officer of his Regiment I do hereby award to the said Private John Nihill this CERTIFICATE OF MERIT, which under the provisions of Sections 1216 and 1285 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, entitles him to additional pay at the rate of two dollars per month.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington this Sixth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty four.

Robert Lincoln
Secretary of War.

Chester A. Arthur
President of the United States.

S. Artillery, and at the Editor's request gives the following account of one of his adventures :*

"During the Summer of 1872, the troop to which I then belonged ('F,' Fifth Cavalry) was stationed at Camp Crittenden, A. T., which at that time was the most extreme Southern post in Arizona. The post was situated at the base of the Santa Rita Mountains, which at that time was a favorite resort of the Chiricahua Apaches, in their raids through Southern Arizona.

"In the Summer of 1872, the Apaches committed more depredations in the vicinity of Camp Crittenden than in any other part of the territory, and we were poorly prepared to return the compliment, having only the one troop at the post, three-fourths of whom were sick with chills and fever, and unable to perform any duties, so that a sufficient force could not be sent out against them, to punish them in their favorite haunts. Still, Lieutenant Hall, the post commander, did all that possibly could be done, under the circumstances, to afford protection to the settlers in the vicinity of the post.

"Indian alarms were daily occurrences, so that it was nothing new, when, on the morning of July 13, 1872, a Mexican ranchman, who lived about two miles from the post, came in at daylight and reported that during the night a party

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* MEDALS WON BY SERGEANT JOHN NIHILL, "B," 5th U. S. ARTILLERY. (*See Portrait.*) The medals on the right and left, respectively, of the Medal of Honor are (1) the Department of the East, "Skirmisher Medal," and (2) Division of the Atlantic, "First Silver Medal," won at Creedmoor, Sept., 1885. The medal under the first named is (3) the "Battery Medal," to be won three years in succession before becoming the property of the winner; won successively 1884, 1885 and 1886 by the wearer. The medals under the Medal of Honor are (4) a "Marksman's Pin" and (5) a "Sharpshooter's Cross." The one on the left of the cross is (6) the Division of the Missouri "Silver Medal," won at Fort Leavenworth, Sept. 27, 1882. (For Nihill's Certificate of Merit, see p. 266.)

of Indians who had a lot of stolen cattle in their possession had passed by his ranch at a quick gait. Immediately a detail of eight men, including the First Sergeant, under command of Lieutenant Hall, started in pursuit.

"The trail was found within 600 yards of the post, and as it had been raining the day before, the ground was soft, so that there was little difficulty in following it while in the open country.

"The trail headed towards the Whetstone Mountains, which were distant about fifteen miles, south-east from the post.

"We travelled as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, hoping to overhaul them before they reached the mountains.

"Several times the trail was lost, owing to it leading over rough, rocky ground, but as the majority of us had more or less experience in trailing, we would soon recover it again.

"When we reached the mountains our progress was necessarily slow, as the Indians had in several instances split up, so as to throw us off the trail, but they invariably came together again at some given point.

"Late in the afternoon we passed some cattle that the Indians abandoned in a deep ravine, as they were thoroughly exhausted and unable to travel any farther. This caused us to make as much haste as possible, as we knew they would strike into some of the deep cañons in the mountains, where it would be almost impossible to follow them.

"About two miles from where we passed the cattle, the trail led into a deep cañon, where we had the greatest dif-

ficulty in following it, and then could only do so by dismounting and leading our horses.

"We had advanced in this manner about one mile into the cañon, when we were suddenly attacked by about forty Indians, who were concealed behind rocks on one side of the cañon, and about 800 feet above us. The side of the ravine where the Indians had taken up their position was almost vertical, so that it was almost impossible to get a shot at them.

"At the time the Indians made the attack I was following the trail of some who had gone up the opposite side of the cañon. I was about 75 or 100 yards to the right of and in advance of the rest of the party. I took up a position behind a small tree, which had a fork about five feet from the ground; in this fork I rested my carbine to steady it. I watched for every opportunity to fire at an Indian, but they were so well concealed behind rocks that it was almost impossible to catch more than a fleeting glance of them, as they ran from one position to another.

"During this time, some of Lieutenant Hall's party were wounded, as also some of his horses, and to make matters worse, the Indians commenced to roll rocks down from the top of the cliffs; these came down with such force and noise that the horses became almost unmanageable.

"It was then that Lieutenant Hall made up his mind to retreat, and gave the men orders to do so, the First Sergeant and himself taking the post of danger, in rear, and giving the wounded men the chance to get out first.

"When the order was given to retreat I was watching a chance to get a shot at an Indian who was dodging behind

the rocks on the opposite side of the cañon. I did not notice that I was being left behind until my party had got a considerable distance ahead of me.

"However, I started to catch up to them. I was dismounted, with the bridle-rein over my arm, and my carbine in readiness for whatever might turn up. After I had gone about 300 yards I was fired at by an Indian, but the gun (a muzzle-loader) missed fire, and before he could make a second attempt I fired and dropped him.

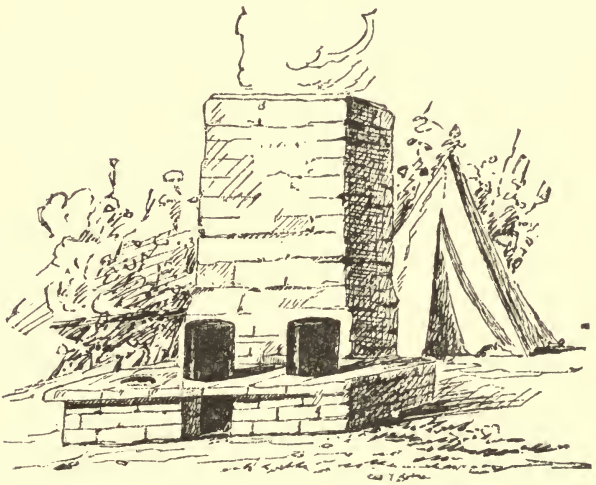
"In the mean time, three others rushed down the side of the cañon, with the intention of cutting me off from the remainder of my party. One of these stopped long enough to shoot at me, but missed, and I returned his fire, and was fortunate enough to bring him down also. The other two concealed themselves behind rocks, directly in front of me. I turned my horse loose, and drove him ahead to try and draw the fire of the Indians. I moved about 30 or 40 yards to the right of my horse, making as little noise as possible; when my horse got within about 30 yards of them, they came crawling around the rocks to the side where they were exposed to me, and just as soon as they discovered me I fired, killing one; the other jumped into a ravine and I saw him no more. I kept on and rejoined my party, who were waiting at the mouth of the cañon.

"We marched that night to old Camp Wallen, an abandoned post on the south side of the Whetstone Mountains, on a tributary of the San Pedro River. We made the wounded as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, and next day marched back to Camp Crittenden.

"A few days afterwards we went back with all the men

that could be spared from the post, but did not find any Indians.

"In the latter trip, Lieutenant Stewart went along. About one month afterwards he was killed in Davidson's Cañon, with Corporal Black, while going in with the mail to Tucson, and in a short time afterwards Sergeant Stewart,



Corporal Nation, and Privates Carr and Walsh, were killed about two miles from the post, in the Sonoita Valley.

"The Indians got to be so bad that when we went to 'stables,' morning and evening, we took our arms along and kept them in the stalls while grooming.

"The post was abandoned in January, 1873, and all the property removed to New Camp Grant, where we took post."

Corporal Nihill's account is corroborated by the following extract from the official report of Lieutenant W. P. Hall, Fifth Cavalry:

"On the 13th of July, 1872, I was in command of a party of eight men of Troop 'F,' Fifth Cavalry, and following a fresh Indian trail, which led into a deep cañon in the Whetstone Mountains, Arizona Territory. My party was attacked by about forty Indians, who were concealed behind rocks. Private Nihill was a flanker to my party and about 200 yards on my right; four Indians endeavored to cut him off from the rest of the party, who were unable to go to his assistance; his horse was badly wounded; he, however, made his way through them, killing three Indians. He brought out his horse, and acted throughout in a gallant and praiseworthy manner."

### III. THE APACHE CAMPAIGN OF 1885.

The following is the statement of Private SYLVESTER GROVER, Troop "C," 4th Cavalry, who received a Certificate of Merit for the affair which is, as nearly as possible, related in his own words:—

"In October, 1885, I was stationed at Lang's Ranch, N. M., directly on the line of the Pan Handle of New Mexico and the Mexican State of Chihuahua. On the 9th of that month I was ordered, with Private Hickman, Troop 'F,' 4th Cavalry, to carry despatches which had arrived from Captain Crawford, in Mexico, to General Crook, at Fort Bowie, A. T.

"We left about 11 o'clock A.M. and put up for the night at a ranch about forty miles from our starting-point.

"Next morning, before daybreak, we started off, and travelled at good speed towards Cow Boy Pass. The country through which we passed is perfectly level, except piles of

rocks called Mal Pais, with which the plain is covered and through which the road winds. None of these piles are more than the height of a man and horse, and we had a good view of the country around us and had no idea that any hostile Indians were in the vicinity, as the last we heard of them located them below the National Boundary.

"About 9 o'clock, A.M., while passing near one of these rock piles, we were suddenly fired upon by about fourteen Indians, who, upon delivering the fire, suddenly rose up around us.

"Hickman fell at once from his horse, dead, as I found out afterwards. My horse dashed away with me and got about five hundred yards when he fell dead. I dragged myself from the saddle, got the despatches out of the saddle-bags, and with my carbine crawled to a pile of rocks about twenty yards off.

"I could see part of the Indians chasing Hickman's horse, and the rest followed me up on foot.

"I opened fire on them at once, and held them at bay. They did not know that I was wounded, and to that fact I undoubtedly owe my life.

"After the Indians caught Hickman's horse they all made a break at me. I fired as fast as my wounds would let me, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing them leave toward the mountains, which gave me a chance to look at my wounds. I found that I was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh, below the hip, and through the left wrist and hand.

"For over two hours and a half I was lying under a burning sun, without water, and I felt that my last mo-

ments were coming, when I saw a wagon approaching. With it were seven citizens, some of whom were discharged Government scouts and packers.

"I called out as well as I could, and managed to make them hear me at last. They stopped, brought me water, washed my wounds, and made me as comfortable as possible, and brought me to the Post Hospital, at Fort Bowie.

"Hickman was shot in seven places. The Indians did not mutilate his body, only took off his belts.

"My horse was shot four times, one shot passing through his body.

"I have since recovered entirely from my wounds, and, through the recommendation of my captain, have been awarded a 'Certificate of Merit' by the President of the United States."

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This is a short, concise statement of the affair, which was really very desperate. The man is very quiet and modest, and not inclined to talk much about it, and does not think that there was very much in it.

The affidavits which accompanied the recommendation give more of the latter part, after the citizens came up.

Grover is about twenty-seven years old and has been a soldier about seven years.—[EDITOR.]

SCOUT AMOS CHAPMAN PROTECTING HIS WOUNDED COMRADE.

(SEE "A SPARTAN BAND," p. 286.)

SERGEANT JOHN HARRINGTON,
THIRD U. S. CAVALRY.

## A SPARTAN BAND.*

THE year 1874 was an eventful one in the history of the border. The Cheyennes, resident in the Indian Territory, the most warlike and powerful of the south-western Indians, had for a long time been restive, and as soon as the grass had sufficiently matured to subsist their ponies, many of the younger warriors of the tribe, thirsting for blood and glory, formed themselves into bands and set forth upon predatory incursions into Southern Kansas and Colorado.

With their faces painted, dressed in barbaric costumes, and mounted on fleet ponies, these parties penetrated Kansas to the northern part of the Arkansas River, poured into

* This chapter has been contributed by Captain J. S. Payne, U. S. A. (late 5th U. S. Cavalry), who participated in the Indian campaign of 1874, and is familiar with the episodes described.

south-eastern Colorado, and swarming about the defiles of the Rocky Mountains, lighted their camp-fires almost at the entrance to the famous Raton Pass. They killed cattle, stole horses and mules, burned ranches, and when they returned to their villages, there to narrate their exploits to the squaws and old men, more than one brave carried at his girdle the reeking scalp of a hated "pale face." Of course this whetted the savage appetite, and the warlike feeling soon manifesting itself amongst the neighboring tribes, the Kiowas, Comanches and Arapahoes, a general Indian war resulted. In August, a large force of cavalry and infantry, under the command of General Nelson A. Miles, then colonel of the 5th Infantry, was assembled at Camp Supply, Indian Territory, which point it left the 19th of that month; its object being the pursuit, capture, or defeat of the large Indian force that, as had been ascertained by scouts, was at that time located somewhere near the Antelope Hills, on the banks of the Canadian River. The Summer of 1874 was intensely warm, and no rain had fallen throughout that region since early Spring, so that the streams, even the large ones that traversed the Indian Territory and the "Pan Handle" of Texas, were dry, or nearly so. The troops and animals, in consequence, suffered greatly from thirst, but the column was pushed steadily on, until, after many a weary march through choking alkali dust and beneath the fierce, pitiless rays of a southern midsummer sun, a broad Indian trail was struck on the Sweetwater and relentlessly followed. Our march on the 29th of August was long and toilsome, but when

evening came we saw the promise of success before us. We had crossed the wide flat plateau south of Ash Creek, and had reached its southern border, where it broke off into ravines, deep valleys and precipitous knolls, covered with rich verdure. Just as the long column was about to descend into the valley below, and as our eyes were resting with a keen sense of pleasure upon this picturesque, involuted landscape, brightened and beautified by the last rays of the rapidly sinking sun, great clouds of dust arose before us, and we knew that at last our game was within reach.

We camped in the valley that night, and early next morning, near Red River, defeated them with loss in warriors and camp equipage, and pursued them to the far famed Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain of Texas. We had been marching in light order, and now awaited the arrival of our supply train. Having remained in camp until the 7th of September, and without news from our train, it became evident that the savages had cut our line of communication, and consequently the command was forced to retrace its steps. The 10th found us in camp on McClellan Creek, and here an event occurred so well indicating the boldness and skill of an Indian warrior, that I must ask leave to place it on record in this place. The troops were encamped among several knolls that overlooked the valley of the creek I have named. The tired horses were out grazing on the rich bunch-grass growing on the hill-sides, and as the command was dependent upon game for subsistence several large parties were out hunting buffalo, which were numerous in that country at the time.

A BOLD EXPLOIT.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, whilst a number of officers were seated upon the top of a knoll, some one had called attention to two soldiers who were just leaving camp, mounted, *en route* up the valley, and the remark had just been made that it was dangerous for so small a party to leave the command, when a body of mounted men suddenly appeared upon a high hill, further up the stream. They disappeared almost instantly, and whilst we were discussing the question whether they were Indians or a hunting party of soldiers, our attention was again attracted to the two soldiers before mentioned, who had now proceeded to a point some five hundred yards from camp. The point of a bluff ran quite close to the creek at the spot the two soldiers then were, the valley narrowing to a hundred yards or less. Just as the leading man was about to turn the spur of the bluff, an Indian, mounted on a gray pony, was seen by us—though unseen by the soldier—coming at full speed around the point. He was followed at short distances by several others. There was no time to give warning. In a moment the leading warrior was around the bluff, and raising his rifle he fired upon the advancing trooper, breaking the latter's right arm. The brave's lance was instantly in rest, and rushing upon his helpless foe, he ran him through, hurled him from his horse, and, dismounting, tore away the bleeding scalp of his victim, and flaunting it in our very faces, mounted and was gone. The other soldier had only his revolver, which he emptied with the effect to keep the other savages at bay. Pursuit was

made, of course, but so weary were our animals it was unavailing, and poor Petit John was unavenged.

From the camp on McClellan Creek, General Miles found it necessary to send despatches to Camp Supply, and for this important mission a select party of six men was detailed. It comprised the following soldiers of the 6th Cavalry: Sergeant Z. T. WOODALL, Privates JOHN HARRINGTON, PETER ROTH, and GEORGE W. SMITH, of troops "I," "H," "A," and "M," respectively, and Citizen Scouts WILLIAM DIXON and AMOS CHAPMAN. The enlisted men wore the summer scouting uniform, light blue trowsers re-enforced with white canvas, dark blue flannel shirt, soft black felt hat, and top boots. Their blouses and overcoats were rolled on their saddles, and they carried neither shelter tents nor blankets. Dixon and Chapman were dressed in buckskin trowsers, ornamented with fringe, dark flannel shirts with sailor collars, and each wore moccasons and broad-brimmed white-felt hats. Every man carried rifle, revolver and two hundred rounds of ammunition; a hunting-knife stuck in each man's belt. The duty demanded coolness and courage, and braver men were never selected for desperate service. The country was infested by savages. They were to be looked for at every stream; every clump of trees might be an ambuscade; in every ravine danger and sudden death might lurk. But these brave fellows, fully realizing their peril, received their final orders, mounted their good horses and cheerily set forth, followed by the best of wishes, and at the same time the feelings of deepest apprehension, entertained by their comrades and officers.

The red September sun was still shining across the gentle undulations of the prairie as the party left camp, but it soon sank in gorgeous splendor behind the purple hills, and the sombre shades of night fell softly upon the vast plain. Deep down in the darkening shadows of the great cottonwood trees that fringed McClellan Creek rode our brave adventurers; not foolhardy, reckless men, but each confident of himself and of his companions, and resolutely prepared to encounter every danger. After several hours' march the party camped for the night, and at early dawn were again in the saddle. Between the rising and the setting sun of the 11th they travelled nearly fifty miles, and when overtaken by darkness sought a secluded spot for the night.

And now, before daylight of the 12th, our troopers are again on their way, riding swiftly across the great plain. The morning star has sunk to the very verge of the horizon and shines there like a ball of silver; the stars overhead are beginning "to pale their ineffectual fires" before the rising sun, whose advent is heralded in the east, first by a faint, uncertain glow, followed by rosy gleams of brightness. Then the clouds take to themselves the gorgeous tints of the morning, increasing in beauty until a flood of primrose radiance pours upon the scene, and then, sending forth in advance long shafts of light, the Day-god leaps above the horizon, and soars aloft in luminous splendor. The dew-drops glisten like diamonds; all is quiet, serene and beautiful in that great solitude. Not much is said by the members of the party as they speed along, for at such times men are not much given to speech. Nothing is heard save the steady tramp, tramp of the horses' feet,

pressing the dewy sward, the occasional rattle of carbine against stirrup or saddle, or the sweet note of lark or thrush.

"FRIENDS OR FOES?"

On, on they ride, now descending into an *arroya*, where all surrounding objects are hidden from view, now ascending an acclivity, now crossing a *divide*, and again straight as the crow flies, traversing a dead flat. Every eye is on the lookout, every ear alert, yet no sound has disturbed them, no suspicious object has been seen. But they are riding into the toils, and one of them is going to his death. The dew on grass and flower was dry, and the sun was floating two hours above the sea of grass, when, as the party ascended a slight eminence, Chapman, whose eye was like an Indian's, said, "Boys, we are in luck; there is the advance guard of the wagon train," and he pointed to the north-east, where there was soon disclosed, to the full view of the whole party, a number of horsemen. They were riding in a body, and it was this circumstance that induced the belief that they were soldiers.

But the meeting so soon to take place was not destined to be of the friendly and agreeable kind anticipated. The practised eyes of Chapman and Dixon, ever on the alert, soon saw, from certain movements amongst the advancing party, that they were Indians, and as Indians, at that time and place, meant deadly enemies, everything was got ready for the approaching combat. A brief halt was made, arms and ammunition carefully examined, and saddle girths looked to. The advance guard of the Indians, for such

turned out to be the party first discovered, was now followed by a much more numerous body, which deployed to the right and left of the trail. They were now within half a mile, and as they rode forward in the sunlight it was easy to distinguish their brightly colored blankets and their war-bonnets, whose long trailing plumes of eagles' feathers floated softly on the breeze. Indeed, they presented at this moment a striking and beautiful barbaric picture that our soldier friends, however, had neither the time nor inclination to admire. The point where the Indians were encountered was midway between Gageby Creek and the Washita River, Texas. The country in the vicinity was high, undulating prairie, presenting, however, few spots suitable for defence. Hills and valleys followed each other in succession, and here and there was an *arroya* or ravine, affording some slight cover. Timber there was none, and whatever position the little band of white men might take would be open to assault, front, flank, and rear, as well as exposed to fire from every direction at long range. But they were ready for the fray, and right nobly on this September day did they maintain the high reputation of their race for heroic courage and patient fortitude in the face of what seemed to them inevitable death. Capture meant torture, and of course there was no word or thought of surrender. Escape was impossible, so with brave hearts these gallant men went to the encounter. And now that the moment of conflict has come I will let one of the participants in this memorable border fight (Private Harrington) tell the story in his own way.

He says: "Between us and the Indians was a good-sized

ravine, to which we advanced and rode into, they being still on the opposite side. We had scarcely time to dismount and leave the horses in charge of Smith, before they were on us from all sides; we sought what shelter we could on the sides of the ravine, and while we were doing so, Smith was shot through the arm, compelled to abandon the horses, and join us. About twenty-five Indians then charged down the ravine and stampeded our horses, taking all but one. Concluding that things were getting too warm for us and that we would have to find some better position, we formed a skirmish line and fell back, the one horse left by the Indians following us. An Indian attempted to capture him, when Sergeant Woodall turned and fired, and the Indian fell.

"We again retreated in skirmish line, receiving their fire from all directions. Whenever we attempted to secure a knoll or other vantage ground, the Indians would be ahead of us in such numbers as to make us change our direction. None of us even expected to get out of the fray alive, with such fearful odds against us, but all determined to die hard and make the best fight possible. We continued our skirmishing, and whenever a shelter was secured, took what little rest we could until driven out by renewed attacks.

"At every halt, the Indians, dismounted, would surround us, closing in from all sides. The 'medicine man,' decorated with buffalo horns and an immense head-dress of eagle feathers reaching to his horse's tail, looking like the Devil himself, tried to force them to charge over us; each time as they circled in to within about twenty-five yards, we would jump up, yell, and run toward those in our rear.

The Indians could not fire for fear of hitting their own party, but would open out and allow us to pass through their line, firing at us as we went through.

"It seems almost impossible that we should have received their fire, as long as we did, without serious injury; but it could not go on so forever. We kept up these tactics until about four o'clock in the afternoon. The 'medicine man,' now the only mounted one of their party, kept riding around us all the time, getting bolder and firing his pistol when he came in range. Chapman, the scout, said 'not to mind him, for he couldn't hit anything,' but at last he came within about twenty yards, when Scout Dixon fired at him, after which we saw no more of the bold 'medicine man.'

"By this time we were about fagged out, and our ammunition, of which we had two hundred rounds per man in the morning, nearly exhausted. Determining to make one last stand, we broke for a small knoll on the top of which was a buffalo wallow. While attempting to gain this position, Smith was again shot and fell, mortally wounded. Woodall was shot in the groin, and I in the hip. All gained the knoll but Smith."

## WITCHING HORSEMANSHIP.

Sergeant Woodall writes (from his station, Fort Cummings, N. M., August 1, 1886) of the clever tactics of the Indians, as follows: "At this stage we were eye-witnesses to some of the most magnificent feats of horsemanship that could not be equalled by any like number of men in the world,—rising readily from the stirrups while the horses were in rapid motion, and standing erect on the backs of their

animals while they delivered their fire, and then instantly dropping, as if shot, into the stirrups, swinging themselves rapidly under their horses' bellies, in which position they could easily aim and fire. These tactics were continued by them for some time. There was one spot on the prairie where the grass stood over five feet high. Toward this place the Indians would ride as fast as their ponies could go, and I noticed every time any of the men fired at an Indian near this place the latter would drop as if hit, while their ponies would continue on until finally caught by some of the squaws. Fully twenty of them dropped in this manner, leading us to believe that they were all hit. Nothing more was seen of them for about an hour, during which our attention was engaged in an opposite direction by another party of Indians, who repeatedly charged us, eventually forcing us from our position. In moving to higher ground we approached the bunch of tall grass, before referred to, near which we had seen so many Indians drop. We got within fifty yards when a line of Indians suddenly sprang up, presenting as good a skirmish line as any body of soldiers could form, and poured a murderous fire on the party, killing Smith and severely wounding Amos Chapman, Harrington and myself."

### CHAPMAN'S HEROISM.

Once within the slight protection of the buffalo wallow a moment's respite came. It was now known that Woodall, Harrington, and Roth had been wounded, and Smith, who had fallen outside, was thought to be dead. In a little while, however, he was seen to move, and these brave men

at once thought of his peril. How was it to be done? The Indians were about them on all sides. To leave him where he was, was certain death; to attempt his rescue seemed almost as certain destruction to him who should attempt the gallant feat. The heroic Chapman volunteered for the attempt, and I will let him tell the story of his noble act in his own quaint and graphic way. Turning to his comrades the brave scout said: "Now, boys, keep those infernal red-skins off of me, and I will run down and pick up Smith, and bring him back before they can get at me." Laying down his rifle, he sprang out of the buffalo wallow, ran with all speed to Smith, seized and attempted to shoulder him.

"Did any of you ever try to shoulder a wounded man?" asked Chapman, when telling the story. "Smith was not a large man, one hundred and sixty or seventy pounds, but I declare to you that he seemed to weigh a ton. Finally I laid down and got his chest across my back, and his arms around my neck, and then got up with him. It was as much as I could do to stagger under him, for he couldn't help himself a bit. By the time I had got twenty or thirty yards, about fifteen Indians came for me at full speed of their ponies. They all knew me, and yelled, 'Amos! Amos! We have got you now!' I pulled my pistol, but I couldn't hold Smith on my back with one hand, so I let him drop The boys in the buffalo wallow opened on the Indians just at the right time, and I opened on them with my pistol. There was a tumbling of ponies, and a scattering of Indians, and in a minute they were gone. I got Smith up again and made the best possi-

ble time, but before I could reach the wallow another gang came for me. I had only one or two shots in my pistol, so I didn't stop to fight, but ran for it. When I was in about twenty yards of the wallow, a little old scoundrel that I had fed fifty times, rode almost on to me and fired. I fell, with Smith on top of me, but as I didn't feel pain, I thought I had stepped into a hole. The Indians couldn't stay around there a minute; the boys kept it red-hot; so I jumped up, picked up Smith, and got safe into the wallow. 'Amos,' said Dixon, 'you are badly hurt.' 'No, I am not,' said I. 'Why, look at your leg;' and sure enough, the leg was shot off just above the ankle joint, and I had been walking on the bone, dragging the foot behind me, and in the excitement I never knew it, nor have I ever had any pain in my leg to this day."

## IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

Fierce indeed had been the conflict, and desperate seemed the situation of the beleaguered party. Every species of Indian strategy had been used to subdue their spirit and accomplish their overthrow, but undaunted by the dangers surrounding them, the brave fellows proceeded to do what was best, under the circumstances, and make the most of the one chance for life now left them; *i. e.*, hold their position until Miles, marching back along the trail, should bring deliverance. With their knives and hands they dug deeper their little fort, some working whilst the others, keeping vigilant watch, fired at such Indians as came within easy range. The savages, Kiowas and Comanches, the finest and boldest horsemen in the world, again resorted to their favorite

tactics. Mounted on their fleet ponies, they would circle around the rifle-pit, coming nearer and nearer with each circuit, and firing as they rode. But still undaunted, the white men held the red devils at bay. Smith, "faithful unto death," cheered his comrades by his heroic conduct; for whilst his life-blood was slowly ebbing away, he told them to place him—he could not move—upon the top of the rifle-pit, thus offering to make his suffering body a shield for the living, after his hands could no longer aid in the defence.

But happily, succor was nearer at hand than dreamed of by the besieged. About four o'clock in the afternoon the Indians were seen to draw off, and shortly afterwards rapid firing was heard in the distance, and the savages were seen no more. A body of troops had been seen, and the Indians, after engaging them until nightfall, left the vicinity. Darkness fell upon a sad scene that night. Smith was dying, Chapman's leg was broken. Every man in the rifle-pit had been hit, and Dixon, alone, was not disabled. They were without food, and but for the blessed rain that came during the night they would have suffered dreadfully for water; of this they had only what fell in little puddles in the pit, and even that which quenched the dying thirst of Smith was red with his own and his comrades' blood. Could they hold out until Miles would come, bringing food and succor? What they felt and what they suffered in the silent watches of that long, cold, rainy night, none save themselves can ever know. The morning broke, dark, wet, comfortless. Smith had died before dawn. Would the Indians return, or would they be left unmolested until the weary hours that

must elapse before Miles could be expected, had dragged themselves away? Soon after daylight a consultation as to what was best to be done was held, and after considering all the surrounding circumstances, it was thought best that Dixon, the only able-bodied man left, *should go back on the trail*, meet General Miles, which it was hoped he would do within thirty-six hours, and apprise that officer of the condition of affairs. In the mean time the ammunition was divided between Dixon and those remaining; Dixon taking with him on his dangerous journey on foot just *four cartridges*. With what was left the besieged must defend themselves as best they could.

Dixon left the rifle-pit in a drizzling rain, and had proceeded less than a mile when he saw approaching him a body of mounted men. Unable to determine whether they were friends or foes, he secreted himself in some high grass and awaited their coming. The newcomers proved to be Major Price's command, a battalion of the 8th Cavalry, with whom the Indians had been engaged the evening before, and Dixon at once made known the state of affairs at the rifle-pit to the commanding officer. As they proceeded to the buffalo wallow, Dixon walking by Major Price's side, that officer directed his orderly trumpeter to ride ahead and find the rifle-pit. Upon this trumpeter's saddle was rolled a red blanket, and as he came in full view of the party in the wallow he was taken for an Indian. Sergeant Woodall deliberately took aim at this man and fired, the ball happily missing the soldier, but killing the horse.

THE RESCUE.

So you see there was fight left in the brave fellows still!

The long fight was over and the rescue was made. Food was given the almost famished men, and a detachment was sent off to inform General Miles of the condition of things. General Miles was found on the Sweetwater, and that night Chaffee, of the 6th Cavalry, with his troop, proceeded to the buffalo wallow. Poor Smith was buried, and the wounded, mounted on horses, were taken to the supply train, which, as had been ascertained, was camped on the Washita. Those were stirring times that followed, for the great Indian war, begun under warm summer skies, was terminated only the next Spring. Many gallant deeds were done, but as the men would gather round the camp-fire the long and cold winter nights, they heard no nobler story than that of the dead Smith and the survivors of the fight on the Washita.

That celebrated Indian fighter, General Miles, U. S. Army, made a special report of this affair to the War Department, from which we make the following extract. Upon his recommendation the Medal of Honor was awarded to each survivor.

"I deem it but a duty to brave men and faithful soldiers, to bring to the notice of the highest military authority an instance of indomitable courage, skill, and true heroism on the part of a detachment from this command, with the request that the actors be rewarded, and their faithfulness and bravery recognized by pensions,

medals of honor, or in such way as may be deemed most fitting. . . .

"Although enclosed on all sides, and by overwhelming numbers, one of them succeeded, while they were under a severe fire at short range, and while the others with their rifles were keeping the Indians at bay, in digging with his knife and hands a slight cover. After this had been secured, they placed themselves within it; the wounded walking with brave and painful efforts, and Private Smith, though he had received a mortal wound, sitting upright within the trench, to conceal the crippled condition of their party from the Indians.

"From early morning till dark, outnumbered, twenty-five to one, under an almost constant fire, and at such short range that they sometimes used their pistols, retaining the last charge to prevent capture and torture, this little party of five defended their lives and the person of their dying comrade; without food, and their only drink the rain-water that collected in a pool mingled with their own blood. There is no doubt but that they killed more than double their number, besides those that were wounded. The exposure and distance from the command, which were necessarily incidents of their duty, were such that for thirty-six hours from the first attack their condition could not be known. . . .

"The simple recital of their deeds and the mention of the odds against which they fought; how the wounded defended the dying, and the dying aided the wounded by exposure to fresh wounds after the power of action was gone, these alone present a scene of cool courage, heroism,

and self-sacrifice, which duty as well as inclination prompt us to recognize, but which we cannot fitly honor."

### II. AN AFFAIR WITH THE COMANCHES.

Another episode of General Miles' campaign in Texas, in 1874, is described by a wearer of the Medal of Honor—First Sergeant GEORGE K. KITCHEN,* Troop "I," 5th U. S. Cavalry:

"On the morning of the 9th September, 1874, Captain Wyllis Lyman, 5th Infantry, with 'I' Co. of that regiment, and a detail of twenty cavalrymen, including myself, of Troops 'A,' 'H,' 'I,' and 'M,' 6th U. S. Cavalry, left Commission Creek, Ind. Ter., to escort a wagon train of supplies destined for the command of General Miles, on the headwaters of the Red River, Texas. The General was at that time engaged in suppressing a rising of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

"We pulled out from Commission Creek at 7 o'clock A.M., and crossed the Canadian River at 8.30 A.M. When about two miles from the river, and about 9 o'clock, we were suddenly attacked by a large band of hostiles.

"The train, consisting of 24 six-mule teams, was formed in two columns. The infantry formed line on each side of the

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* GEORGE K. KITCHEN *enlisted* at Harrisburg, July 21, 1870; assigned to Co. "H," 6th U. S. Cavalry; Corporal, April 2, 1872; Sergeant, May 2, 1872; MEDAL OF HONOR for action lasting Sept. 9th to Sept. 14th, 1874. Participated in an engagement with Indians under Lieut. Henely, 6th Cavalry, on Sappe Creek, Kansas, April, 1875.

*Re-enlisted* July 21, 1875, Troop "F," 5th Cavalry; Corporal same date; Sergeant, May 7, 1877.

*Re-enlisted* Troop "I," 5th Cavalry, July 21, 1880. Sergeant to date from May 7, 1877; 1st Sergeant July 22, 1880. Discharged as 1st Sergeant July 20, 1885. Character, "A most excellent non-commissioned officer, and thoroughly trustworthy and reliable man."

*Re-enlisted* Troop "I," 5th Cavalry, July 21, 1885. Re-appointed 1st Sergeant same date, with continuous rank.

train, and the cavalry detail, by repeated charges, strove to keep the Indians at a distance.

"In this fashion the command travelled on, fighting as we went, until we arrived at the sand hills, about one mile from the Washita River, Texas. At this point, after a short lull in the running fight, the Indians concentrated their entire force, and made a vigorous and united charge on the train. We afterwards learned their strength to be between seven and eight hundred warriors. This charge was repulsed after a hard fight, the Indians coming to within 50 yards of the train, and repeatedly attempting, after being beaten off, to overwhelm the troops by dint of superior numbers.

"The wagons were then, as it was impossible to advance, put 'into park' as rapidly as possible, forming in an egg shape. The infantry were thrown out on a skirmish line round the hastily formed corral, some 25 yards from the wagons. When this movement was completed, the little band of cavalry found themselves, at the end of some hard fighting, about 500 yards away from the skirmish line, and surrounded by the enemy. To regain their comrades of the 5th Infantry they had to charge through a mass of Indians, who concentrated themselves between them and the wagons. This was successfully done.*

"On reaching the 'park' we secured our horses inside the enclosure, and were then ordered out on the skirmish line.

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* About this time a trooper's horse was killed under him. Sergeant Kitchen halted and picked up the dismounted man behind him, and managed, under a heavy fire, to carry him off unhurt to the shelter of the corral.—[EDITOR.]

"The hostiles now divided, and about four hundred of them at this time made two unsuccessful charges on the right rear of the corral, defended by about one-half of the command. These charges were made in column of platoons, and the alignment was as precise and well maintained as regular troops could do it. Each time they came up to within 40 yards of the line in admirable order, and only the perfect steadiness and continuous, well-directed, firing of our troops prevented this well conceived and daringly executed movement from being successful.

"Our heavy firing, however, at last succeeded in repelling them in confusion from the very muzzles of our guns.

"The enemy then, unsuccessful in storming us, took up position on the numerous sand hills around, some as far away as four hundred yards, others at about only two hundred yards, surrounding us by a complete circle. As we lay beneath them we were exposed to a severe and vexatious fire from all points, and our return fire was comparatively harmless. When darkness arrived, we were divided up into squads, and orders were given to dig rifle-pits, from twenty to thirty yards distant, around the corral. The enemy followed our example and were occupied in intrenching themselves on the sand hills they held during the day. Their object now appeared to be to starve us out, as they knew we had no means of quenching our thirst. The Washita was one mile away, and the one water-hole near us had been inaccessible during the day, and our repeated attempts to get at it, at night, proved futile. Several details tried to reach the water, but the Indians placed a strong guard around it, and their fire was too well-directed to allow of

our men getting near. They would permit us to get within fifty yards of the hole, in fancied security, before opening on us, and then poured in their fire in a way which balked every effort of ours to reach the desired spot. In the mean time, a desultory fire was kept up by them from all sides of us.

"Next day this fire became regular and continuous, and was returned by us from the rifle-pits. The Indians performed some prodigies of horsemanship in full sight of us and in the most daring way, right before our fire, offering themselves in the most reckless way as targets for our fire. When we learned afterwards that Comanches were amongst our foes, we understood the cause of these freaks; these Indians being generally reckoned amongst the finest horsemen in the world, as they are perhaps the most showy, reckless and daring. One at least of every three of these foolhardy 'braves' was picked off by the marksmen of our little command, but this did not in the least prevent one of his comrades from at once taking his place, after the dead body of the first had been carried off. This was done always by two Indians, riding at full gallop, one on each side of the dead man, who was picked up by them without their making the slightest halt, and dragged into shelter.

"When we first went into corral there was but a very little water amongst the command, and this was saved for the use of the wounded. From the 9th to the morning of the 14th of September, no one, except our wounded, had one drop of water. On the third day, when driven almost to despair by the torments of thirst, some men opened a barrel of vinegar, and undertook to drink it when sweetened

somewhat by sugar. It was with difficulty that they were prevented from swallowing too much of the mixture. One of the ten men whom I had in my rifle-pit drank, in spite of my efforts to prevent any excess, so much of this drink that he became delirious and very violent. We had to tie him hand and foot to keep him inside the pit; he frothed at the mouth, bit and fought, and exhibited every token of insanity. It was two days before he recovered from the effects.

"The fighting, until the night of the 13th of September, was continued in the same way, we staying in our rifle-pits, exhausted by heat and thirst, and returning as best we could the fire of the Indians, who remained in possession of their sand hills.

"On the morning of the 14th we saw, with relief, the whole band of Indians pull out and move South. If we had had water we could have lasted a long time. Without it we could not have stood the siege for many more days.

"All our wounded got their hurts on the first day, except one trooper, who received a severe scalp wound on the last day. Lieutenant Lewis, 5th Infantry, was wounded in the knee, and afterwards, I heard, he had his leg amputated. We buried one sergeant, of 'I' Co., inside the corral. The assistant wagon-master was wounded, and died two days afterwards. Him, too, we laid beside the soldier in the corral, with brief but impressive ceremony.

"One-third of the horses were killed, and about one-half of the mules. When we started again on our march, on the morning of the 15th, having remained one day to 'straighten up,' a few of the wagons had four mules to

draw them, out of their original six; the rest had only two

"Captain Lyman, about a week after the action, went over the ground, and in one ravine counted forty fresh mounds, graves of the Indians slain, but their loss in fatally wounded and disabled must have been much more.

"The weather was throughout very hot, and the nights pitch dark.

"We were met on the Washita River by General Miles and his command, and went into camp for a few days to 'recuperate.' The rumor of this command's arrival near the scene of action had alarmed our opponents and been the cause of their sudden flight. We now learned that they were composed of Comanches and Kiowas united, who had left their reservation, on the war-path. After the fight with us they moved back, disheartened, we supposed, at their severe loss and failure to gain any plunder. At any rate, they kept within their bounds the rest of that year.

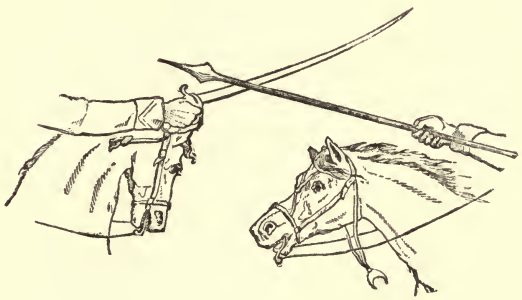
"During the fight, the stench from the dead animals, our own and the Indian ponies, was very horrible, and added much to the discomfort of the men, and the danger of sickness.

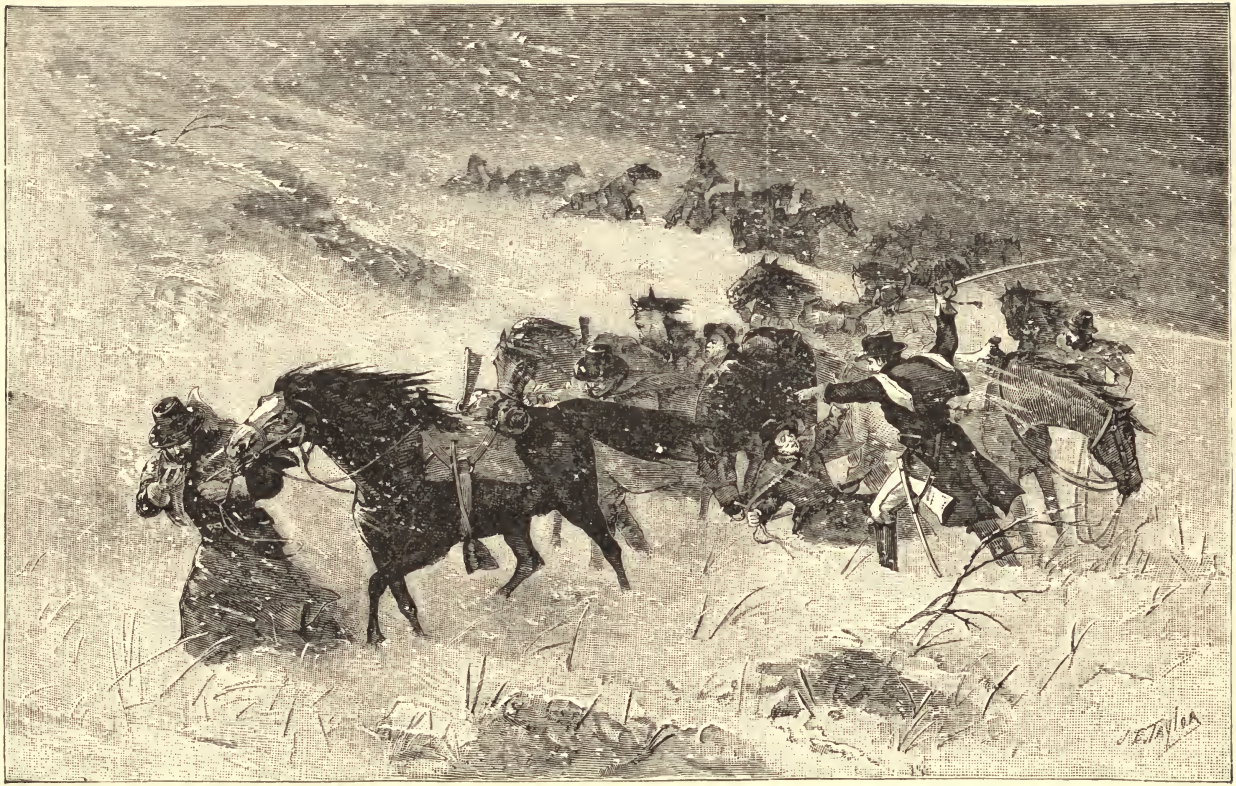
"On the third night we were corralled, the First Sergeant of the infantry company came to me and asked how long we could stand this. I thought then perhaps the best plan would be to fight our way through to the river, but this would entail the loss of the wagon-train. The First Sergeant (Mitchell, now ordnance sergeant at Fort Assinaboine) suggested we should fire the train to keep the Indians from getting it, and fight our way off by its

light. These suggestions, made at the time, show that, at one time, we felt little hope of the Indians raising the siege, or of our being relieved in reasonable time."*

* For conspicuous good conduct in the above affair, General Miles recommended the following enlisted men of the 5th Infantry for Medals of Honor, viz.: First Sergeant MITCHELL, Sergeant WILLIAM DEARMOND, Sergeant F. H. HAY; Corporals T. H. KELLY, JOHN T. W. KNOX, and T. TAMES; privates THOMAS KELLY and WILLIAM KOELPIN (now Battery F, 5th Artillery).

On May 18, 1875, the medals were awarded by the Honorable Secretary of War, and forwarded to headquarters 5th Infantry, where they were distributed on July 28, 1875.






OUR CAVALRY, IN WINTER.

PRIVATE WILLIAM EVANS,
SEVENTH U. S. INFANTRY.

## A SOLDIER-SCOUT'S STORY.

HAVE you ever thought what a sensation it would make if a detachment of United States Infantry and Cavalry, made up of men suddenly taken from the duty of the moment, were to appear on that busy thoroughfare, Broadway, to illustrate in panoramic fashion the Army as it is on the frontier? To nine-tenths of the people the nature of our military service on the far-away prairies, or at the foot of the rugged "Rockies," could in no other way be so distinctly set forth.

We will take our places on the steps of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and note the features of the procession.

A post commander at the head of the column: fortunately for him, he has been making his daily informal inspection of the post and vicinity and is mounted; he is nearing the retiring age, but is well preserved, rotund and

bald, with stiff Rebellion Burnside to crown his florid face. His uniform is a simple blouse, fastened by one button, soldier's blue trousers, and gaiters; as a conservative field-officer of infantry, he substitutes a light switch for spurs, to the evident satisfaction of his well-fed cob, which ambles quietly along.

The commanding officer's orderly closely follows. A cavalry soldier this, in natty clothing and spotless side-arms; the horse, groomed like a looking-glass, suffers himself to be curbed behind his more staid brother of "the foot," but evidently longs for a gallop.

With a free stride, but "route-step," a body of bronzed, athletic men approaches: the fact that they are soldiers cannot be concealed by a grotesque and unfamiliar dress; there are trousers of blue, tattered and torn, bound below the knee with strips of bagging, or turned up at the bottoms, or pushed into the tops of cowhide boots; there are shirts of all colors, open at the neck some of them, or with sleeves rolled to the elbow; hats and caps of varied ages and patterns. Each man carries a spade or an axe or an adze or a sledge-hammer or a saw; this is not a gang of laborers, nor is it a working party of military prisoners, but simply Company "L," of the —th Infantry, returning from its daily task of building quarters at the new post of Fort Barker. All drills have been suspended, and the necessary guard duty and roll-calls and Sunday-morning inspections are the only military duties performed by these soldiers for the last three months. Although "Uncle Sam is rich enough to buy us all a farm," he has frequent fits of false economy of this kind.

And now there comes to our ears the sharp flint-and-steel "click" of horses' shoes on the stony street. Four-score cavaliers in plainsmen's garb of buckskin, mingled with a dash of cavalry light-blue and yellow, with soft felt sombreros and boots to the knee, pass in review before the wondering tax-payer. The spare, soldierly man at the head of the column carries upon his body the scars of conflict on the Chicahominy; the solid little captain near the rear of the column has a name borne by three generations of American soldiers; there are other distinguished officers, so disguised by this bandit-like but most comfortable field-dress, that none but their men or intimate friends can recognize them. These troops are a part of the —th U. S. Cavalry, just starting on a campaign against the Sioux; when they come marching home again, their ranks will be somewhat thinner, their horses jaded and weary, but their task will have been done and well done.

In rear of the cavalry come the "packs," patient little long-eared creatures, trained to carry burdens larger in bulk than themselves, and to follow with sure-footed sagacity the leader, whose tinkling bell is their guide.

"Who are these in bright array?" Sixty mounted men in helmets with waving yellow plumes, buttoned, booted and spurred, with bright sabres, bronzed carbines, sitting like centaurs the snorting, curvetting chargers that spurn the roadway with an impatience due to idleness and oats. It is Troop "K," of the same regiment of cavalry whose curious outfit we have just noted. This troop has been left behind in garrison, and has been taking part in a parade of ceremony.

Three ambulances succeed the horsemen. Each is drawn by four nimble mules. The curtains are rolled up, and we can note the faces of the passengers. They are clad in furs, although it is not cold. They represent the survivors of three Arctic expeditions, and almost without exception they are from the cavalry and infantry—officers and men; a mere handful of brave spirits, nerved and trained for world-wide exploration by their army service on the Plains.

If the reader can imagine this Broadway spectacle, perhaps he may follow us to the great North-west, where, amid storm and wind and deep snow, a little party of cavalry is returning from a scout.*

The thermometer registers 42° below; the driving sleet, and the breath from mouth and nostrils, freezing upon mustache and beard and eyes, forms a solid mask of ice upon the faces of the blinded, perishing men; far back, like a broad red ribbon, stretches the bloody trail, where the horses' feet have broken through the sharp crust of the snow-drift, and the exhausted animals suffer themselves to be urged into a barely perceptible motion by their half-conscious and dismounted riders; some of whom would fain yield to a deadly languor, from which they can only be roused by flat of sabre well laid on. The column is steered by a compass in the hands of the leading man. Left to themselves, these soldiers would never reach an earthly destination, but with a resolute, experienced commander, and a habit of discipline and obedience to orders, the detachment will, ere many hours, reach the shelter of a

* See engraving facing chapter.

cattle ranch, where they may be sure of a warm and friendly welcome.

But there are other uses for the Army than to hunt the warlike Sioux or the treacherous Apache. Our friend the reader may see, as with the eye of a bird, the little encampments of a few tents each, scattered all over the public domain west of the Missouri and south of the British possessions in North America. These are the bivouacs of military geographers, geologists, meteorologists, telegraph linesmen, and others; they are the skirmishers of civilization, the outposts of settlement, the harbingers of Peace, and yet they are fitted out from the Department of War.

But this is a long digression from the title of this chapter, which has to do with a phase of army life not yet touched upon. It is the narrative of a soldier—Private WILLIAM EVANS,* 7th U. S. Infantry—who won the Medal of Honor in gallant and important, if bloodless, service: twice taking "his life in his hand" as a bearer of despatches. The nature of this service is set forth in the following document:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF DAKOTA.

"*In the Field Camp at mouth of Big Horn River, July* 26, 1876.

"*General Field-Orders,*

"*No.* 5.

"The Department Commander has recently had urgent occasion to communicate from this camp with Brigadier-General Crook, commanding a force encamped on the headwaters of Powder River. The duty of carrying despatches between those points, through a country occupied by a large force of hostile Sioux, was of the most arduous and perilous nature. A scout, inspired by the

* Enlisted at St. Louis, April 26, 1875; assigned to "E," 7th U. S. Inf.; enlisted Camp Baker, M. T. (Co. D), Nov. 2, 1878; re-enlisted Nov. 2, 1883. Corporal Nov. 30, 1880. Honorably mentioned in Regimental, Department and General Field Orders for gallant service. Medal of Honor, August, 1876.

promise of a large reward, made the attempt but soon abandoned it as hopeless As a last resort, a call was made upon the troops of this command for volunteers, in response to which not less than twelve enlisted men promptly offered their services. From among these the following named soldiers were selected: privates William Evans, Benjamin F. Stewart, and James Bell of Co. 'E,' 7th Infantry.

"On the 9th day of July they set out for General Crook's camp, which they reached on the twelfth, delivered the despatches, and returned, arriving in camp on the 25th.

"In making this public acknowledgment of the important service voluntarily rendered by these soldiers at the imminent risk of their lives, the Department Commander desires to express his deep regret that at present it is not in his power to bestow the substantial reward which has been so well earned; but he is confident that an achievement undertaken in so soldier-like a spirit, and carried so gallantly to a successful issue, will not be permitted to pass unrewarded. The exploit is one calculated to establish in the public mind a higher and more just estimate of the character of the United States Soldier.

"The Department Commander, on his own behalf and on behalf of the officers of this command, desires thus publicly to thank privates William Evans, Benjamin F. Stewart and James Bell, Co. 'E,' 7th Infantry, for a deed which reflects so much credit on the Service.

"By command of Brigadier-General Terry,
"ED. W. SMITH, Capt. 18th Infantry,
"*Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

Following is an extract from Evans' modest statement:

"Being requested to furnish a sketch of my services in the army, and any remarkable incidents that I have taken part in, I will give all the facts in my possession.

## AN ARMY RECRUIT.

"I enlisted in the army on the 10th day of April, 1875, in St. Louis; was sent from there to Newport, Kentucky, and assigned to the Seventh Regiment of Infantry. Arriving

at Carroll, on Missouri River, in July, started on our march to Camp Baker, Montana—distance, 165 miles.

"There were 225 recruits, among whom *four* rifles were distributed for defensive purposes. The country was full of hostile red-skins. A number of friendly Crow Indians rode with the column part of the way, and it almost made our hair turn gray to look at them. We recruits didn't know the difference between Crow and Sioux, our information being limited to the wooden Indian of the tobacconist; and the old soldiers seemed to delight in our ignorance. On the fourth day we reached Camp Browning, where two companies of the regiment were stationed. After dinner the men not on duty were permitted to enjoy themselves after their own fashion; some went hunting, some to fish, and a number, myself included, to wash our clothes in the creek near by.

"About two o'clock the camp was attacked by Indians. All the hunters were killed, one of the fishermen was wounded, and some who had gone into the woods for fuel had nothing to defend themselves with but axes. Those of us who were washing clothes escaped with our lives. We were entirely naked (as we had been swimming), and although some of the hostiles came near us they did not molest us; probably taking us for squaws or lunatics. The Indians left, taking with them some of our cattle and horses. Lieutenant Woodruff pursued, and captured sixteen head of stock. We found the hunting party dead and scalped on the skirmish line, except one, and he had reached the foothills, getting behind a rock, where he had fired thirty-eight

cartridges (as we found the empty shells) before he was killed.

"This was not a cheerful first experience for us, especially as we expected to march 200 miles further without any weapons. But we were not annoyed again, thanks to our friends, the Crows, who attacked the Sioux the next day and whipped them.

### WINTER ON THE PLAINS.

"I soon had a taste of winter campaigning; not winter according to the almanac, but as it is to be found on the Plains. Our company, 'E,' Captain Clifford, was ordered on the Yellowstone Expedition, March 17, 1876. Left Camp Baker, thermometer 30° below zero, with snow three feet deep. First day out all our wagons rolled down White's Gulch Divide. Spent all day getting them right side up. With two of the company badly frozen, travelled three days through snow three feet deep. Arrived at Fort Ellis; was left behind to drive for Fort Shaw command, my company going ahead as escort to wagons. One of our men deserted on road but was captured in Bozeman, and I was ordered to hitch up team and take the deserter and catch up with my company. Left the fort at three o'clock in afternoon; got into a snow-storm on Bridger Pass Divide. This divide is a part of the Rocky Mountains, and overlooks Fort Ellis and the beautiful Gallatin Valley; it is thickly covered with pine timber, and wears a virgin crown of snow the year around. It is at this place that the Northern Pacific Railroad tunnelled through the mountain, from the Valley of the Yellowstone to that of the

Gallatin. We had not been out long when it commenced to snow, one of those blizzards for which that country is noted. Soon lost all trace of the road and started over a road of our own; this was not a success, as before we reached the summit the wagon stuck fast in the timber, and we could not get it out without axes, which we did not have. It was the coldest night I ever saw. Left wagon next morning; had to give deserter two mules and took two myself. Caught up with company at Quinn's Ranch, thermometer 42 below. On our arrival I did not know for some minutes whether I was alive or not. As Quinn sold what they term whiskey in this country, my company commander, Captain Clifford, ordered me, I think, about a quart, and it was all that saved my life. A party of men were sent back for the wagon; they had a hard time finding it, and a harder time to get it out of the drift. Ever since, they have called it 'Evans' Snow Trail over the Moon.'

CARRYING DESPATCHES.

"On our arrival at old Fort Pease on the Yellowstone, the regimental commander, General Gibbon, desired to send despatches to General Terry, who was crossing overland from Fort Lincoln. It was necessary to travel by water, and, being a pretty fair boatman, the choice fell upon me. At that time I was a very young soldier and not much inspired with the military spirit that afterwards was instilled into me by my company commander, the late Capt. Walter Clifford. If ever there was a man to train a soldier for the field, it was that man. Coming to me, he said: 'Evans,

you are a good boatman and, so far as I know, you are no coward. I want you to take this trip. I do not want one of my men to go where I would not go myself, but the General will not let me go.' 'All right, Captain, tell the General I will go.' I and a scout (Williamson) and a comrade (Stewart) started that night by moonlight. Our orders were to travel the stream only at night, but in this instance positive orders had to be disobeyed or we should have perished with hunger. Starting from the mouth of the Big Horn River in skiff, we proceeded down the Yellowstone very slowly, as we dare not use oars; there were Indians on both sides of the river and we had almost to hold our breaths. The western bank of the river in many places is like beautiful enclosed parks, with elk, deer, buffalo, antelope, and other kinds of game down to the squirrel; while in this part of the Yellowstone there is the finest mountain trout. The east bank is more mountainous, occasionally broken by heavily timbered bottoms. Farther down, between Powder River and Glendive, the scenery was really grand, as though we were sailing through a city in ruins, with the beautiful rounded peaks running up to the clouds like church spires. The ground was covered with petrified wood, shells and fish. I was almost afraid to stop there for fear of being turned to stone. The same night we ran past an Indian camp and were nearly given away by their dogs, who howled and barked while we pulled like good fellows until morning, when, finding we were not pursued we laid to under some willows and took a nap. The second night out, after running into various sloughs and carrying our boat over sand-bars, we arrived at what is now

known as Buffalo Rapids. In running the rapids in the dark we ran against the rocks and smashed our boat.

"We, however, succeeded in landing with our rifles and one can of peaches; all the rest being lost, and not knowing how far we had to go, we sat down, rested and ate the can of peaches. We arrived at Glendive Creek about three o'clock P.M., and there met Colonel Moore with four companies, Sixth Infantry. One incident of our trip that made us 'feel strange around where we lived,' was the sight of three black-tail deer standing directly in line with each other, and we three hungry men stood looking at them without daring to fire a shot.

"Colonel Moore kindly sent his own scouts on with the despatches, returning two days afterward with the answer. We volunteered to return with answer, but Colonel Moore sent his own scouts, as he did not seem to put much confidence in soldiers carrying despatches. Those same scouts talked so much about Indians, and what they should do in case of an attack, that they scared each other almost to death before leaving. As Captain Powell and the sergeant-major were present, I offered to bet $10 they would be back before morning, which bet the sergeant-major accepted, and lost. The first thing we saw at reveille were the scouts returning without either ammunition or rations; they said they had run into Indians and had thrown everything away. I went up to Colonel Moore and told him if he would transfer the vouchers to me I would carry back the answer. The steamer 'Far West' coming up the river, we all got on board and went up as far as Powder River, Colonel Moore giving me his own horse. I was just in the saddle when I

espied the first boat coming down, which was the advance of my own command; thereby losing my $250, which was on the vouchers.

AN ARMY COURIER.

"After both commands joined, nothing occurred worth relating, until after the Custer battle, which happened on June 26. After our return from that fated field to the mouth of Big Horn, General Terry, desiring to communicate with General Crook, rewards of $1200 were offered. As usual, citizens got the first show, and, as usual, failed, when General Terry called on the command for volunteers. Twelve men out of the command answered the call. Our opinions were asked in regard to routes on map, and I was chosen; I suppose because I made a success of the last trip, or probably because I chose the most direct route on the map. I had my choice either to go alone, or to take two men with me. My company commander decided for me that I should take two men with me, and also that they should be of my own company; those that he knew he could trust. We were furnished by Captain Clifford with all we had in line of equipments, field glasses, compass, maps, and, above all, his own experiences in cases of emergency, which were very useful. Crossing the river at dark on steam-boat, with one company of cavalry as escort to come with us 12 miles, as the Indians were pretty thick around the bank of the river, we proceeded up Tullick's Forks until about 9 o'clock, when Lieutenant Roe, Second Cavalry, returned. My orders on leaving the camp were that, whichever way any two of the party wanted to go

in case of dispute, that the third should be compelled to comply; also to travel as little as possible in daytime; but on all trips of that kind you have got to use your own judgment to a certain extent.

"We travelled all night. Our horses becoming tired, we dismounted behind the largest hill we could find, so we could look the country over at daylight and also rest the horses for whatever the day might bring forth.

"Not seeing anything stirring, we kept on until we struck the Rosebud Divide. Going down the mountains into the cañon, we found the very spot where the Indians buried their dead, the first camp they made after they fell back from the Custer battle. The Indians were buried on posts set in the ground with poles on the top; they were wrapped in white cotton sheeting which had blood-stains on it, proving that those Indians had been wounded and taken along that far, when they died.

"A CLOSE CALL."

"We dismounted and had counted about 30 dead Indians, when around the bend of the stream came the head of a herd of ponies, driven by about sixty hostile Indians.

"As fortune would have it, we were at the bottom of a ravine in the cañon, and it was there Captain Clifford's advice came in good—'Keep cool.' We consulted a moment, and came to the conclusion that it was no good running away, so when the head of the herd came along we very quietly led our horses into the herd and travelled along with them until it became dark, when it did not take us long to get out of that vicinity. This was the closest call we had on

the trip, though we were badly scared the same night, or about two o'clock in the morning. It was pitch dark, and raining as it had never rained before; and as the horses could travel no longer, we dismounted. We took our lariats and tied them around us and let the horses feed. We could not have been more than 15 minutes in the place when we were all asleep; the horses getting scared, tried to run away and pulled us in three different directions. You may guess we were frightened, but did not call out, as we dare not. It took us half an hour to find each other, when we proceeded on our way and found out afterwards that it was Crook's old battle-ground we had laid down in, and the wolves eating dead mules that frightened the horses. We left the cañon at daybreak and branched off on Ash Creek, a tributary of Tongue River, where we struck Crook's trail. Following up the trails was where the first dispute arose. About 4 P.M. we saw two different smokes at the foot of Big Horn Mountains. We were about thirty miles away at the time. Taking out the map we found out in which direction Goose Creek ran, where we expected to find Crook's camp. Then Stewart and I decided to take the left-hand smoke, as it was the most direct to Goose Creek; Bell deciding to go the other way. So we failed to obey orders in so far as we let him go. He started and went about a mile and came galloping back with the very natural question, 'But I have no despatches; what will I do if it happens to be the camp?' 'Well, if you insist on going, tell the General that we expected to find him on Goose Creek, and that if he is not there, that he will find us in Fetterman; that our hard tack has given out, and that this command is on half

rations long enough.' 'Well,' he says, 'you can give that message to the General yourself; I guess I will go along with the crowd;' and as it happened, he was wise, as he would have walked right into the Indian camp. We travelled all night, and about nine o'clock saw the glad sight of canvas spread, but were not close enough to tell whether Indian tepees or soldiers' tents. Keeping right on we were rewarded with finding tents, and were very lucky that we were not one hour earlier or we would never have reached it alive, as the Indians had attacked the camp that morning, burning the prairie and driving the encampment across Goose Creek, leaving some of the Third Cavalry mess-kits behind. When we arrived and saw it we did not know what to do, as we could not see the camp for smoke, but concluded to go ahead,—generally the best thing to do in Indian warfare.

"It was a great surprise to the officers and men when they saw us arrive, as they did not think it possible for any white men to be in that vicinity, and still a greater surprise when they heard that General Custer was killed, with all his men. We being tired and wanting rest, General Crook attached us to H Co., 9th Infantry, and ordered me to report to him next morning. But there was little rest for the weary in that camp, as there were present five or six reporters of prominent papers. Between them and the officers and soldiers, we got no sleep until near midnight. The camp was attacked about eleven at night, we sleeping in the First Sergeant's tent. When he left the tent to form company, he asked us if we would go along. I turned over and said, 'What do you say, boys, will we go, or take our chances

sleeping?' Stewart said, 'Let us go to the next world asleep, if we have to go,' and we were asleep in a second and did not hear any more of the fight, which lasted over one hour, as we were told next morning.

"When we left General Terry's command there were three Crow Indians sent out in a different direction, in case we should not be able to get through. They arrived in General Crook's camp three days after us. After asking in regard to trails crossed and Indians seen en route, the General asked me if we would volunteer to return with an answer, giving us our choice; telling me both commands were going to join, and saying if we did not like to return, he would send the Indians. Bell's horse dying the day we arrived in camp, he could not come, so Stewart and I volunteered to return. He entrusted his despatches to me, sending the three Crow scouts with us. We left the command at dark and had proceeded but a little way when the Indians called a halt, and commenced eating their five days' rations, which did not take them long. Not being satisfied, one of them, 'Buffalo Calf' by name, came over to where our haversacks were laying on the ground, and picked them up and walked off; they ate the contents of them, as well as their own, not paying any attention to our remonstrances. We then made up our minds that when we arrived in a country where we dare fire a shot, that there would be three more 'good Indians'; but a lucky accident happened which saved them and also satisfied us. We travelled two nights and one day. At about noon on the second day we arrived at Custer's battlefield and there saw a calf, the only game we saw in the country on the trip. The Indians were laugh-

ing at us. Our eyes were sticking out of our heads with hunger. When I saw that calf I dismounted, and would have shot if the world was coming to an end; but the Indians commenced gesticulating for me to stop and they would get the calf, which they did, by running it down. Well, you ought to have seen us watching that calf, with our guns in our hands. We were bound to temper their appetites on this occasion. Whether they took the hint or not, they acted like gentlemen, cooking the best parts of it first for us and then filling our haversacks to make up for our rations, and having lots of fun at our pitiable condition and looks. There was nothing more happened, on our trip back, of any moment.

"When we arrived at Yellowstone our camp had moved down river, which was a disappointment to us, made up, however, when we arrived there, by the welcome we received from both officers and men. There being no steam-boat up at the time, we could not get our horses across the river just then. The steamer 'Far West' came up that night. It was commanded by Captain Grant Marsh, the brave man who ran his boat up the river for Custer's wounded soldiers, making the remark that he would go there if he had to take her overland; which he did the bigger part of the way.

"Not liking to leave the horse that had carried me so far, across the river to be eaten up by buffalo gnats, I went to General Gibbon and requested him to get the steam-boat to go for him; the General told me to go to Captain Marsh myself, that he would go for me if I asked him. Captain Marsh was at the head of the table at a dinner given to some of the officers and tourists that were aboard his boat

when I made the request. Pulling me into his cabin he made the remark to his guests that there was no service, either he or his boat could perform, that I was not welcome to; drinking my health, and at the same time ordering steam up. General Gibbon made me a present of the horse for my devotion to him.

"HEADQUARTERS 7TH INFANTRY,
"CAMP MOUTH OF ROSEBUD, M. T.,
"*General Orders,* *August* 5, 1876.

"*No.* 14.

"In communicating to the regiment General Orders No. 5, Department of Dakota, the regimental commander desires to express his obligation to privates Evans, Stewart and Bell for the gallant and important services rendered. In doing so, he recalls the fact with pride that this is the second time during the operations of this summer that privates Evans and Stewart have volunteered to carry important despatches at the imminent risk of their lives, and he congratulates them that they were as successful in the second effort as in the first. Such conduct cannot fail to reflect great credit on these soldiers and the organization to which they belong.

"By order of Colonel John Gibbon. LEVI F. BURNETT,
"*1st Lieut. and Adjt. 7th Infantry.*"

LITTLE WOLF AND HIS CAPTOR.
(THE LATE CAPTAIN CLARK, 2D U. S. CAVALRY.)

SERGEANT WILLIAM B. LEWIS,
THIRD U. S. CAVALRY VOL.

## HUNTING LITTLE WOLF.

THE Northern Cheyennes being unhappy and dissatisfied on account of sickness, caused by the strange climate of Indian Territory, where they were sent by the Interior Department, had traversed the State of Kansas during the autumn of 1878, desolating happy homes and committing many outrages on their path to their old home in the North.

After a close pursuit by the troops of three departments they divided into two parties. A portion of them, under Chief "Dull Knife," consisting of one hundred and forty-nine Indians and one hundred and forty ponies, were captured in the sand hills of Nebraska by the command of Captain Johnson, 3d Cavalry, who had two Sioux guides, Lone Bear and Eagle Pipe. Their arms and ponies were taken away, but the prisoners said they would die rather than

be taken back to Indian Territory. When told they must go to Fort Robinson, and regarding this as a step toward the hated Indian Territory, they began digging rifle-pits and a fight seemed inevitable; but through the coolness and judgment displayed by the officers it was avoided and they yielded peaceably, were taken to Camp Robinson through a snow-storm, and there confined in an empty barrack.

The other party, under "Little Wolf," escaped by scattering in the sand hills, where a dense snow covered their trail, and though the pursuit was kept up till numbers of the soldiers were frozen, it was fruitless.

Remaining in confinement from October till January, closely guarded by sentinels on all sides of the barracks, Dull Knife's band was notified that the Interior Department had directed them to be returned to Indian Territory. The few who were willing to go and began to make preparations for departure were forcibly detained in the prison-room by those who dreaded punishment for their misdeeds, and were determined to die rather than be taken back South again.

## THE INDIAN FUGITIVES.

Wild Hog, a bad Indian and the principal disturber, was arrested and securely ironed January 9, after a very severe struggle, in which a soldier, one of the guard, was stabbed.

The Indians in the prison-room immediately barricaded the doors and windows to conceal their movements; began tearing up the floor, and made rifle-pits commanding all the entrances. Some carbines and pistols, as well as ammunition in plenty, had been obtained from the Sioux, at the agency near, who were secretly friendly to them, and being in many

instances related by marriage had been allowed to visit them. Squaws had undoubtedly concealed the articles in their blankets and clothes, thus passing the guard. The barrack was now in such a condition that for any white man to enter was certain death ; six sentries were posted around the building. About ten o'clock on the night of January 10, shots were fired from the windows, killing two sentinels and wounding the corporal in the guard-room. The Indians then burst from all the windows in a rush for "liberty or death," securing the arms and ammunition of the disabled sentinels. The garrison gave chase immediately, the Indians retreating toward a creek near the post and keeping up a constant fire on the troops. All refused to surrender when called upon to do so. Thirty-two Indians were killed and seven were captured ; the remainder were pursued, and at a point twelve miles from the post intrenched themselves strongly, and having plenty of ammunition, probably concealed for their use by friends, by previous arrangement, were able to keep the troops at a respectful distance.

The next day Lieutenant Simpson, 3d Cavalry, had two skirmishes with them and lost a corporal killed and one man wounded. The next day they again strongly intrenched themselves in a place about twenty miles from Ft. Robinson. Shells were fired into their fortification, but during the night they succeeded in escaping under cover of darkness. Forty-five Indians now remained, evidently bent on joining Little Wolf's band, and preferring death to recapture.

General Sheridan had telegraphed orders to the commanding officer at Ft. Laramie, Wyo., "to send all his cavalry to capture or kill this band." After hard marching by day and

night, this command had again, January 20, driven the Indians to intrench themselves in a high, rocky peak, several hundred feet above the mountains through which they had been chased, commanding the surrounding ground on three sides on which the troops must advance, and almost perpendicular to the valley on the other. Coming upon them suddenly, after hours of climbing up and down the steep mountains the Indians had chosen as more difficult to follow them in, the command was greeted with a volley; fortunately no one was hurt, but on the command being withdrawn to cover, a captain and two of his men were found missing. No one knew where the Indians were concealed, or from which direction to expect the next volley. Another captain, selecting several of the best shots in his troop, crawled warily forward to relieve the beleaguered captain and his men, if alive, or to recover their bodies and prevent mutilation; and by calling out, thus making their whereabouts known to the hostiles as well as their friends, found to their joy that they were still alive, and concealed in a pit in the rocks to which they had betaken themselves for cover, not knowing which direction the Indians were in. Warning their friends as to their intention of keeping up a hot fire on the Indian position to keep the Indians down, their friends were enabled to slowly work their way out of their awkward predicament.

It being impossible to dislodge the Indians, and darkness coming on, accompanied by a snow-storm, guards were posted on three sides of the rocky bluff to prevent escape. The command in the valley a mile below them, having heard the firing, had gone into camp at the foot of the wall of rock on the other side, so that their position, though im-

pregnable, was nearly surrounded, and it was thought the Indians couldn't get away this time.

### ELUDING PURSUIT.

At dawn, the watchers, who had paced wearily around the eyry all night, were surprised to see the command at the foot of the wall moving across the valley below them; shots were fired, flags waved, but all means of signalling failed to stop them, and a messenger could only reach them by a trail fully fifteen miles around. Had the Indians, or a part of them, escaped during the night? The commanding officer announced that it would be foolish to expose the whole command to a murderous fire while climbing the bluff, and that he wouldn't order anybody to throw his life away in discovering whether the Indians were still there, but if two or three men would volunteer, they could go. Hardly were the words spoken when Sergeant WILLIAM B. LEWIS of B Troop stepped up, and with his heels together, saluted, and said: "I'd like to go, Sir." Two more men volunteered, and after receiving instructions as to the signals to be used in the event of any discoveries, started forward, carbines in hand and belts full of cartridges, to prevent the useless sacrifice of many lives. Stealthily moving from cover to cover, and climbing, climbing, till lost to the view of the command, they struggled upward, liable at each new step to be greeted with a volley that would doom them to lonely graves, and possibly a report in the papers that "a sergeant and two privates were killed." After a seemingly long while a shot is fired. Has one of the men been killed? Anxious guesses are made as to what it means. Sergeant Lewis has gotten in the first

shot at a wounded warrior, unable to travel, but very wide awake and thoroughly able to use his cocked rifle, which he holds ready for use on one of the Sergeant's companions, the noise of whose movements has alarmed him. A dull thump and a limp fall convinces the Sergeant that the "bullet has found its billet." He moves forward warily now, as there may be others equally eager for a shot at him; he soon discovers, however, that this was the only one, and climbing to a point whence the command, which is eagerly watching for him, can see him he waves his hat to let them know that the Indians have fled. The commands, "Mount!" and "Forward!" are promptly obeyed, and the cavalcade moves out at a trot to join their friends in the valley, whose movements are now understood; horses being left for the Sergeant and his men to come up with. The Indians were making for the Red Cloud Agency and friends.

### A FAINT TRAIL.

The trail which the Indians made after making their perilous descent was almost obliterated by the snow which fell during the night, and they counted on its making it impossible to follow them, and leaving the "sojers" at a loss to know where they had gone; but Captain Wessells had at dawn discovered the faint trail, and his sharp-eyed trailers followed it diligently till he overtook the Indians on the 22d, intrenched in a circular gully caused by a water-spout, on a knoll which commanded the surrounding ground, and which they materially strengthened by judicious digging with their knives.

SAVAGE DESPERATION.

Captain Wessells surrounded their position with his four troops of cavalry, and, with an interpreter, crawled forward toward their breastwork and raised a white flag, the meaning of which is understood by almost all Indians. He told the interpreter to tell the Indians he didn't want to hurt them; he told them that the soldiers were their friends, but had to do what the "Great Father" ordered, and that the soldiers must either take them back to Fort Robinson or kill them all. For answer, a volley was fired, which knocked off the interpreter's hat. Captain Wessells then, seeing that the Indians were desperate and would not listen to him, ordered a charge. The men dismounted, rushed up the open space surrounding the pit, and discharged their weapons in the faces of their enemies, but were forced to retire, leaving Captain Wessells wounded in the head and bleeding.

Lieutenant Chase, seeing that he was not dead, picked him up, and endeavored to carry him out of danger, but was promptly notified that, being next in command, he must take charge.

The interpreter was again used, with as little success as before, and another charge was made. After the third trial, failing to effect anything, the interpreter swore that he wouldn't risk his life again in such foolishness. Seeing that the Indians were desperate, and meant to die there, repeated charges were made, till, no more resistance being offered, the pit was examined, found full of dead, and nine Indians were captured, three of whom were wounded. Our

old friends of the mountain-top rode up too late for the fight.

Burying the dead and rigging *travois* for the wounded the command started back to their garrisons, mourning their dead comrades and the stern necessity which had compelled them to kill all the occupants of the pit, who preferred death to recapture; and after facing death in one form, now looked at it through another, through the bitter cold of a Wyoming January.

AWARDING THE MEDAL.

The garrison of Fort Laramie is in gala dress this April evening; what does it all mean? The call for "Dress Parade!" has been sounded, the band plays, line is formed. The Adjutant, having presented the regiment, is directed by the Colonel to, "Publish the orders, Sir," faces about and reads the following:

"HDQRS. FT. LARAMIE, WYO. TY.

"*Orders,* *Abril* 17, 1886.

"*No.* 21.

"The Congress of the United States having conferred upon Sergeant WM. B. LEWIS of Company B, 3d Cavalry, a 'Medal of Honor,' for bravery exhibited in an affair with hostile Indians near Bluff Station, Wyo. Ty., on January 20 and 22, 1879, the same will be delivered to him on parade this evening, and will be worn by him on all dress occasions.

"By order of Major Evans.

"(Signed) JNO. C. THOMPSON,

"*1st Lt. and Adjt. 3d Cavalry,*

"*Post Adjutant.*"

Sergeant Lewis being directed to step forward, does so: the Colonel pins the Medal on his breast, and with a

few kind words excuses him. The Adjutant commands, "Parade is dismissed!" joins the officers in the march to salute the Colonel, and he, as well as every other officer in that line, as it halts and salutes, would brave any danger to wear deservedly the Medal just delivered; while the men in ranks feel a thrill of pride in the Sergeant for his gallantry, and gather about him on being dismissed, to look upon, and reverently touch, his Medal.

### A BLOODLESS VICTORY.

Lieut. WILLIAM P. CLARK, the officer selected by the Department Commander to capture the remnant of the desperate band whose fate has already been described, was a subaltern of the Second Cavalry, and had for a number of years made the study of Indian character and customs a specialty, and was greatly respected by both savage and civilized men. He was young, handsome, brave, and straightforward, and the sequel proved the wisdom of his selection. In command of a squadron of his regiment and some trusted Indian scouts, the hostiles were soon overhauled. Lieutenant Clark says in his report:

"The next morning I struck an old camp of the hostiles, two days old, after I had marched some three miles; and about two miles further, two of my Cheyenne scouts met me, bringing three of the hostiles with them; said they went into camp during the night, and had delivered my terms, which the hostiles said they would accept. The three Cheyennes, brought to me, corroborated this statement, but desired me to go into camp where I was, and their village would move over and join me; that if I

marched up to their camp, the women and children might be frightened and there might be some trouble. I declined, of course, to do anything of this sort, but selected the two head-men, Brave Wolf and Two Moon, of my Cheyenne scouts, to ride on ahead and renew, briefly, kindly and firmly, my terms, and bring Little Wolf out to me as I approached the village with my command.

"This the scouts did, and Brave Wolf added to the message in delivering it, 'I love the soldiers at Keogh; I go with them to fight all their enemies, and if you will not listen, you will force me to fight my own people, for you are my kinsfolk.'

"Little Wolf met me about half a mile from his camp, and said he would accept the terms offered by my scouts, and that he was glad to meet me again. I marched my command to within one hundred yards of the village, which was in a natural fortress,—and they had strengthened it by breastworks of stone and dirt,—and put my forces in the next best and strongest position about there, both for their protection and to attack, in case there should be any necessity for such a measure. After about an hour, to allow the excitement to wear away and to give my Cheyenne scouts time to talk the matter over with them, I went over to the camp, taking off my arms to show them that I had confidence in them, and briefly told them in council what they must do, as far as I was concerned; that I had told my scouts to give them no lies and I hoped they had done as I had told them; that the guns and ponies must be given up. This was the price of Peace, and they must pay it. I wanted the guns then, and would take the ponies when we reached Keogh;

that I was truly and heartily glad we had arranged this matter without loss of life on either side; they had ears and sense; they must listen and use their reason; there were many troops and Indian scouts in the country, and I thought they were wise to surrender.

"Little Wolf said, in reply, 'Since I left you at Red Cloud we have been South, and have suffered a great deal down there. Many have died of diseases which we have no names for. Our hearts looked and longed for this country where we were born. There are only a few of us left, and we only wanted a little ground where we could live. We left our lodges standing, and ran away in the night. The troops followed us. I rode out and told the troops we did not want to fight; we only wanted to go North, and if they would let us alone we would kill no one. The only reply we got was a volley. After that we had to fight our way, but we killed none who did not fire at us first. My brother, Dull Knife, took one-half of the band and surrendered, near Camp Robinson. He thought you were still there and would look out for him. They gave up their guns, and then the whites killed them all. I am out in the prairie, and need my guns here. When I get to Keogh I will give you the guns and ponies, but I cannot give up the guns now. You are the only one who has offered to talk before fighting, and it looks as though the wind, which has made our hearts flutter for so long, would now go down. I am very glad we did not fight, and that none of my people or yours are killed. My young men are brave, and would be glad to go with you to fight the Sioux.'

"One or two others followed with similar remarks. They were suspicious, and the idea of giving up guns, at once, startled them, and in the fear of this, to them, immediate danger, forgot the future, and failed to ask me any questions about staying in the northern country. I therefore held them to the terms as long as I deemed judicious, and compromised on my wagons as the place of giving up guns, to which they agreed. I felt that from this time out they would camp where I told them, and I could reverse our present position; and though I had no fear whatever of any trouble, I deemed it best to secure this advantage at once. I therefore told them to pack up and we would move out a short distance that afternoon. We moved about six miles and camped. I issued them some rations, and Dr. Sabin kindly looked after their sick and cared for their wounded; and by the time we reached our wagons a great deal of confidence had been restored and good feeling really established.

"While the command was out the thermometer indicated 33° below zero. It has snowed and rained, and the ice has gone out of the streams, leaving them swollen, difficult and dangerous to ford."

* * * * * * *

"WHITE HAT" AND THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

"In September, 1884, a party of army officers, cut off for a week from mail and telegraph communication, whilst passing through the wilderness between Forts McKinney and Washakie, was approaching the latter post, when, late one night, a courier arrived, bringing despatches and mail. In

one of the letters the death of Capt. W. P. Clark, 2d Cavalry, was mentioned. A day or two afterward the courier, who was the Post guide and interpreter at Washakie, told us something which excited great curiosity and surprise. A few days before leaving, he was riding some miles from the Post when he met an Indian, who, without uttering a word, and by means of *the sign language alone*, told him that Captain Clark was dead! The Indian had heard the news at the Agency, and imparted it to a man of whose language he could not speak a word. Now that Indians, like deaf-mutes, could communicate by 'signs' we all know, but here was an *unexpected* event, occurring *thousands of miles* away, and yet this Indian, without using his tongue at all, was enabled to communicate it to another. The assertion was at first startling. Captain Clark, although known in person to many of the Plains Indians, could be known by *his name* to the very few capable of speaking English, but those who did know him must have some way of designating him, and here was the key to the whole mystery. Indians designate each other by some attribute of the person, or by some incident in the life of the person referred to. Captain Clark, while serving with Indian scouts, wore a white felt hat, and hence was known as 'the Chief with the White Hat.' His proficiency in the sign language was such as to make him a marked man among them, and hence it was easy for an Indian to designate him as 'the Chief of the White Hat, who talked so well with his hands.' Of course, if the man spoken to had not known of Captain Clark he could not have guessed who was alluded to, nor indeed could you or I know who was alluded to when Washington's name was

mentioned, if we had never before heard of him. All can understand how the person once being designated, it was an easy matter for the Indian to state by signs that he had gone to sleep, died or 'gone under.'

"The distinguished officer, whose death was in this way spread amongst the people who held him in high regard, left behind him a lasting monument of his skill, industry and untiring energy. His book on the 'sign language' exhibits not only these qualities, but deep and careful research." *

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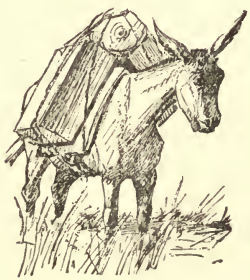
* General John Gibbon, U. S. A., in *Journal Military Service Institution U. S.*



THE LATE MAJOR T. T. THORNBURGH.

## BESIEGED BY THE UTES.

THE chronicles of the contests between the red and white men of North America are thrilling stories of human fortitude, self-sacrifice and military adventure.

From the moment when the daring De Soto landed at Tampa, in the Land of Flowers, down through three centuries of white settlement to the latest Apache outrage in Arizona, our Indian annals abound with the details of small wars, broken treaties and bloody massacres; and there is something sad in the thought that the countless hordes once roaming free as air, upon their own hunting-grounds, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, have dwindled, by dissipation, disease and violent death, to a few thousand souls. These, driven toward the setting sun, from

one strip of earth—one Naboth's vineyard—to another, will finally, perhaps from the verge of the Pacific Ocean, turn a last look backward ere they plunge into oblivion. The present savage generation is doomed.

Its children will become citizens of the United States, cast a vote at elections, and share in the pleasure and pain of office-holding; but the fathers—the Noble Savage of Cooper's novels, and the ruthless rovers of the present day—will have vanished from the scene.

In the year 1879, among the most warlike tribes was that of the Utes, a name once given to all the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains as far as Nevada, and south, including New Mexico and Arizona; a name since given to the territory of the Mormons, known as Utah. At that time the four principal bands numbered about four thousand, of whom eight hundred were located upon a Government reservation, on the White River, in Northern Colorado.

These "oldest inhabitants" had accepted certain gifts from the United States to be paid them annually, and had in turn given up all claim to millions of acres of land. A very large tract had, however, been set aside for the White River Utes, where they might hunt, fish and graze their herds of ponies. These ponies are very hardy animals, and nearly every Indian could boast of at least twenty, as an evidence of wealth and social standing.

But although their chiefs had agreed to this arrangement, the young men, or "bucks," were not satisfied with the limits of the reservation, but in small parties roamed about outside, among the settlers, hunting the grizzly, the mountain lion and the buffalo, for the skins; in doing this they

would sometimes, to the injury of the settlers, set fire to the magnificent forests abounding in that region. The great grazing grounds of the buffalo are in the North-west, near the Canadian border, and in the South-west near the banks of the Rio Grande. Between these points, at certain times of the year, vast herds are in motion. Then the Indians of the Plains (like the Sioux), and those of the mountains (like the Utes) get up large hunting-parties. These two tribes are hereditary enemies, and fight when they meet. On the Plains, the Ute, who is a natural infantry soldier, is at a disadvantage; but should the Sioux horseman venture too near the mountains, a shot from behind an innocent-looking rock is apt to remind him of his danger, if it does not, then and there, put a stop to his career.

## INDIAN AGENT MEEKER.

Upon each Indian reservation there lives a white man, who represents the Government and makes known, from time to time, the wants and condition of the Indians. In 1879, the Agent at White River was Mr. Meeker, a kind-hearted, zealous man, who did not realize the fierce nature of his wards, but hoped to persuade the Utes to give up their ponies and take to ploughing, and become industrious citizens. He also proposed to change the location of their camps and of the Agency buildings. Against all this the majority rebelled.

In their eyes the "buck" who had not "heap ponies" was of no account; labor was all very well for the poor whites, but it degraded the noble reds; horse-racing was a

time-honored amusement of their people; it improved the stock and trained the warrior.

But the Agent was not discouraged. His daughter taught an Indian school for the few children who were permitted by their parents to come. Twenty-five Indians agreed to dig a ditch across the Agency farm for fifteen dollars a month, and, as the Agent reported, did it well; but they stopped at the end of the first month. Some of the squaws were taught to milk a cow and to make butter, and for awhile this was a fashionable amusement; but as the cows were wild when taken from the herd, and at every milking had to be Rareyized with straps and ropes, the Indians soon tired. Then Johnson, one of the sub-chiefs, pretended to want to become a farmer, and demanded wagons and farming implements and a house. He brought to the Agency two vicious Indian ponies (that had never had a white hand nor a bit of harness leather upon them) to be broken by the white teamsters; but after a fortnight's work by one of the employés, it was found to be a shrewd trick of Johnson's to fatten his ponies upon Uncle Sam's hay, in order to beat a rival's horses at a coming race.

## COMING EVENTS CAST SHADOWS.

In fact, to any but the Agent the signs of coming mischief were plain. The Indians became impertinent, went off and on the reservation as they pleased, bought large quantities of cartridges for the Winchester breech-loaders with which they were armed, and one day in August shot at the Agency ploughman as he was quietly turning a furrow.

OURAY.

SOME INDIAN TYPES.

"ANTELOPE"—OURAY'S RUNNER.

Yet there were some interesting characters among these people. The head chief, "Ouray," was a noble specimen of a patriarch. He had flocks and herds, and a large farm, cultivated by Mexicans whom he employed. He rode about the country in a handsome "Germantown Wagon," presented by the Governor of Colorado. He also had a substantial bank account in Denver, to which every year the Government added one thousand dollars, in exchange for his good influence with his people.

Some of the sub-chiefs did not come up to this high standard. For instance, "Ute Jack," who was a bitter enemy of the whites, although for a time he managed to conceal it; "Piah," who was suspected of setting the woods on fire that the game might be driven out where he might kill it without too much trouble.

"Bill" was still another bad fellow to meet in the dark, with savage qualities well developed. He once boasted that no lead could kill him. A comrade kindly offered to test the matter. "Bill" stood up, folded his arms, and, as

the other aimed his rifle, gave the word "*Fire!*" The bullet went through his left side, breaking a rib, but not touching a vital part. "Bill" staggered slightly, put his hand to his side, laughed and said, "I told you lead no kill me." He was laid up for a couple of weeks and came out all right.

"BILL."

One afternoon in the early part of September, Indian Agent Meeker was sitting at his desk, musing over the troublesome state of affairs in his dominion, when the door opened behind him, and a rush of many feet fell upon his ear. Before he could turn around he was seized by the shoulders, thrown down and severely kicked; he was conscious of being dragged to the door of his office, and hearing voices in loud and angry tones, and then everything became dark. When he came to himself he was lying on a bed in his own house, surrounded by his family. The Agent, although severely shaken and hurt, realized that the moment had come for action; that he was powerless to control the bad elements, and that he must call upon the army for help. Without a moment's delay he

sent the following telegram to the Commissioner in Washington.

"*Sir:* I have been assaulted by a leading chief, Johnson, forced out of my own house and injured badly, but was rescued by employés. It is now revealed that Johnson originated all the trouble stated in letter Sept. 8. His son shot at the ploughman, and the opposition to ploughing is wide. Ploughing stops; life of self, family and employés not safe; want protection immediately; have asked Governor Pitkin to confer with General Pope."

Imagine yourself, friendly reader, upon an oasis in the desert, surrounded by several hundred well-armed savages, who regard you as an enemy, and suspect that you have sent for the means of punishing them. Imagine, further, that this spot is two hundred miles from any Government aid, and fifty miles from the nearest settlement, and that your available force consists of eight white men, embarrassed by the presence of helpless women and children! If you can thus put yourself in his place you may realize the Agent's terrible plight. But the lightning was at work, and within forty-eight hours his appeal to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs had been sent to the Secretary of War, and orders were flashed back to the commandant at Fort Steele, two thousand miles from Washington, to go to White River and straighten out matters.

## THORNBURGH'S MARCH.

The last note of the "Retreat" was dying away upon the early Autumn air at Fort Fred Steele, as the door of the commanding officer's quarters opened and Major Thornburgh, of the Fourth Infantry, appeared upon the threshold.

If the pleasant piazza could not boast of a fig-tree, there

was no lack of vine, and during the hot summer days its grateful shade had been enjoyed by more than one romantic couple.

The Major was a stalwart, handsome soldier in the prime of life, with a frank look in his dark eyes and a firm expression of the mouth, scarcely concealed by the heavy mustache and whiskers that framed his countenance.

He was one of the youngest officers of his rank in the Army, but although his advancement in the regular service had been unusually rapid, few officers were better equipped by education and general experience for a commission. He had tasted of the horrors of War as a volunteer private soldier, and afterward had studied the theory of the Great Art at West Point. After a short service as a subaltern of artillery, he was made a paymaster, but preferring the saddle and the sabre to an office chair and an official check-book, had availed himself of a chance to transfer to the Line.

Thornburgh was not only a fine horseman, but of a wonderful dexterity in the use of fire-arms. On one occasion he nearly equalled the score of the marksman, Doctor Carver, at one of that expert's public exhibitions. At another time he made a practical use of his accomplishment by astonishing some Sioux Indians, after a council, as they were sneering in a half playful, half earnest way at the superiority of their Winchester breech-loaders over the soldiers' carbines. Picking up one of the despised weapons and offering to give them all the half-dollars which, when thrown in the air, he might fail to hit before they touched the ground, he commenced firing. To their amazement, nine

out of ten pieces were split by his bullets; then silver quarters were thrown, with the same result; until, as a last test, "nickels" were tossed, to fare no better than the other coins. The Indians were deeply impressed, and as shot after shot took effect, grunts of wonder and approval increased, until a warrior—known as "Young-Man-afraid-of-his-Horses"—came forward, put out his hand, and with the usual Indian salutation "*How!*" said to Thornburgh that they wished to give him a name which means "The-Chief-who-Shoots-the-Stars."

## FORT FRED STEELE.

Fort Fred Steele, Wyoming Territory, was a military post of some importance on the Union Pacific Railroad, where it crosses the north fork of the Platte River. It was the nearest fort to the White River Agency, which laid nearly two hundred miles south of the railroad. The garrison consisted of one troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry.

As the genial commander somewhat impatiently "paced the deck" of his veranda, a mounted soldier dashed up to the door of the Adjutant's office with a mail-bag, and in due time a portion of its contents was placed in the hands of the expectant officer. In a few minutes he called "Orderly!" "Yes, sir!" came the prompt response from the precincts of the kitchen, where Private O'Malley, combining business with pleasure, had been having a few words with the cook relative to the extra supper, which was one of the advantages of being the commanding officer's orderly at Fort Steele.

PRIVATE O'MALLEY.

An exceptionally fine specimen of the American "regular" appeared and saluted. Of medium height, compactly built, without any surplus flesh upon his bones, thanks to the constant and wholesome training which a soldier on the frontier undergoes, Private O'Malley of the Fourth Infantry carried his credentials for honesty and intelligence in his cleanly-shaven, bronzed visage, and in his well set up, erect figure; carried after a fashion described in the tactics as "straight without stiffness,"—the true martial bearing seldom attained by the amateur. It goes without saying that Private O'Malley was immaculate in dress, otherwise he would not have been picked out that morning at guard-mounting; and because of his general fitness it was almost hopeless for the other men to compete with him. The Adjutant had been known to pause before two of the guard at inspection, in doubt as to the selection. Kelly's brasses were as dazzling to the eye as O'Malley's; their clothing was equally fresh and well-fitting; accoutrements perfectly adjusted; arms clean as when turned out at Springfield Armory; and a competitive drill in the manual failed to solve the problem. The perplexed Adjutant tried another test: the men were sent to the office for an inspection of underclothing, with a provokingly spotless result. Finally, the Dromios in blue were tested in the duties of a military messenger; in an unguarded moment Kelly omitted some point, only to be observed through an Adjutant's microscope, and O'Malley marched off triumphantly. There was just enough of "the thinking bayonet" about the man for

practical purposes, but it never came to the surface at the wrong time.

"The Commanding Officer's compliments, Sir, and he'd like to see the Adjutant at his quarters," was the message brought by the Orderly while we have been discussing his good points.

The Adjutant found his superior officer in the library, an apartment combining the comfort of a smoking-room with the convenience of a business office. The trophies of the chase and a few rare engravings which ornamented the walls indicated the tastes of the master of the house, while some exceedingly comfortable chairs and an open box of cigars gave an air of hospitality not, by any means, misleading. As the visitor entered, a noble Irish deer-hound rose from his place on a huge bear-skin in front of the fireplace, and thrust his nose forward in mute welcome.

"Mr. Brown, I have just received orders from General Crook to proceed with a detachment to White River Agency and support the Agent, who is having trouble with the Utes. Lawson's troop and Price's company will go from this post, and two troops of the Fifth Cavalry will report from Russell. We shall probably move about the 20th. Let all extra-duty men report to their companies, and get out the necessary orders at once."

"Very well, sir," and, as he turned to go, the Adjutant said: "Do you expect any trouble at White River, Major?"

"It is hard to say; it is possible that the Agent has let matters drift too long. Meeker doesn't scare easily, and has been jealous of military interference; and things must

look rather blue when he feels compelled to call for troops. At any rate, it will be a good tramp for us."

"By the way, Major, I heard that a troop of the Ninth Cavalry has been ordered down in the vicinity of Steamboat Springs, at the request of Governor Pitkin. The settlers have been getting uneasy since those forest fires."

"Well, I am not so sure that the Indians had anything to do with those fires; in fact, all trustworthy reports are to the contrary."

"Is there anything else, Major?" said the Adjutant.

"Yes, you may have O'Malley detailed as permanent orderly. He is a good groom and an excellent man in the field. He can ride one of my horses on the march."

"Very well, sir. Good-morning."

The official kerosene burned late that night; in the office, where the staff were getting out orders and requisitions, and in the cook-houses, where rations were bubbling in caldrons of witch-like proportions and blackness.

## THE START.

The morning of Sunday, the twenty-first, was bright and bracing, and the troops as they assembled for the march to White River wore a holiday look; so comfortable and serviceable were all the appointments, so glossy the coats of the horses, so cheerful the men, so natty the officers. It might have been a picnic, excepting for one or two things. People do not usually go picnicing armed "to the teeth," their saddles heavily packed, and with an ambulance or two; and those who come to the send-off do not usually wear so serious an air, nor are there so many women strug-

gling with tears and forebodings. But as General Wolfe is said to have remarked the night before the storming of Quebec:

> "*Why*, soldiers, why
> Should we be melancholy boys?
> Why, soldiers, why?
> Whose business 'tis to die."

And so the majority took their cues from the sun and beamed on each other, and looked approvingly upon the Adjutant, Mr. Cherry, who rode up and down the column, occasionally, to see that the different parts of the machine were working smoothly.

Lieutenant Cherry of the Fifth Horse was a general favorite. He was handsome of face, brawny of frame, tall of stature, and generous of nature. At West Point he had proved the nobility of his character. One day, at artillery drill, he was stationed with a companion on the same side of the gun. In shifting the piece, which weighed nearly a thousand pounds, something in the carriage gave way and the ponderous mass of metal slowly slid over toward Cherry's comrade, who was physically small and delicate. In an instant Cadet Cherry sprang in front of the boy, against the piece, and for a few seconds held it, while the other instinctively jumped aside. This, Cherry could not now do, and before he could be extricated, the heavy cannon settled down, pinning the gallant fellow to the ground. He had saved his friend at the expense of a broken thigh, which laid him up in hospital for a long time and delayed his graduation.

Major Thornburgh was quietly plodding along at the

head of his command upon a well-bred, hunter-like animal, with the dapper O'Malley in close attendance, astride of the commanding officer's spare mount. It was a goodly sight as the column "pulled out" on the trail. First, a platoon to furnish the advance guard, and a few "flankers" (men to ride on each side of the road and watch for the enemy), then the leading squadron; the infantry in wagons; the train; with Lawson's troop bringing up the rear of the column. As the men's sabres had been left behind in garrison there was no clanking of scabbards, but, instead, a subdued clatter of canteens, haversacks and nosebags, a rumble of wheels, muffled hoof-beats on the soft turf, an occasional snort from a chafing horse, and an undercurrent of low laughter and soldier chaff which mark the freedom of a prairie march, or, as they say in the infantry, "the route step."

## NATURE OF THE COUNTRY.

The expedition met with no adventures for the first hundred miles. The road led over a curious country, not unlike the bed of some vast ocean. Now, between rolling hills, over dry and barren plains; at distances of twenty or thirty miles, a small river or creek; then up, slowly and painfully, over great sandstone cliffs overlooking immense valleys, covered with short grass on which herds of antelopes grazed peacefully, side by side with the thousands of cattle belonging to the ranchmen who had settled there; in fact, the whole country was a grand, far-reaching series of *mesas*,* separated by ravines or cañons. Here and there were red

* High hills with flat tops.

and yellow masses of scrub-oak and sage brush foliage. Eighty miles from Rawlins the soldiers reached the Snake River,—so called from its winding course,—about seventy-five feet broad and a foot deep.

## FORTIFICATION CREEK.

Onward, through heavy sand and by cultivated fields, Major Thornburgh's men approached Fortification Creek and a great natural curiosity. It is a wall of solid porphyry, running east and west, one end terminating at the eastern side of the road. It is from thirty-five to one hundred feet high, shaped at the top in fantastic turrets, and upon one side the porphyry bears a coloring of dark brown, varied by patches of the richest crimson, where the snow, rain and wind have polished its surface,—surpassing the finest lacquer of Japan, and glittering in the sunlight like a mountain of rubies. Captain McCauley, who surveyed the road in 1878, says of Fortification Creek: "It is said to have been so named from an actual fight there occurring between several Indian tribes, who made use of this line of nature; and upon its top small piles of rocks, near the road, were pointed out by the guide as having been placed there by one of the contesting bands."

At Fortification Creek, the infantry under Lieutenant Price were left, with orders to establish a supply camp, while the rest of the command pushed on for nearly twenty miles, going into camp early in the afternoon of the 26th, in the lovely vale of the Yampah (or Bear) River.

SUSPICIOUS VISITORS.

After the usual orders for protecting the camp had been given, the commanding officer, surrounded by several of his subordinates, was enjoying a well-earned rest, when a small party was seen approaching, under the guidance of a mounted corporal of the guard. It proved to be "Ute Jack" and several followers, evidently come "to spy out the land." They were invited to join the group, and seating themselves on the ground without ceremony, and accepting some tobacco, they were soon "blowing a cloud" with the pale-faces.

"UTE JACK."

Jack was rather talkative, in broken English, and referred to his visit to the East a year or two before, remarking of the great metropolis that "New York pretty good," "Pretty good theatre in New York." Ever and anon, however, he

would turn to one of the officers with the question, "What for you come?" "What soldiers going to do?" Of course every effort was made to impress him with the peaceful intentions of the troops, but soon Jack would ask the same thing over again, showing how little impression the soft words had made upon him. He spoke bitterly of Agent Meeker, who, he said, had promised him, among other things, a wagon "with heap *red* paint on it," but instead sent him a *blue* one. The Indians, after disposing of a meal, not "square" but cubic, as it was very long, broad and thick, and included the additional luxury of the only box of *Reina Victorias* in camp, left the soldiers, apparently in good humor.

The next day the advance was resumed through the wildest and most beautiful scenery imaginable, and after a short march, a camp was pitched by the side of a sparkling stream, fringed with weeping willows, its banks covered with a thick carpet of grass, in which the tired animals revelled.

Another visit was paid by the Utes—this time a party consisting of "Colorow," a White River chief of poor reputation, "Bummer Jim," "Henry," the Agency interpreter, and one or two others. These were at first more reserved in manner than "Jack" and his friends, but after awhile grew more sociable. "Colorow" did not thaw much even, when, failing to see any *Reina Victorias* in sight, he coolly drew into the folds of his blanket a precious bale of "Killikinnick" tobacco. The rascals had commenced to loot already! Waxing familiar, "Henry" proposed that the tallest two of the officers present—probably Thornburgh and Cherry—should measure heights with himself and "Bum-

mer Jim," who was very large and athletic. To amuse the savages, the caprice was gratified. In the light of later events this proceeding smacked somewhat of the undertaker's craft, although, perhaps, only meant to gratify a barbaric vanity. Again the "Reds" departed with signs of good-will.

The last march but one was through a region described by an officer in such graphic terms that we cannot forbear quoting: "From Williams' Fork the road, still going south, enters the cañon of a small mountain rivulet, and at a distance of three miles bears sharply off to the right, when in a pretty little park we found several sweet springs overhung by masses of red sandstone, in some places eroded by the action of wind and water into forms of fantastic beauty; in others, piled rock upon rock, in inextricable confusion, as if the Titans had been playing at bowls in the long, long ago. On our right a mountain, grim, brown, bare, rose to an altitude of three thousand feet; on the left the peaks shot skyward, their crests wearing the foliated aspect of cathedral spires, and the feathery plumes of smoke from the burning timber floating between us and the sun were beautiful with the tints of golden bronze." *

Major Thornburgh broke camp on the morning of the 29th of September, intending to go to the immediate vicinity of the Agency with his men, put them in camp, and then, accompanied by the Agent (who had been requested to meet him) and five soldiers, to go to Meeker's house and have a "talk" with the Indians. "Jack," when visiting Thorn-

* Captain Payne, in *United Service Magazine*, Jan., 1880.

burgh's camp, had tried to persuade that officer to leave his command *then* and go to the Agency with a nominal escort, but his advice was not taken, although Jack's motives were not then suspected.

"At half-past nine the same morning," wrote Captain Payne, "we reached the high ground overlooking Milk River. Descending the hill a fine landscape lay before us: a small stream running softly down a narrow valley; on the right hand, a mile off, a line of bluffs, continuous and inaccessible, with broken ridges nearer the creek; on the left, rounded knolls, and what our English friends call "downs," furrowed with *arroyas*, and running back to the high hills which form the advance guard of the White River Mountains. The air was soft and balmy as with the breath of the sweet South, and the bright sunshine, shooting in broad flashes across the hill-tops, filled the valley as with liquid gold. Save in the long column which, dismounted, was winding its way down the hill, not a living creature was in sight. Earth and sky were fair to behold, and the pictured calm seemed the very symbol of Peace."

## THE FIGHT AT MILK RIVER.

The command halted a moment and watered the horses in the stream, which takes its name and appearance from the lime soil through which it flows.

Major Thornburgh moved down the creek a short distance and crossed, with two companies, leaving the other troop (D) of the Fifth to come on more slowly, with the wagons. Suddenly Lieutenant Cherry, who was with the advance, saw in front and on the right, posted along the bluffs com-

manding the road, a number of Indians. He instantly signalled his commander to halt. The troops were instantly dismounted and deployed on both sides of the road. Loth to begin a fight if it could be prevented, in accordance with instructions received from his department commander, Thornburgh, accompanied by Cherry, advanced in person and made signs to the Indians for a parley. The reply was a shot.

The Indians, who largely outnumbered the cavalry, had selected an admirable position, which not only towered above the one occupied by the soldiers, but was just within the border of the reservation.

There was but one thing to do. To fall back to the wagons, and, for the want of a natural fortification such as the Indians held, to construct an artificial defence. The Indians had almost prevented this by getting between the leading companies and the wagon-train; but by the skilful movements and cool behavior of the troops, the desired object was reached.

In superintending the details of this operation, the brave commander furnished the "shining mark" which we are told grim death loves. Seeing that the men of Payne and Lawson were retiring in good order, Thornburgh galloped off in direction of the train, attended only by the ever faithful O'Malley. He had recrossed the little river and was within a short distance of the wagons when, above the high grass, behind a sage bush, rose the head and shoulders of an Indian. A quick flash, a sharp report, a little puff of smoke, and the gallant officer fell forward on his horse's neck, which at the same time plunged violently and dashed its unconscious

burden to the ground. The orderly, who had been sent back, was returning, when this tragedy was enacted about fifty yards in advance and before his eyes. As he drew near he saw the Indian bushwhacker stealing toward the prostrate form of his victim. Mechanically, O'Malley reined up, levelled his pistol at the assassin's head, and caused him in turn to bite the dust. His first impulse was to secure the body of his dead leader and bear it to the train, but a wild yell, near at hand, caused him to turn and note the approach, at the top speed of their ponies, of three hostile Utes. The odds were too great, and emptying another chamber of his revolver at the party, he had the satisfaction of seeing one of their horses tumble in a heap; touching his excited steed with the spur, he soon reached the refuge of the train with the sad news. The body remained within the hostile lines for several days, and when finally recovered, bore no signs of the customary mutilation, but within the cold fingers of one hand was a photograph of "Colorow," placed there by the bloodthirsty scoundrel, who had thus abused the kindness of a good friend of his people.

### SHERMAN ON THORNBURGH.

The General of the Army subsequently placed on record his opinion that, "Major Thornburgh was an officer and a gentleman of whom the Army has reason to be proud; he was young, ardent, ambitious, of good judgment, and no man could have done better in life nor met death with more heroism."

MEDAL WINNERS OF MILK RIVER.

Captain Payne, who succeeded to the command upon Thornburgh's death, says: "The last order Major Thornburgh gave me was to charge a body of fifty or sixty Indians who were on a high hill, between the skirmish line and wagon-train to which he had just ordered a retreat. In the charge my horse * was killed and my men, not seeing me fall on account of the dust and smoke, passed on to the train, the Indians having dispersed on our approach. My First Sergeant, DOLAN, soon missed me, and returning alone, dismounted and offered me his horse, in the coolest and most matter-of-fact way. Of course I could not accept his offer, and he would not leave me, although I ordered him to do so. At this time several of the Indians had returned to their place on the hill, but sixty yards away, and it has always been a mystery to me why they did not fire upon us whilst we were talking together. Shortly after, help came, and we got safely away, but the gallant old fellow was killed a couple of hours later while exposing himself to the enemy's fire. †

"He was the bravest and most loyal soldier to his officers I have ever known. He must have been fifty-five years of age.

"In his long service of thirty-three years he had met with many adventures; had been wounded twice, had innumer-

* The horse is the same photographed with Captain Payne, p. 358.

† Supposing that he was only wounded, I went out to bring him under cover and found Sergeant Grimes already by his side, and together we dragged the old man's body into the trenches.

CAPTAIN J. S. PAYNE, U. S. A., AND CHARGER.

able horses killed under him, and had been a prisoner at Andersonville.

"The year before he was killed, a bill was favorably reported in Congress, placing Dolan on the retired list as a Lieutenant, but before it could become a law the Sergeant had ceased to exist."

An incident of the movement to the rear by the troops of Payne and Lawson was the gallant and efficient service rendered by Sergeant EDWARD GRIMES (F, 5th Cavalry), who was awarded a Medal of Honor for his share of the day's work. As the men were falling back under orders, skirmishing with the Indians, who were pressing them hard, a break or gap occurred in the line. It was a critical moment; the Indians were making for a crest which would have given them a decided advantage. Captain Payne saw it, and ordered Sergeant Grimes to take a few men and make a rush for this point. Without a moment's hesitation, and with only two companions, he reached the spot in time and held it until ordered to leave. In falling back, Lieutenant Cherry had charge of the skirmishers and came very near being cut off, as the Indians pressed him closely and his am-

SERGEANT EDWARD GRIMES, FIFTH U. S. CAVALRY.

munition was very low. Between his position and the train was a space of about a thousand yards. To get more cartridges, some one must run the gantlet. Sergeant Grimes "volunteered" to go. Cherry said, "Go, Grimes, and I will never forget you." Mounting his horse, already bleeding from two wounds in the neck, the brave fellow set off on his perilous race. In his own words, "The party of Indians surrounding us closed in on me. Pistol in hand I gave them all that was in it. The cheering of our men gave me courage. I put the spurs to my horse and outran my pursuers without a scratch, but my horse was again shot in the fetlock, causing him to skip from one leg to another."

The train had been parked on the right bank of and about two hundred yards from the river; the wagons forming the north side of a *corral*, elliptical in shape, its axis running east and west and the south side exposed to a fierce fire from the Indians, who, massing in the ravines along the river and upon commanding heights, were making a desperate effort to capture the train before it could be prepared for defence. About twenty of the animals, already wounded, were led out into the open space of the corral, killed, and their bodies, with the wagons, were formed into a continuous line of cover. The wagons were also unloaded of the bedding, grain sacks and boxes of hard-bread which were used to strengthen the breastworks. While this was being done, the Indians kept up a continuous fire, and many horses and men fell to rise no more. Lieutenant Paddock, 5th Cavalry, was wounded in the hip, while superintending his part of the work, and Captain Payne was shot in the arm.

THE "CORRAL"—UTES ON THE BLUFFS.

The Indians, foiled in their attempt to cut off the wagons, took advantage of the high wind then blowing toward the soldiers, to set fire to the tall grass and sage-brush in front of their intrenchments. Captain Payne observed this, and also that the train of one Gordon, an Indian supply contractor, was parked near by, between the troops and the river. Fearing that, under cover of the smoke, the wily foe might creep up and occupy this new position, Captain Payne started a fire in the opposite direction, which not only cleared the ground immediately in his front, but reached and burned up the contractor's train, to the great relief of the besieged.

According to his commanding officer, Sergeant POPPE here displayed qualities which won him the medal.

"I put him in charge of a party of ten men to dislodge some Indians from the ravines and river banks, where their position enabled them to cut off a part of my command from the wagon-train. This duty he gallantly performed. Later, when the Indians set fire to the grass and sage-brush, in an attempt to burn our train and drive us from cover, I ordered Poppe to get three or four men and set fire to the grass immediately about us, so that when the fire set by the Indians should come, there would be nothing around us to burn. Poppe said he would do it by himself, and springing over the breastwork before I could prevent him, he lighted a match, touched it to a wisp of grass, and going from place to place fired the sage-brush, returning only after the duty had been thoroughly performed. All this time, which consumed several minutes, he was as cool and

collected as on parade, although a hundred rifles made him their target ; miraculously he escaped without a scratch."

Sergeant JOHN S. LAWTON, of Troop " D," 5th Cavalry, was also conspicuous in the performance of his duty during the siege. On the first day he greatly distinguished himself by heading a small detachment (five men) to the rescue of Captain Lawson, 3d Cavalry, and Lieutenant Cherry, 5th Cavalry, who were nearly cut off by the Indians. In doing this, the party was exposed to a heavy fire, losing three killed before reaching the shelter of the trenches.

SERGEANT JOHN S. LAWTON, FIFTH U. S. CAVALRY.

Sergeant Lawton (now Corporal of Battery B, 5th United States Artillery), received a Medal of Honor.

An attack made by the Indians was gallantly repulsed. During the entire day the enemy kept up a constant fire, using ammunition like water, killing or mortally wounding several men and three-fourths of the horses. At dark another charge was made by the Indians, which was again repulsed with loss on both sides. In the night many of the dead animals were hauled off, a supply of water for the next day was obtained, cartridges and rations were issued, rifle-pits were dug and the defence was strengthened.

We could only get our water at night. Great judgment, coolness and address, as well as courage, were required in the discharge of this delicate and dangerous duty. There

was a scarcity of officers, and each had his hands full. My confidence in Corporal HAMPTON M. ROACH was so great that, although he was one of the junior corporals in rank, as well as young in years, I gave him full charge of the water supply ; a duty that with a full number of officers present, would have been assigned to one of them. One night the Indians crept up close to our intrenchments and attacked the water party, but Roach was ready for them, and his men covered them with carbines cocked and fingers on triggers ; the Utes made a desperate effort and shot one of our men, but Roach kept his head, repulsed the attack, and, without returning to the rifle-pits, procured his supply of water for the next twenty-four hours. For this gallant act, his general good conduct and superior intelligence, I recommended him for appointment as Second Lieutenant in the Army, and I am glad to say that he passed his examination successfully, and is now serving with his regiment, the 1st Infantry.

The next day brought a continuation of the bombardment, and all the animals were killed, excepting fourteen mules.

The day after (Oct. 1) the programme was unchanged, save that the water party was attacked at short range, but drove the enemy away, with the loss of one man on each side.

On the morning of the fourth day (Oct. 2) an Indian was heard to say, "Soldiers coming!" Payne's men took this for a stratagem to throw them off their guard, but it had an other meaning.

Captain Payne writes: "After the first day's fight I had

"SOLDIERS COMING"—DODGE'S RE-ENFORCEMENT.

to send couriers with the news to the railroad, 140 miles away. Surrounded by Indians as we were, the duty was hazardous in the extreme. Corporals GEORGE MOQUIN and EDWARD MURPHY (D) were the first who offered to go when volunteers were called for, as they were, only in this case during the entire operations. I deemed it best to trust men for this dangerous service who were willing to undertake it. I explained the danger to these men, expressed my belief that the chances were against all of the party getting through, and upon their still expressing a desire to go, gave each of the party, Corporals Moquin and Murphy, Scout RANKIN and Mr. JOHN GORDON (an Indian freight contractor, a very gallant man), a copy of my despatches and sent them off. The danger was great ; they fully understood it and went without hesitation."

## THE COLORED TROOPS.

On the thirtieth of September, Captain Dodge, 9th Cavalry, with his company was scouting near Bear River, when his advance-guard came across a piece of white paper, with these words scribbled upon it, hanging to a twig of sage-brush: "Hurry up; the troops have been defeated at the Agency.—E. E. C." In the language of this officer's report, "Having seen that my men were supplied with 125 rounds of ammunition and three days' rations per man, I started for Payne's command. I took with me one pack mule, on which was carried a couple of blankets and a few picks and spades. The force left to me consisted of two officers, thirty-five soldiers and four citizens. * * * The night was bright and cold and the march unimpeded.

At four o'clock we reached the river road, about five miles from the intrenchments, and shortly afterward came upon the dead bodies of three men, lying in a gulch, near which a train loaded with annuity goods had been burned by the Indians. Half an hour later we arrived at Payne's command. Singularly enough, the Indians did not molest us in the least up to this time, and I can only account for it by supposing that they imagined a much stronger force coming in, and were unwilling to expose themselves. However, we were scarcely inside the trenches when they commenced a fusillade, which was kept up at intervals for the next three days. Of forty-two animals taken into the trenches with my company, but four are left, and these are wounded."

The remark, "Soldiers coming," was the first intimation that re-enforcements were at hand, and for the remainder of the siege the "brunettes" (for Dodge's men were colored soldiers) vied with their white comrades in deeds of daring and self-sacrifice. Captain Lawson is reported to have said afterwards, that "the men of the 9th Cavalry are the whitest black men I ever saw."

## MASSACRE AND CAPTIVITY.

On the first day of the fight the Indians lost twenty of their young men. Up to this time the agent, Mr. Meeker, and his family had not been molested. But urged by personal hatred, grief at the loss of so many promising braves, and disappointment at the failure of the ambush they had planned, a party of Utes, headed by Johnson, rushed back, murdered the agent and his men in cold blood and carried

JOSEPHINE MEEKER AND FELLOW CAPTIVES.

into a captivity—often worse than death—three women and two children, the unhappy remnant of two households. These were the wife and daughter of the Agent, and the wife and two children of one of the employés.

They were hurried away to a camp which had been established by the Indians for the protection of their own families in case of war. The captives were abused and insulted, but preserved throughout a fortitude and courage which drew from their brutal captors expressions of admiration. Their lives were spared through the efforts of Susan, the sister of Ouray and wife of Johnson,—the arch-fiend and murderer of the Agent. Susan was a wonderful instance of the fact that, although Indians never forgive an injury they often remember a favor. Some years before, she had been captured by a war-party of Arapahoes, near the Cache le Poudre River. As they were about to burn the helpless woman at the stake, the commanding officer of Fort Collins interfered, and partially by threats and partially by promises, succeeded in rescuing the prisoner from the torture. Nobly did Susan repay the debt.

During all the horror of this time, Josephine Meeker (who had been the school-teacher at the Agency) showed great endurance and heroism. On one occasion the chief, Douglas, placed the muzzle of his rifle against her forehead and said, "Me shoot," and asked her if she was not afraid. The girl drew herself up and looking her persecutor calmly in the eye, replied, "I am not afraid of Indians nor of death!" Whereupon Douglas dropped his piece and slunk away, crestfallen, amid the jeers of his companions.

The details of the sufferings of these poor women are too sad to dwell upon here.

By the prompt action of the Indian Department, a brave

SUSAN.

man, General Adams, formerly the agent for the Utes, was sent at once to treat for the release of the captives. After much trouble, and at some personal risk, he succeeded in his object, and the intended victims were restored to their own people.

RAISING THE SIEGE.

If the experience of those at the front had been exciting, the sensations of their friends in the rear were equally stirring.

As soon as the news was received, General Merritt—the colonel of Payne's regiment and one of the famous cavalry leaders of our great Civil War—was sent, with a large force, to the relief of the besieged.

At the head of two squadrons of cavalry and two companies of infantry, he made what was called "a lightning march" across country, through clouds of blinding alkali dust, which settled in the eyes, nostrils, ears and throats of men and animals, causing intense pain, bleeding and exhaustion. One hundred and thirty-one of the men were infantry in wagons.

But such was the stern determination to reach the command at Milk River in time, that at 5.30 P.M., October 5, after an unparalleled march of 170 miles in forty-eight hours, Merritt's men arrived. Captain Payne thus describes the moment: "Just as the first gray of the dawn appeared, our listening ears caught the sound of 'officers' call,'* breaking the silence of the morning, and filling the valley with the sweetest music we had ever heard. Joyously the reply rang out from our corral, and the men, rushing from the rifle-pits, made the welkin ring with their glad cheers. It was the relief of Lucknow in miniature, Isandula over again—this time in the mountains of Colorado.

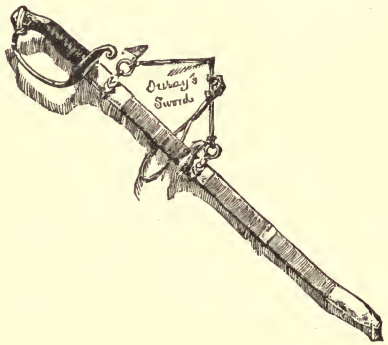
* The trumpet signal by which military officers may be suddenly assembled in camp or garrison.

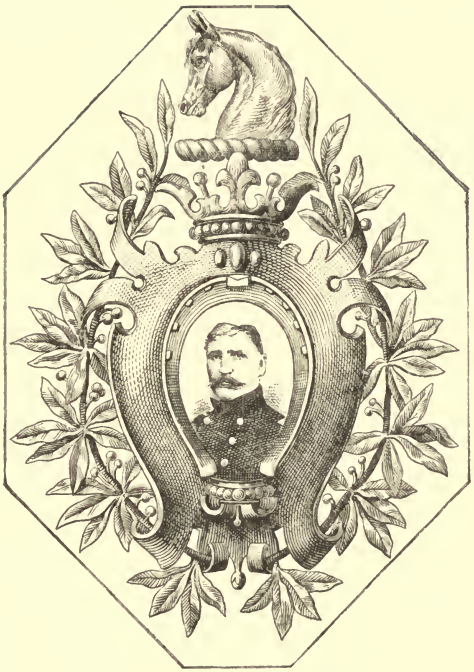
"The losses of the troops were one commissioned officer, nine soldiers and five civilians killed, three officers and thirty-two men wounded, and two hundred and ten animals killed. The Indians acknowledged a loss of thirty-seven killed out of 350 engaged. Among the wounded were Lieutenant Paddock and Dr. Grimes.

"General Merritt pushed on to the Agency, from which the Indians fled at his approach. Everything was in ruins, and the mutilated bodies of the Agent and his assistants were found unburied amid the desolation."

As he was preparing to move into the heart of the Ute country, with a view of punishing the perpetrators of this crime, he was ordered to suspend operations, while the Indian Department tried diplomacy instead of force as a remedy. Principally through the efforts of Ouray, peace was preserved, and the Indians were permitted to return to the reservation without the thrashing they so richly deserved, and which General Merritt was eager to give them.

To this day, no atonement has been made by them for the innocent blood poured out on the banks of the White River.





COLONEL BENJAMIN LLOYD BEALL,

SECOND U. S. DRAGOONS.

# REGULARS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

## I. THE SECOND DRAGOONS.*

Pressing here my mossy pillow,
Forms that moulder 'neath the willow;
Forms that sleep beneath the billow,
Flit and frolic round me now;
Banishing all thought of mourning,
All my dreams with joy adorning,
May they tarry till the morning
Ere they breathe their "Hough!"†
"Hough!" boys, "Hough!"—"Hough!" boys, "Hough!"
Let the soldiers' toast be ever
"*Hough!*"

LET disinterested outsiders attest the excellence of a famous body of horsemen, where the modesty of an officer‡ trained in its school (who contributes the following reminiscences) may fail to do justice.

The tone of the regiment, doubtless, had its source in its original *personnel*, created for service in the Far West, and the term of enlistment being but for three years, many young native Americans joined its standard for the sake of the adventurous career thus offered, and the hope of bettering their fortunes in that *terra incognita*. Thus a brotherhood was formed, and an *esprit de corps* established, which endured for many years, and which, it is to be hoped, still continues.

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* Now the 2d U. S. Cavalry.

† Pronounced "*How.*"

‡ The late Gen. H. H. Sibley, formerly Captain 2d Dragoons.

## THE FIRST COLONEL.

The first Colonel, TWIGGS, when appointed in 1836, was in the full vigor of manhood. Original, practical and of quick perception, he inspired the Regiment with an enduring faith and self-reliance. Severe in his discipline, he was, nevertheless, possessed of that *bonhommie* which won the hearts of soldiers and officers. Of commanding presence, and of that military dignity so essential in a commander, his slightest wish was law, and a rebuke from him never failed of its object. The men of the Regiment feared, respected and loved him. A thorough tactician himself, he did not hesitate to place himself in the ranks of the officers for instruction in the sabre and lance exercises, and in the true method of intoning the voice in giving commands, under the newly arrived officers, Captain L. J. Beall and Lieut. W. J. Hardee,* from the Cavalry School at Saumur, France. Educated in the school of martinets which pervaded the Army at the period of his first appointment, his passions were unrestrained, and were often manifested in the most violent paroxysms of temper, resulting in inhuman punishments. This, however, was of but short duration after his appointment to the Second Dragoons. Perceiving the error of his ways, he adopted instead a fatherly care, and his punishments were more practical, simple, original and telling.

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* Afterwards Lieutenant-General C. S. A.

## REGIMENTAL CUSTOMS.

The regiment was constantly on the watch for some odd character. Thus it was with our quondam friend, Mr. F——, who not only afforded us amusement, but feathered his nest as well; and thus, too, Bill Williams, the most famous fiddler in the upper country. Hearing such marvellous accounts of him it was decided in conclave to send an ambulance and fetch him down, the officers agreeing to pay him five dollars a day and his expenses. He entertained us for a fortnight with the genuine "Arkansas Travéller," telling the story as he played, "Harper's Fork o' Roaring River," and innumerable "Scotch strathspeys." He played for us at the balls we'd give, notwithstanding that we had a band led by Señor Chioffi, the most famous trombone player in the world, but who was not slow in acknowledging Bill's wonderful expertness with his fiddle.

A "hunt" was organized, and men and officers were sent to scour the country as far as Alexandria to procure hounds of the best breed; and you may rest assured, Madam, or Sir, that the welkin would ring with a vengeance when the twenty hounds, with their whippers and the hunters, would meet in the midst of the parade for a fox hunt. Horns blowing, hounds yelping, and men screaming at the top of their voices, would make a scene of excitement that would rival the most noted English hunting scenes.

Such, and of such, was the daily life at Fort Jesup, besides, of course, the strictly routine duties of mounted and dismounted drills; recitations in tactics, and in the regulations; and exercises with the sabre and lance; the latter

made in the regiment. Saturday was the day for exercise in these arms: mornings for sabre, afternoons for the lance. The entire command would be assembled in columns of companies at open order, occupying the whole parade, and under the direction of the Adjutant, would be exercised for an hour by the non-commissioned officers alternately in the points, cuts and moulinets. The method of command taught by Beall and Hardee would be strictly enforced. Thus, commands of caution would be drawled loudly, whilst commands of execution would follow with a sharp, energetic voice. By this custom the men would be exercised, and the non-commissioned officers attain confidence and uniformity.

The drills were practical rather than ornamental. In very hot weather the officers and men would be permitted to throw off their shell jackets or coats, and at a "rest" the men were permitted and encouraged to sky-lark—so that the drills would be pleasant episodes, rather than toil. Leaping a pile of pine logs, by the whole command, would terminate each mounted drill; and it was a rare sight to witness the grace with which it was done by some of the men, lance in rest. Awkward fellows, who pretended that their horses would not take the leap, were given stick horses, and made to scramble over it.

The alacrity of the Second Dragoons was always remarkable. We were camped, I remember, near the town of Lecompton, Kansas, during the border troubles. The horses were picketed to grass on the prairie, about a quarter of a mile from camp. "To Horse!" was sounded, and it appeared to me, in less than five minutes I was at a

round trot and gallop with my squadron, passing in review the laggards who had not yet formed, and interposed between the two belligerent lines of Free Soilers and Border Ruffians. Each man knew his place and his number in the platoon, company, and squadron, so that there was no occasion to count off. Promptness in action was always a distinguishing characteristic of the regiment.*

### A MODEL SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Our Sergeant-Major, TREE (of the period between '42 and '45), was one of the handsomest soldiers I ever saw; and quite as perfect in his duties. His uniform was within a shade of the shell jacket worn by the officers. Indeed, all the first-sergeants were thus clad. It was with no little pride that the Sergeant-Major was observed crossing the parade. At the time I speak of, the 3d Infantry, Colonel Hitchcock,—the crack regiment of infantry, by the way,—formed a part of the garrison, though quartered in sheds and shanties on the outside. One day Colonel Hitchcock, together with other officers of the regiment, was seated on the broad piazza of the Adjutant's Office, his orderly, a spruce sergeant, lounging below, when Tree came out of the office; gracefully saluting the group of officers, he descended the steps to the ground, when the orderly sprang to "attention," and saluted Tree as he passed! "I am not a bit

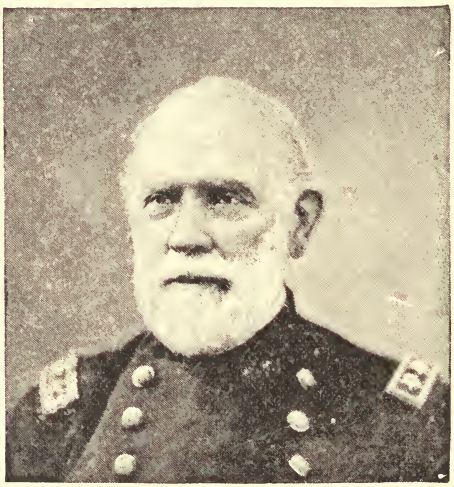
* There is good reason to think that the successors of the Second Dragoons are not "slow" when a move is ordered. On one occasion, during the War in 1863, the regiment was ordered to break camp suddenly, and pursue Mosby, the celebrated Confederate partisan, who had attacked the rear of General Meade's trains at Brandy Station. When "To Horse!" sounded the men were lounging, the horses standing at the picket line, and no one thought of a march. In eight minutes the Second had saddled up, mounted, and was trotting down the road with three days' rations in the haversacks.—[EDITOR.]

surprised," remarked the Colonel. "The soldierly bearing, and neatness of dress of *that* Sergeant-Major, would elicit a salute from any man in my regiment." This was said with a half suppressed tone of bitterness and envy. Phil. Barbour, his adjutant, had, doubtless, the same feeling. In fact, it seemed to be the study of the regiment to differ, and to distinguish itself from others. Accessories to the uniform clothing furnished by the Government, such as yellow worsted bands around the cap for ordinary non-commissioned officers and privates, and gold lace for the non-commissioned staff and first-sergeants, were allowed and encouraged, to distinguish the regiment from the First Dragoons.

### A FAMOUS CAVALRYMAN.

The Lieutenant-Colonel, HARNEY, like the Colonel, had been educated in his youthful military career in the severe, rugged school of 1821. A man of stalwart frame, six feet four inches in height, straight as an Indian, and without an ounce of surplus flesh, his rugged face, sandy hair, and light blue eyes, elicited admiration and confidence. Thrown with roughs and Indians in his early service on the frontier, he emulated the most daring of them in their sports. In racing, leaping, and other manly sports, he excelled all competitors. Simple as a child in his manners and deportment, he was yet a lion when aroused or enraged. When he was stationed at old Fort Shelby, near Nackitosh, in '22, I think, and when his face was scarce fledged, he attended a fishing party in which my entire family participated. In the course of the day, when the young men

were disposed to sky-lark, the Sheriff of the parish, a Mr. Johnson, a robust, powerful man, pretended that he was about to give my grandfather a ducking in the lake. Harney, being near my mother at the moment, she appealed to him to save her father from the impending catastrophe. Approaching the parties and remonstrating with Johnson, the latter, releasing my grandfather, turned upon Harney, as a foe more worthy of his steel; but he had



GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

very nearly paid for his temerity with his life. He seized Harney round the waist with a herculean grip, and although begged and implored not to commit such a folly, conveyed him waist deep into the lake, and, uniformed as he was, plunged him under the water. Harney aroused himself in the intense vigor of his manhood and strength, shook himself free from Johnson's bear-like clutches and

seizing him, in turn, would have drowned him, in his wrath, but for the timely interference of the spectators. Drenched to the skin, his uniform ruined, he made his apologies to the ladies, and retired from the party.

On the Upper Missouri he delighted in excelling the Osage Indians, the bravest and most athletic of the tribes, in foot-races, and in the pursuit of the Elk afoot.

On the occasion of Harney's hanging the Seminole chief, Chikikie, and a lot of his followers in the Everglades (the same chief who had surprised and massacred a detachment of the Second Dragoons, who were building a trading-post for the special benefit of his tribe, under the direction of Harney, who escaped by the skin of his teeth), the commander of the department neither approved nor condemned the act, until he was instructed from Washington to the latter course. But we of the Second Dragoons, six companies of which were stationed at Fort Butler with the headquarters, fired a salute of twenty-one guns, the moment we heard of it, in Harney's honor. This was but a single instance of *esprit de corps*, and regimental pride.

Expert in every department of his profession, of untiring industry and energy, he was at home in any situation. He was as skilful in a small boat as the most rugged sailor. Fretful and impatient under command, he ever sought detached and hazardous service. He commanded the detachment of the Second Dragoons in General Scott's remarkable campaign, in Florida. Three columns were started from the northern part of the Peninsula to march south, communicating with each other by signals: big guns and rockets. Harney was attached to the centre column.

At night, when rockets were sent up, he leaped from his bed, ran out of his tent, calling out in his stentorian voice, "What fool is firing those rockets? Captain Fulton! Captain Fulton, ain't your horses scared? Well, it's strange they are not frightened to death! I never heard of such tomfoolery in my life!" Not a man in camp but heard his voice. "It's General Scott's orders, Colonel," some one called out. "Blank General Scott and the whole fraternity of Washington generals. Does he expect to find any Indians if he makes such a racket?" There were plenty of gossips to repeat to General Scott the language Colonel Harney used; and hence a bitter feeling was engendered, which lasted for years, culminating in the attempt to overslaugh him, in the organization of the expedition to Vera Cruz, and which happily terminated with Harney's capture of the heights of Cerro Gordo, the key to the Mexican position. On this occasion General Scott tendered his hand, his congratulations, and his thanks. An enduring friendship was established thereafter.

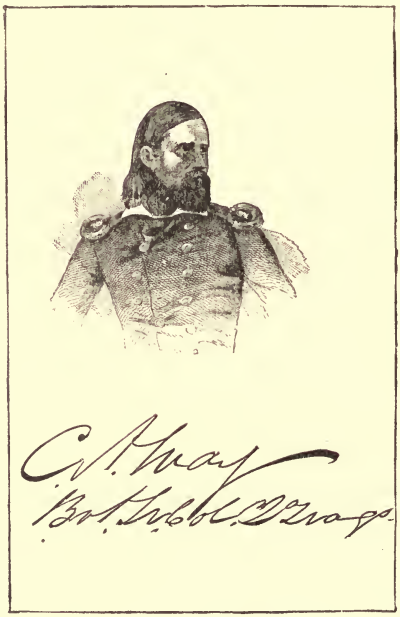
In 1839 Harney was stationed at Key Biscayne. He had with him as A. A. A. G. Lieutenant Saunders of the Second. The light-house had been burned and the keeper's family massacred by the Indians the year before. Harney bethought him, one day, that the light-house ought to be rebuilt. "Mr. Saunders," said he, "that light-house ought to be rebuilt. Whose duty is it, amongst those fellows in Washington?" "The Secretary of the Treasury has charge of all the light-houses, I believe," replied Saunders. "Well, write a letter to the Secretary and tell him, blank him, that the light-house ought to be rebuilt. Tell him

that it ought to have been rebuilt long ago. Tell the blank idiot that if he will give me the authority I will rebuild it myself." "But there is no stone here," suggested Saunders. "Tell the fool to send to Boston for the stone. Have you finished? Read it!" Saunders read precisely as he had dictated, not omitting a single syllable of his angry epithets. "Mr. Saunders," quoth the Colonel, with suppressed anger, and half inclined to laugh, too, at the absurdity of the whole proceeding, "a steam-boat will leave to-morrow morning for San Augustine; get ready to go in her, and join your company."

His chief amusement was to stand in the bow of a boat, with harpoon or grains, and strike the monster fish which abound in the waters of the eastern coast of Florida or to "peg" the enormous green turtle, as they slept on the surface of the water. The "peg" is an instrument of steel, about two inches long, one end shaped like a pyramid, with a shoulder about an inch from the point, the residue being a socket, into which a long, slender handle fits loosely. To this little instrument a long line is attached, which is held in the hand. The shaft is constantly held poised. Cautiously approaching a sleeping turtle, the shaft is thrown so as to strike him on the back; the "peg" enters the shell merely, up to the shoulder, which closing over it, the shaft becomes detached, and he is secured to the line, by means of which he is towed ashore without injury. It was on such an excursion that he captured a sea-calf, that *rara avis* of the ocean. The skeleton was sent to Washington, and it is doubtless on exhibition at this day at the Smithsonian.

## CHARLIE MAY.

Perhaps one of the most picturesque of the proverbially gallant sabreurs of the "Old Second" was Colonel CHARLES A. MAY. He was one of the heroes of our war with Mexico, where, at the head of his squadron, and in company with Captain (now General) Pike Graham, Lieutenants



Sackett,* Pleasanton,† Inge and Winship at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, he made a brilliant charge upon the enemy's artillery, capturing a battery and a general officer, La Vega, with a loss of one officer (Inge) and sixteen men and twenty-eight horses, killed or wounded. Like the

* Late Inspector-General of the Army.

† Afterward Major-General commanding Cavalry Corps, A. P.

"Charge of the Six Hundred" at Balaclava, it became famous; unlike that charge, it was not a blunder. The equally gallant deeds of May's comrades were overshadowed by the personal characteristics of their leader. The Press teemed with wonderful tales of his prowess and horsemanship, like these: "This gallant officer has immortalized himself. A friend who has watched his equestrian movements at the camp describes him as a most singular being; with a beard extending to his breast and long, flowing hair, which, as he cuts through the wind on his charger, streams out in all directions. He is one of the finest horsemen in the army. Nothing is too difficult for him to attempt." In Baltimore, one day, in 1845, he was fined for a breach of a city ordinance, in leaping his horse over a cord of wood in front of the City Hall. This horse was not less celebrated than his master. He was a large coal-black gelding, and at the time of the Mexican War was about ten years old; was sired in "*Old Kentuck*" by the celebrated "*Whip*." May's eagle eye selected him from the mass—"*ignobile vulgus*." Trained and tutored in the menage, *Tom's* noble qualities spoke a blood and spirit far excelling his colleagues. The delight which the ambitious animal displayed in every feat of daring or activity, seemed only to equal his astonishing powers.

## "OLD TOM'S" EXPLOITS.

In Florida, in 1837, *Old Tom's* amazing leaps and unflinching spirit became notorious. One of his many achievements—the capture of "KING PHILIP"—particularly deserves historical notice.

The action of Dunlawton was still raging, and *Old Tom's* ardor for the fight had carried the gallant May ahead of his troop into the midst of the Seminoles, when their daring leader, "King Philip," sprung forth, with upraised rifle, to oppose horse and rider. May's sabre quickly swept the air, but the agile Indian avoided the blow as the fiery charger passed on. Instantly, however, did "*Old Tom*" turn on his haunches (as his master has said, with all the spirit and purpose of his rider), and rearing high, plunged both his front hoofs into the breast of the Indian warrior, knocking him full ten feet (as is well avouched), senseless and thenceforth a captive.

*Coa-co-chee*, or *Wild-Cat*, then became the "*head devil*" of the real Seminoles, and swore vengeance on his father's captor. One of his attempts was as follows: May, in the habit of riding alone from his near post to St. Augustine, was returning over the sandy road, unsuspicious of danger, one very dark night, when he and Old Tom found themselves suddenly among a drove of horses. May's pistol was instantly cocked, for he knew that "Indians were about;" and he determined to go ahead and get his men out of the fort. Old Tom made his way through, but the Indians did not fire, for fear of alarming the post. About half a mile from where they passed through the herd was a wooden bridge which Old Tom always jumped; this, as usual, he did, when a minute after a horse's hoof was heard, in the black darkness of the night, to touch the boards. May then knew he was followed, and instantly reined up. The treacherous horseman came on to meet the discharge of the pistol. The Indian appeared to fall from his horse

and escape as May rode into his post with the horse following. In the morning, the captured animal was found to have on him the trappings known to be Wild-Cat's, with a ball through his neck, and the worst kind of a kick from Old Tom's heels.

The theatre of Old Tom's renown was next shifted to Mexico, where he quickly won the admiration of the rough and ready riders of our army, and the profound respect of the enemy. At first, the Texans were inclined to brag a little of their horses. On one such occasion, May, knowing there was nothing "Old Tom" would not *try*, shouted to a mounted party, "Now, follow me," pointing at the same time to a ravine which no horse could possibly clear. Old Tom dashed on, but at the brink each Texan halted. His leap was unhesitatingly made, and all thought, for the moment, that horse and rider had been dashed to atoms; Old Tom, however, had fallen unhurt in the soft earth of the chasm.

At Resaca de la Palma, in the charge which took General La Vega, Tom's courage shone gloriously. The Mexican guns were not only advantageously posted, but had a breastwork thrown up, with a ditch in front of it; in fact, an actual battery. So soon as General Taylor perceived it, he rode up to May and told him he must take it at any cost; and off dashed the dragoons, going forward like a tornado. "*Old Tom*" went steady at the enemy, all the time making tremendous leaps, as he bounded over ditch, breastwork, and everything else that came in his way. In this charge, an escopette ball, or grape-shot, struck him in the neck; yet so steadily and unswervingly did he "*go the pace*" that

it was not known until after the battle that he was wounded. The gallant Inge's fate has been much attributed to the want of that steadiness and vigor in his charger which distinguished "*Old Tom.*"

At Monterey, a spent grape-shot keeled Old Tom over. May thought him dead, spoke to him in sorrow, but the old fellow in a few moments sprung up, shook himself heartily, and began to return his master's caresses as if "*nothing to speak about*" had occurred. All the damage was a large welt on his flank, perhaps the first time Old Tom had been *out-flanked.*

This one of the heroes of all Taylor's battles in Mexico fought his last fight at Buena Vista. He had been under the saddle for four days and nights, when on that bloody field this "creature of heroic blood" began to show a failing of strength, which his devoted master and friend would not o'ertask. May had Old Tom withdrawn, much against that hero's free consent; and thereafter the old horse, by the interest and affection of his master, passed down the vale of life through paths of peace and plenty.

## "OLD BEN BEALL."

Bvt. Major BEN. BEALL, notwithstanding his humor and love of fun, was a good soldier, and an excellent disciplinarian. When in command, he was dignified and reserved; off duty, he was the prince of good fellows. He could tell more unique and original stories, sing better songs, and stand up to his "toddy" more honestly than any man in the regiment. No one could tell his stories with the same grace, or humorous workings of the countenance, or

sing his songs with the same expression, and intonations of voice. The posts where he was stationed were kept alive by his vagaries. When we were in depot at Governor's Island in '39, for the purpose of discharging and re-enlisting the three-years men, Ben. Beall was in his glory. An English frigate came into the port, and, of course, civilities were exchanged. The British officers entertained some of us at the old Globe Hotel, away down Broadway. "Old-Strike-a-Light," as we delighted to call Beall, was there, of course. He amazed John Bull, with his versatile, never-ending humor. Amongst others he told the story, as given by a Frenchman, of the capture of the "Guerriere" by the "Constitution."

"You see, I vas come from Marseilles with sheep load wine and cognac; I vas go to ze Levant trade. By'm-by Capitaine Dacre he com vith zat 'Guerriere,' and he tak my sheep; and he tak all my vine, an my cognac in he's sheep; me and my crew he tak prisonares an he burn my sheep. Pretty soon he say: 'Ah, Capitaine Dufosse, I go look now fo zat Yankee frigate, ze "Constitution."' Pretty soon he see zat sheep. 'Ah, Capitaine Dufosse,' he say, 'I'm goin tak zat sheep in twenty minutes.' Ven he come up vith her, he give von broadside *br-r-r-r-r-re!* Zat Yankee, he no say nossing;—*br-r-r-r-r-re*, ze other broadside. Ze Yankee, he no say nossing! 'Tonnere!' I say, 'what is zat?' *Br-r-r-r-r-re! br-r-r-r-r-re!* from ze 'Guerriere.' Zat sacré Yankee, he no say nossing! Pretty soon, when he come close—*br-r-r-r-re! br-r-r-r-re! br-r-r-r-r-re*—by gar, I go beelow. After avile I com on ze deck. Capitaine Dacre vas giv his sword to Capitaine Hull! I say, 'Ah, ha!

Capitaine Dacre! You say you goin tak zat Yankee frigate in *twenty minutes!* By gar, he tak you in *TAN!*'"

Given with the French style and manner and peculiar linguistical accent, in which he was inimitable, the story was received in great good humor, and rounds of applause.

One of his legion of friends wrote an obituary notice,* of which the following was a part:

"But Colonel Beall was not distinguished for his social qualities alone; he was a soldier in every sense of the word. With a noble countenance and a commanding and well-knit frame, he looked every inch the warrior. Once in the saddle, his powers of endurance were wonderful. In mid-winter, when the valleys at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains were filled with snow, when even the nomadic savage had to seek some sheltered nook to pitch his lodge in, it was then that the Colonel used to start on those expeditions against hostile Indians which rendered him so famous. Day after day, night after night, as long as a horse could hold him up, he would travel. During his term of service in New Mexico, he underwent hardship that broke down even the stoutest of his troops; but cold never pinched him, heat never relaxed him, and hunger never weakened him. Incapable of fatigue, quick in decision, brave in action, he was perhaps the best specimen of a partisan officer our Service has ever produced.

"A character like that of Colonel Beall was apt to be misunderstood by those who did not know him well; but underneath his apparent occasional levity of manner there beat a warm and noble heart, and a conscience free from

* Colonel Benjamin Lloyd Beall died at Baltimore, Aug. 10, 1863.

guile. A strong undercurrent of religious feeling tinged his whole life, and many a time, even in the field, after an evening spent over the camp-fire, 'in riot most uncouth,' has the writer of this seen the old Colonel, before he retired to his bivouac on the ground, take out his prayer-book and snatch a few precious moments from his restless and busy life for a communion with the things of another world.

"He is now gone, and in after-times, when the oft-told joke goes round and some old, familiar story that he once told calls out the merry laugh, a tear will mingle with our cups as we think of that true and honest gentleman, that noble soldier, that prince of boon companions—Colonel Ben. Beall."

Who, when shattered and broken from scoutings and toils,
In the Florida war,
Could smile at grim Death as he felt his cold toils,
In the Florida war?
Who, but valiant old Ben?—*beau ideal* of men—
Who wore gay soldier's tog in the days that we ken,
In the Florida war.—
God rest his old head where his blanket is spread,
Far from toil and cold lead
And the Florida war!

## II. "THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL."*

The sun, which shines alike upon the just and the unjust, was reflected from the burnished brasses of the garrison of Fort Shaw, Montana, one bright day in the latter part of June, 1886. The troops were paraded to do honor to the memory of a distinguished non-commissioned officer,

* This account is prepared from data furnished by Lieut. PHILIP READE, Third U. S. Infantry.

who for thirty-five years had helped to defend the Flag of his Country with all the power of his strong right arm and with all the force of his brave, honest and intelligent example. According to Army Regulations, the funeral escort or "firing party" for a sergeant consists of sixteen privates commanded by a sergeant, and it is further provided that the funeral shall be attended by the non-commissioned officers of the company or regiment, with side-arms only. But the Colonel of the Third Infantry, responding to the *esprit de corps* which has ever been a marked feature of that

SERGEANT JAMES FEGAN,
THIRD U. S. INFANTRY.

regiment, ordered out the entire garrison in full dress to follow the remains of one who represented a type of the American Army, now, alas! seldom to be met with.

The band, playing a dirge, preceded the cortege; then came the firing party, selected with care from the oldest and best privates, with reversed arms, commanded by a sergeant of twenty years' service; then the body on an artillery carriage covered with the Stars and Stripes, and

guarded by six stalwart non-commissioned officers as pall-bearers; the chaplain and the surgeon; the family—the gray-haired widow supported by an only son, successor to his father's post of First Sergeant; the post and regimental commander as chief mourner for the regiment; the other commissioned officers in the order of rank; four companies of infantry, with the colors draped in mourning; last of all, a number of civilians living in the vicinity. Soon are heard the three sharp volleys of musketry which terminate the old soldier's last parade, and with a heart-felt "peace to his ashes," the martial procession returns with quickened pace and livelier music to the duty of the hour.

Let us glance at the military record of the enlisted man who was deemed worthy of these extraordinary honors.

SERGEANT FEGAN, THIRD INFANTRY.

JAMES FEGAN was born in Athlone, Ireland, in 1827, and acquired military habits in the constabulary there. Coming to this country in early life, he enlisted as a private in Company "I," Second United States Infantry, October 29, 1851. From that time to 1886 he had been almost continuously in the service of the United States as a soldier, and his record reads more like that of a warrior of the early centuries, when war was man's chief pastime, than that of a dweller in the New World who was born in the present century. Fegan soon proved himself faithful, and was promoted to be corporal and then sergeant, and in due time, his term of enlistment having expired, he re-enlisted. Again and again was he discharged and as often re-enlisted,

until 1861, when he entered upon active service in the Army of the Potomac for three years.

HIS ACTIVE SERVICE.

He served with his company at the *Siege of Yorktown, Gaines' Mills, Malvern Hill, Hanover Court House, Fair Oaks, Harrison's Landing, Bull Run, Centreville, South Mountain and Antietam.* At Antietam he was wounded by a rifle bullet in the right leg, but was re-enlisted March 31, 1864, in Company "C," Third Infantry, and when again discharged, his papers showed he had participated in the following engagements: *Petersburg, Reams' Station, James' Station, Birney Station, Stoneman's Creek,* first and second *Deep Bottom, South Side Railroad, Danville Railroad, Boydton Plank Road, Appomattox Station, Farmsville City, New House, Savage Station, Reno Station, Manchester, Richmond, Dunwiddie, C. H., Burksville Junction, Appomattox Court House, Surrender of Lee's Army.* Sergeant Fegan had received several wounds, and one would naturally suppose he had had enough of a soldier's career to satisfy him for the remainder of his life. Such, however, was not the case. Twice he re-enlisted after this, but after the second enlistment he was prevailed upon to seek admission to the Soldiers' Home at Washington, whither he went in 1870. Existence at the quiet retreat was too tame a thing for him, and he succeeded in obtaining a discharge and at once rejoined the Army. And there he remained to the day of his death, participating in all the duties, dangers and vicissitudes of the Service, honored by his associates and trusted by his superior officers.

## A DISTINGUISHED RECORD.

His record bears many endorsements of his bravery and efficiency by commanding officers, and he has participated in numerous thrilling experiences, besides pitched battles, during the war and with the Indians. He stood guard, single-handed and alone, over a deserter he had captured and a mule train freighted with gun-powder, at Plum Creek, Kansas, when a cowardly assault was made upon him by another soldier and a crowd of citizens, and he took both deserter and powder to camp. For this, Sergeant Fegan received the Medal of Honor, and was mentioned in Orders, as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS FORT DODGE, KANSAS.
"*March* 13, 1868.

"*Special Orders,*

"*No.* 39.

"It becomes the pleasant duty of the commanding officer to notice in terms of approbation, the conduct of Sergeant JAMES FEGAN of Company 'H,' 3d U. S. Infantry, while in charge of a supply train en route from Fort Harker to Fort Dodge, Kansas.

"During the journey, while encamped at *Plum Creek*, Sergeant JOHN W. BLAKE, Troop 'B,' 7th U. S. Cavalry, aided by some citizens, made a violent and cowardly assault upon Sergeant FEGAN, while the latter was guarding a deserter, whom he had recently apprehended. He was threatened with death if he did not allow the prisoner to escape; but true to his trust and to his good record as a soldier, he yielded nothing but what was wrested from him by force. And at the same time defended himself with great courage and ability. He defended, single-handed, the train freighted with gunpowder, when threatened, and brought it safely to this Post.

"The courage and firmness with which Sergeant FEGAN performed this difficult duty is worthy of all praise, and is in keeping with his excellent record

as a soldier through many years of service. His conduct is worthy the emulation of all the soldiers of this Command who deem their profession honorable, and who desire to fulfil the requirements of it with honor and credit to themselves.

"By order of Major H. DOUGLAS.
"THOMAS S. WALLACE,
"*2d Lieut. 3d U. S. Infantry,*
"*Post Adjutant.*"

In a recent letter from Sergeant Fegan's company commander, he says:

A COMMANDER'S TRIBUTE.

"He was exemplary in his habits, honest, truthful, slow to anger, conscientious, respectful and soldierly in his demeanor to officers, a tower of strength among the men. In personal appearance, he resembled General Harney as the latter looked thirty years ago. Many humorous stories are told of Fegan. He was a character whose life and habits furnished many salients whereon to hang anecdotes. His own son, James Fegan, Jr., enlisted in H Company, 3d Infantry, eleven years ago, and was last year promoted to be First Sergeant of the Company.

"The singular spectacle of father and son both serving as sergeants in the same organization thus presents itself. We were proud of old Fegan, who, from his earnings, gave his son what he lacked himself; to wit, a good education. As long ago as 1867 the old soldier brought me $2800 to keep for him. This was in an adobe hut on the banks of the muddy Arkansas, at Fort Dodge. Calling his wife to him, he bade her 'dhrop a curtsey to the Liftinint!' This she did. The old warrior was over six feet. Standing

erect, his long arms were just able to rest on the curly head of a miniature reproduction of himself as he sonorously said: 'Liftinint! The proudest fither in his father's cap it will be whin he sees this lad idducated like an officer and a gintleman. An' we've got the monney to do it, too, —haven't we, ould woman? Dhrop a curtsey, woman! Right-hand salute, Jhames, to the Liftinint!'

"At another time,—hour, midnight; place, the guard-house,—he being the Sergeant of the Guard, was addressed by a rather fresh recruit as 'Jim.' *Whack!* and the neophyte was sprawling, while seventy-five inches of irate, Hibernian, soldierly humanity roared out: '*Jim*, is it? Whin I'm on dhuty it's "Sergeant Faygan" ye'll call me. Whin I'm off dhuty, thin, an' not *till* thin, I'm *Jim!* D'ye mind it! D'ye MIND it!' And he again flourished a fist as big as a Missouri ham in the face of the terrified recruit.

"If you have received any impression from this screed that Fegan was a coarse, or brutal, or over-exacting man, you are in error. He appreciated himself at his exact value; no more, no less. Officers were, to him, of the 'quality,'—clay different from his. He was a devout Roman Catholic.

LOYALTY AND FIDELITY.

"In 1868, a Deputy U. S. Marshal came to Fort Dodge one evening to arrest me. The suit was at the instance of some citizens who had been broken up by me in the business of trading whiskey to Arrapahoe and Cheyenne Indians. Having had warning of the advent of the hapless deputy U. S. M., I casually—very casually, you will understand,

—mentioned the fact to Sergeant Fegan. He carelessly asked where would the U. S. M. sleep. Similarly, without assignable reason, he inquired would I be at the Post Trader's until, mayhap, midnight, that night? I incidentally gave him information and details. Of course there was an entire absence of purpose in three or four circumstances that followed; to wit (1), I domiciled and fed and drank the D. U. S. M. in my own quarters, suggesting that he defer until the next day any business he might have with me. (2) By a singular coincidence, the night that I spent at billiards at the sutler's store, old Fegan and a few steady men of my company had passes, with permission to be absent from the Reservation. (3) When I returned to my quarters, I tip-toed to the room where I had left my Deputy U. S. M. asleep, but was astounded to find the bed empty, his baggage gone, the man nowhere to be found.

"Long afterward the Deputy told me—he was a pretty clever fellow, Charley W—— by name—that late that night he was gently but resolutely awakened from his stupor—slumbers, I mean—by a giant, who had a whisper like the North wind and the sinews of a Goliath, who enjoined him to get up, dress, pack his things and silently follow him to a wagon. By the way the Hercules spoke, the Deputy U. S. M. thought he *meant* it, and he meekly complied. Without injury of any kind, the civil functionary was taken to a point on Pawnee Creek, and there advised to take the stage away from Fort Dodge. He did so. Old Fegan always looked preternaturally sober whenever I tried to talk about it. Do you blame me for feeling that in his death I lost a friend?"

## THE "MEN BEHIND THE MUSKETS."

"The Annals of War abound with names of titled military men, generals, colonels, and those of lesser rank but equal bravery, to whom their country and the world have justly awarded the deathless meed that heroism everywhere and always deserves. No one questions the right of these valiant warriors to wear their laurels and to enjoy their well-earned renown. Physical bravery and soldierly leadership will be admired and extolled by humanity for ages to come, and it is right that they should be. The people that has no appreciation of dauntless manhood and the prowess of military chieftainship is likely to be one of poor spirit, incapable of the noblest and best inspirations. But sometimes, to a close observer, it would seem that the incense cloud which popular feeling continually keeps ascending before the shrine of the greater heroes, obscures and belittles the deeds of the humbler ones. The general, the colonel and their subordinates plan the battles, marshal the armies and keep the serried ranks in order, inspiring those under their command by counsel and examples, but it is the men behind the muskets who do the fighting and win the victories. Never was this exemplified in a more striking way than during our own great struggle of twenty years ago. The American Private Soldier gained the admiration and applause of the world by his sublime heroism; animated by a grand purpose and thinking while he fought of all that depended upon his exertions, he was doubly a hero—a hero physically and morally—and he won battles and achieved triumphs, often under the most adverse circumstances, and

despite bad generalship, for it must not be forgotten that we had bad as well as good leaders. So when we crown the titled soldier with laurels and wave incense before his face, we must not fail to remember that behind and around him cluster the memories of thousands of private soldiers whose thinking and fighting were factors that largely helped to give him his fame."

FIRST SERGEANT JAMES FEGAN,
COMPANY H, 3D U. S. INFANTRY;
*Died at Fort Shaw, Montana,*
*June* 25, 1886, *aged* 59.

*Service.* Enlisted in Co. I, 2d Infantry, Oct. 29, 1851; re-enlisted Aug. 29, 1856; re-enlisted July 1, 1861. Re-enlisted in Co. C, 3d Infantry, March 31, 1864; re-enlisted March 31, 1867; re-enlisted (Co. H) March 31, 1870; re-enlisted Aug. 13, 1873; re-enlisted Aug. 13, 1878; re-enlisted Aug. 13, 1883. *Retired from Active Service as Sergeant* at Fort Missoula, M. T., May 8, 1885. *Participated in* 30 *battles*, War of the Rebellion, and numerous Indian affairs. *Wounded* at "Antietam," 1862. *Mentioned in Orders* and awarded the *U. S. Medal of Honor* and a *Certificate of Merit* for conspicuous gallantry at Plum Creek, Kansas, March, 1868. *Sergeant Fegan was made* (*Dec.* 6, 1882) *the subject of a Special Message to Congress from the President of the United States.*

## "CHUM."

### A MERITORIOUS CAMP FOLLOWER.

*Born at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., August 6, 1876.*
*Died at Fort Brady, Michigan, March 5, 1886.*

"CHUM" accompanied the 23d U. S. Infantry all through the Cheyenne expedition of '78. He marched with the regiment from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Supply, Indian Territory, in '79; thence he marched with Co. "A," to the Cantonment on the Uncompahgre River, Colorado, thence to Fort Union, New Mexico. He also accompanied the troops from Fort Union to Richmond Post-Office, Arizona, in an expedition against the Apaches, known as the Gila Expedition of '82. During the expedition the troops suffered severely from want of water. A detachment of Co. "A" was sent to scout through the country to find pure water, but after travelling all day and all night without finding even any signs of it, they went into camp, and such was their suffering that they resolved to kill poor "Chum" for his blood. One of the detachment now (1886) stationed at Fort Brady, Mich., begged for "Chum's" life, and it was spared, providing water would be found within the next hour; and luckily enough it was the dog who led them to it. "Chum" returned with the com-

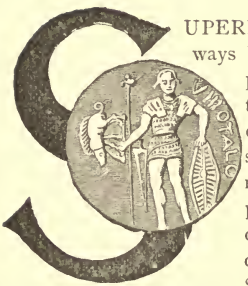
mand to Fort Union, and went with it to Fort Brady, in June, 1884. The command felt grieved over "Chum's" death, and tried to show their love for him by burying him with appropriate military honors, and erecting a neat headboard over his grave, near the Post Cemetery.

"CHUM."

# APPENDIX.

## MILITARY REWARDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

(1776–1886.)




UPERIOR merit and capacity were rewarded in various ways by the Romans. A victorious general was, if the people considered him worthy of it, honored with a triumph. The General entered Rome in a magnificent chariot, followed by his soldiers and by the spoils and prisoners taken from the enemy; the more splendid the victory the more gorgeous the pageant. When a Roman saved the life of a fellow-citizen he was crowned with a chaplet of oak; this distinction was by no means trifling. It gave him State privileges, and allowed him to confer them upon his father and grandfather by his father's side; an encouragement to merit which cost the country nothing, and was productive of many great effects. The Greeks had no triumphs, but citizens who saved or protected the lives of others were honored by a crown and a complete suit of armor. Among them, want of military virtue was rather punished than valor rewarded; this was particularly so among the Spartans; it was considered that the most determined bravery was such a matter of course, that any, the slightest deviation from that excellence was worthy of degradation. Thus only one Spartan escaped at the battle of Thermopylæ; he was branded as a coward and his face shaven on one side to mark him; next year the battle of Platæa was fought and the Spartan was in the Grecian ranks. Stung by the reproaches he received, he sought an honorable death to atone for the past, but the stern justice of his country forbade him the burial—the only grim reward for valor—which his fellow countrymen received; his death was considered the effect of despair, not of bravery and devotion.*

* "The Causes which have led to the Pre-eminence of Nations," by Ross of Bladensburg, in *Journal Royal U. S. Institution* (London).

## THE HONORARY BADGE OF MILITARY MERIT.

General Washington understood the value of personal decoration for gallantry or meritorious conduct, and on August 7, 1782, issued the following order from his headquarters at Newburg.

"Honorary badges are to be conferred on the veteran non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the army who have served more than three years with bravery, fidelity and good conduct; for this purpose a *narrow piece of white cloth of an angular form* is to be fixed to the left arm on the uniform coats; non-commissioned officers and soldiers who have served with equal reputation more than six years, are to be distinguished by two pieces of cloth set in parallel to each other in a similar form. Should any who are not entitled to these honors have the insolence to assume the badges of them, they shall be severely punished. On the other hand, it is expected that gallant men who are thus designated will, on all occasions, be treated with particular confidence and consideration.

"The General, ever desirous to cherish a virtuous ambition in his soldiers, as well as to foster and encourage every species of military merit, directs that whenever any singularly meritorious action is performed, the author of it shall be permitted to wear on his facings, over his left breast, the figure of *a heart in purple cloth or silk*, edged with narrow lace or binding. Not only instances of unusual gallantry, but also of extraordinary fidelity and essential service in any way shall meet with a due reward.

"Before this favor can be conferred on any man, the particular fact or facts on which it is to be grounded must be set forth to the commander-in-chief, accompanied with certificates from the commanding officers of the regiment and brigade to which the candidate for reward belonged, or other incontestable proofs, and, upon granting it, the name and regiment of the person with the action so certified are to be enrolled in the Book of Merit, which will be kept at the orderly office.

"Men who have merited this last distinction to be suffered to pass all guards and sentinels which officers are permitted to do. *The road to glory in a patriot army and a free country is thus opened to all.*

"This order is also to have retrospect to the earliest days of the war, and to be considered as a permanent one.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"*Sunday, August* 11, 1782.

"In order to prevent misapplication of the honorary badges of distinction to be conferred on the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, in consequence of long and faithful service, through any mistake or misapprehension of the orders of the 7th inst., the General thinks proper to inform the Army that they are only attainable by an uninterrupted series of faithful and honorable services.

A soldier who has once retired from the field of glory forfeits all pretensions to precedence from former services; and a man who has deservedly met an ignominious punishment or degradation cannot be admitted a candidate for any honorary distinction, unless he shall have wiped away the stain his reputation has suffered by some very brilliant achievement, or by serving with reputation, after his disgrace, the number of years which entitle other men to that indulgence. The badges which non-commissioned officers and soldiers are permitted to wear on the left arm, as a mark of long and faithful service, are to be of the same color with the facing of the corps they belong to, and not white in every instance, as directed in the orders of the 7th inst."

On the 9th of September, a Board was appointed to examine and report of the claims of the candidates for the Badge of Merit.

The Board, of which Brigadier-General Greaton was president, made the following report on the 24th of April, 1783.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"1st.—That *Sergeant Elijah Churchill*, of the 2d Regiment of Light Dragoons, on the several enterprises against Fort St. George and Fort Stongo, on Long Island, in their opinion acted a very conspicuous and singularly meritorious part; that at the head of each body of attack he not only acquitted himself with great gallantry, firmness and address, but that the surprise in one instance and the success of the attack in the other, proceeded, in a considerable degree, from his conduct and management.

"2d.—That *Sergeant Brown*, of the late 5th Conn. Regiment, in the assault of the enemy, left redoubt in Yorktown in Virginia, on the evening of the 14th of October, 1781, conducted a forlorn hope with great bravery, propriety and deliberate firmness, and that his general character appears unexceptionable.

*Extract from Certificate with the Badge.*—"Now therefore know ye that the aforesaid Sergeant ELIJAH CHURCHILL hath fully and truly deserved, and hath been properly invested with the *Honorary Badge of Military Merit*, and is authorized and entitled to pass and repass all guards and Military Posts as fully and amply as any Commissioned Officer whatever: and is hereby further recommended to that favorable notice which a brave and faithful soldier deserves from his countrymen.

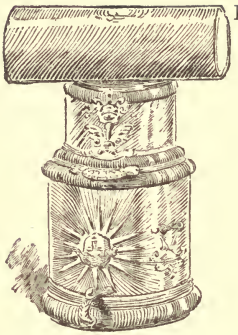
"Given under my hand and seal at the Headquarters of the American Army, this first day of May, 1783.

"By his Excellency, Commander-in-Chief,

"JONA. TRUMBULL, JR.

"*Secretary.*"

BREVETS.*



THE first brevet given by Congress (July 20, 1776) was that of Lieutenant-Colonel to M. de Franchessin, "a Knight of the Order of St. Louis, an experienced officer in the French service, and who is well recommended in letters from abroad."

The earliest brevet issued for special gallantry was (October 27, 1778) of Lieutenant-Colonel to M. Tousard (afterward Lieutenant-Colonel, Commandant of Artillery and Engineers) in a resolution of Congress which read, "That the gallantry of Monsieur Tousard in the late action on Rhode Island is deserving of the highest applause."

The first reward of this kind to Americans was the brevet of Captain to Lieutenant Henry Knox (afterward Major-General and Secretary of War), with the assurance "That Congress warmly approve and applaud the cool, determined spirit with which (he) led on the forlorn hope at Stony Point, braving danger and death in the cause of his country."

At the beginning of our second war with Great Britain there was not a single officer living who held a brevet in our Army, and Congress passed a law (July 6, 1812) that "The President is hereby authorized to confer brevet rank upon such officers of the Army as shall distinguish themselves by gallant actions or meritorious conduct."

During the war with Mexico, the following law was made by Congress, March 3, 1847:

"When any non-commissioned officer shall distinguish or may have distinguished himself in the Service, the President of the United States shall be and is hereby authorized, on the recommendation of the commanding officer of the regiment to which said non-commissioned officer belongs, to attach him by brevet of the lowest grade to any corps of the Army. *Provided*, that there shall not be more than one attached to any one company at the same time."

During the late war (March 3, 1863) the President was further authorized to brevet "commissioned officers of the volunteer and other forces in the United States service for gallant actions."

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* *Brevet* is derived from the Latin *breve*, *brevia*, words still preserved in English law, meaning a brief; a parchment containing a notification. A brevet under the existing laws, affecting the regular military service of the United States, may be defined as a commission conferring upon an officer a grade *in the Army* additional to and higher than that which, at the time it is bestowed, he holds by virtue of his commission in a particular corps of the legally established military organization. "History and Legal Effects of Brevets," by Gen. J. B. Fry, U. S. A. New York: D. Van Nostrand, 1877.

In 1869 it was enacted that "from and after the passage of this act, commissions by brevet shall only be conferred in time of War, and for distinguished conduct and public service in the presence of the enemy."

MEDALS.

Congress had not yet proclaimed the independence of the Thirteen United Colonies, when, on March 25, 1776, it was ordered that a gold medal should be struck and presented "To His Excellency, General Washington, for his wise and spirited conduct in the siege and acquisition of Boston." *

Instructions were sent to Benjamin Franklin, then in Paris, to employ the best artists in France for the purpose, and the medals struck by order of Congress for certain heroes of the Revolution were perfect specimens of the medallic art.

Franklin's ideas upon the subject are expressed in the following extract from one of his letters to the Secretary of State, dated Passy, May 10, 1785:

"The ancients, when they ordained a medal to record the memory of any laudable action, and to do honor to the performer of that action, struck a vast number and used them as money. By this means the honor was extended through their own and neighboring nations: every man who received or paid a piece of money was reminded of the virtuous action, the person who performed it and the reward attending it; and the number gave such security to this kind of monument against perishing and being forgotten, that some of each of them exist to this day, though more than two thousand years old, and being now copied in books by the art of engraving and painting are not only exceedingly multiplied, but likely to remain some thousands of years longer. The man who is honored only by a single medal is obliged to show it to enjoy the honor which can be done only to a few, and often awkwardly. I therefore wish the medals of Congress were ordered to be money."

Although the first medal *voted* was a gold medal to Washington, the first one *struck* was the silver medal to Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury, one of the young officers of the French Army, who obtained leave to enter our service in 1777. His devotion to our cause was so thorough, and his exploits so gallant that they merit brief notice here.

Upon arriving in America this officer, who was an engineer, with other of his countrymen, applied for commissions. General Washington, however, declined to grant their requests, as many adventurers had already entered the Service. Failing to obtain an appointment as an officer, De Fleury entered the ranks and

* Loubat's "Medallic History United States."

soon fought his way to promotion. He was wounded and had a horse killed under him at Fort Mifflin, for which Congress voted him another horse, promoted him a lieutenant-colonel (Nov. 26, 1777) in consideration of the disinterested gallantry he had manifested in the service of the United States."

In the assault upon Stony Point (July 15, 1779) he commanded one of the storming parties, was the first to enter the main work, and struck the British flag with his own hands. For this achievement Congress voted him a silver medal and subsequently a vote of thanks for "his zeal, activity, military genius and gallantry." He served under Rochambeau 1780–82.

After the close of the Revolution, Colonel Fleury went to India, and in 1790 returned to France. He was put on the pension list there, but continued in active service with the rank of Marechal-de-camp until 1792, when, during the retreat from Mons, his horse fell and he was ridden over by part of a regiment of the enemy's cavalry and was permanently disabled. The same year, at the age of forty-three, he retired from the Army.

But eighty-six medals in all have been struck since the foundation of the Government of the United States. But three of these commemorate episodes of the War of the Rebellion: one to General Grant for his victories, one to Cornelius Vanderbilt for patriotic generosity, and, at the close of the War, one to George Foster Robinson for saving the life of Mr. Seward, Secretary of State.*

## THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

The Medal of Honor for the army was first established as a reward for military service by a law approved July 12, 1862, as follows:

"*Resolved* by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized to cause 2000 'medals of honor' to be prepared, with suitable emblematic devices, and to direct that the same be presented in the name of Congress to such non-commissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and their soldier-like qualities during the present insurrection."

This was followed by an act (March 3, 1863) to the "effect that the President cause to be struck from the dies recently prepared at the United States Mint for that purpose 'Medals of Honor' additional to those authorized by the act of July 12, 1862, and present the same to such officers, non-commissioned officers and privates as have most distinguished or may hereafter most distinguish themselves in action; and the sum of $20,000 is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to defray the expenses of the same."

The medal† is described as "a five-pointed star, tipped with trefoil, each point

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* See p. front. to Foiling an Assassin.

† For fac-simile of the Medal of Honor, see opposite first page of Preface.

containing a crown of laurel and oak; in the middle, within a circle of thirty-four stars, America, personified as Minerva, stands with her left hand resting on the fasces, while with her right, in which she holds a shield emblazoned with the American arms, she repulses Discord, represented by two snakes in each hand; the whole suspended by a trophy of two crossed cannons, balls and a sword surmounted by the American eagle, which is united by a ribbon of thirteen stripes, palewise, gules and argent and a chief azure, to a clasp composed of two cornucopias and the American arms."

General E. D. Townsend (late Adjutant-General of the Army) says: *

"As soon as news of the Civil War in the United States became known in Europe, many persons who had been officers in foreign armies came to offer their services to the Government. It frequently happened that these gentlemen brought letters of introduction and testimonials of their military career. Sometimes they came accredited to our Department of State. They usually paid their respects to General Scott, and not unfrequently, on such an occasion, wore their uniform, with all their decorations—medals or orders. There were many men in our volunteer service who had served abroad, and it was quite the habit among them to display on their uniforms such marks of distinction if they possessed them. It is no wonder if they were objects of envy to many of our young aspirants for military glory.

"The experience of the Mexican War, when the honor of a brevet was so often persistently sought for through political influence, sometimes without any special military merit to sustain it, early suggested to me the probability that the same evil, in magnified form, would arise during the Civil War. It was very desirable, therefore, if possible, to prevent what afterward actually happened, the destruction of the practical benefit arising from the brevet system. Instead of tardy and sometimes indiscriminate recommendations for brevets, why should not our generals, when in command of armies in time of war, be clothed with the power of rewarding distinguished acts of bravery, *on the instant*, by issuing orders conferring a medal for them, such orders to be as soon as possible confirmed and executed by the War Department? Mistakes would rarely, if ever, be made; and the excellent effect of a prompt recognition of gallantry in battle is no new thing in history.

"Impressed with these ideas, I, early in 1861, urged their adoption upon General Scott, and upon the chairman of the Senate Military Committee, the Secretary of War, and others in influence. They objected that it was contrary to the spirit of our institutions to wear decorations, and therefore the measure would not be popular. I instanced the pride which children feel in wearing medals won at schools, and the pains taken by parents to foster it; and suggested that, if those who won medals did not choose to wear them, they would none the less value them, and so would their descendants after them.

* "Anecdotes of the Civil War," by Gen. E. D. Townsend. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Nothing was done in that direction, however, until the 12th of July, 1862, when Congress passed a resolution to award medals of honor to enlisted men, which, by the act of March 3, 1863, was extended to officers also. These medals, although intrinsically of but little value, have been eagerly sought for and highly prized. The main objection to them is the mode of conferring, under which years have sometimes elapsed before sufficiently reliable testimony could be obtained that the claimant was justly entitled to one, according to the terms of the law."

In Gen. Townsend's annual report, 1864, the matter was presented to the notice of the Secretary of War, and of Congress, in these words:

"'The Medal of Honor is of bronze, of neat device, and is highly prized by those on whom it has been bestowed. Hitherto no medals have been conferred upon commissioned officers, apparently under the idea that at some future day their acts of distinguished bravery would be recognized by brevets. It is believed that, in the majority of cases, the award of a gold or silver medal would be quite as acceptable as the brevet, and of more substantial value, especially in the volunteer service. . . . If any act were passed to authorize it, a prompt and gratifying acknowledgment of distinguished services could be made, by publishing a general order awarding to the officer "the gold medal" or the "silver medal," with the privilege of engraving thereon the name and date of the battle in which his gallantry was conspicuous. In case of his again winning distinction, he would be authorized in general orders to add to the inscription upon his medal the name and date of his new exploit. If both gold and silver medals were authorized, there would be no objection to the same officer being the recipient of both, if won by meritorious conduct at different times, and different in degree. The system of medals need in no wise interfere with the conferring of brevet rank in cases where such rank might be actually exercised in high commands, or at the discretion of the President; but it would relieve the pressure for brevets on the part of the many officers who justly believe they have won a title to some mark of honor, and would avoid the many vexed questions likely to arise from the possession of brevet rank by so large a number of officers as reasonably prefer a claim to reward."

### CORPS BADGES.

SECOND CORPS.

As a sort of substitute for medals, the Corps Badges have come to be regarded as a proud mark of distinction, and memorial of service in the War 1861–5.

To Major-General Joseph Hooker probably belongs the credit of first having issued orders for the adoption of regular corps badges, to be worn by officers and enlisted men of all the regiments of various corps through the entire Army of the Potomac. Just before the Chancellorsville campaign, on the 21st of March, 1863, he issued a circular prescribing the device for a badge for each corps, "for the purpose of ready recognition of corps and divisions of

this army, and to prevent injustice by reports of straggling and misconduct, through mistake as to their organizations." They were to be "fastened on the centre of the top of the cap." The devices seem to have been arbitrarily chosen, without particular significance.

The divisions of each corps were indicated by one of the colors, red, white, blue ; and green and orange, if there were more than three divisions, upon some part of the badges. They were either suspended by the tri-colored ribbon, or fastened with a pin. As there were usually three divisions in a corps, the national colors were the ones sure to be represented. For the headquarters, some slight modifications were made in the form worn by the divisions. When several army corps were consolidated into an "army," the badge of that army headquarters consisted of a combination in one of all those of the corps.

Corps badges have now a legal recognition in the Revised Statutes of the United States :

"Section 1227. All persons who have served as officers, non-commissioned officers, privates, or other enlisted men, in the regular Army, Volunteer, or Militia forces of the United States, during the War of the Rebellion, and have been honorably discharged from the Service, or still remain in the same, shall be entitled to wear, on occasions of ceremony, the distinctive army badge ordered for or adopted by the army corps and division, respectively, in which they served."

FOURTEENTH CORPS.

From General Jefferson C. Davis this legend of the Acorn Badge was received : After the battle of Chickamauga, Rosecran's army made a stand at and around Chattanooga. This army, owing to exceedingly muddy roads, and the cutting of its lines of communication by the Confederates, had great difficulty in getting supplies. The Fourteenth Corps was encamped near a wood of oak trees, which were at that time covered with acorns. As the rations fell short. many of the men gathered the acorns and ate them roasted, till at length it was observed that they had become quite an important part of the ration, and the men of the corps jestingly called themselves "The Acorn Boys."

FIFTEENTH CORPS.

In announcing this badge, Major-General John A. Logan, commanding the Fifteenth Corps, says : "If any corps in the army has a right to take a pride in its badge, surely that has which looks back through the long and glorious line (enumerating thirty-five engagements and battles, and scores of minor struggles) ; the corps which had its birth under Grant and Sherman in the darker days of our struggle; the corps which will keep on struggling until the death of the Rebellion."

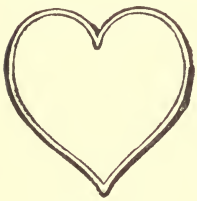
The device of the badge of the Fifteenth Corps was suggested by the following incident : The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were

transferred from the Army of the Potomac to the Department of the Cumberland. They were better dressed than the other troops of that department, and a little rivalry sprang up between these Eastern boys and those who came from the West. The latter spoke of the former as "the men who wore paper shirt-collars, and crescents and stars." Before the Fifteenth Corps had any badge, an Irishman belonging to it went to the river near camp to fill his canteen. There he met a soldier of one of the newly arrived corps, whose badges were the subject of ridicule by his comrades. The latter saluted the Irishman with the query, "What corps do you belong to?" "The Fifteenth, sure." "Well, then, where is your badge?" "My badge, is it? Well" (clapping his hand on his cartridge-box), "here's my badge! Forty rounds! It's the orders to always have forty rounds in our cartridge-box, and we always do."

SEVENTEENTH CORPS.

Major-General Francis P. Blair says in his order: "The badge now worn by the corps being similar to one formerly adopted by another corps, the major-general commanding has concluded to adopt, as a distinguishing badge for the command, an arrow.

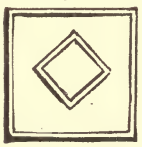
"In its swiftness, in its surety of striking where wanted, and its destructive powers when so intended, it is probably as emblematical of this corps as any design that could be adopted."



TWENTY-FOURTH CORPS.

This corps was organized late in the war, and was for the most part composed of veterans who had served in other corps. Major-General John Gibbon, in his orders adopting the badge, says: "The symbol selected is one which testifies our affectionate regard for all our brave comrades—alike the living and the dead, who have braved the perils of this mighty conflict,—and our devotion to the sacred cause—a cause which entitles us to the sympathy of every brave and true heart, and the support of every strong and determined hand.

"The major-general commanding the corps does not doubt that the soldiers who have given their strength and blood to the fame of their former badges will unite in rendering the present one even more renowned than those under which they have heretofore marched to battle."



TWENTY-FIFTH CORPS.

This corps was composed entirely of colored soldiers. It was the first to occupy Richmond, Virginia, April 3, 1865. The following is Major-General Godfrey Weitzel's order:

"In view of the circumstances under which this corps was raised and filled, the peculiar claims of its individual members upon the justice and fair dealing of the prejudiced, and the regularity of the conduct of the troops which *deserve* those *equal rights* that have hitherto been denied the majority, the commanding general

has been induced to adopt the *square* as the distinctive badge of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps.

"Wherever danger has been found and glory to be won, the heroes who have fought for immortality have been distinguished by some emblem to which every victory added a new lustre. They looked upon their badge with pride, for to it they had given its fame. In the homes of smiling peace it recalled the days of courageous endurance and the hours of deadly strife, and it solaced the moment of death, for it was a symbol of a life of heroism and self-denial.

"Soldiers! to you is given a chance, in this Spring campaign, of making this badge immortal. Let history record that, on the banks of the James, thirty thousand freemen not only gained their own liberty, but shattered the prejudice of the world, and gave to the land of their birth peace, union, and glory."

### CERTIFICATES OF MERIT.

During the War with Mexico a law was passed that "when any private soldier shall so distinguish himself (or may have distinguished himself in the Service) the President may (upon the recommendation of the commanding officer of the regiment) grant him a Certificate of Merit, which shall entitle him to additional pay at the rate of two dollars per month (March 3, 1847).

# MEDALS OF HONOR AWARDED FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION. FROM THE OFFICIAL LIST. COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL RICHARD C. DRUM, ADJUTANT-GENERAL U. S. ARMY, BY FREDERICK H. STAFFORD, OF THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

*Officers, Enlisted Men, and others awarded Medals of Honor under resolution of Congress, No. 43, approved July 12, 1862, and section 6 of act of Congress approved March 3, 1863, for distinguished service during the War of the Rebellion.*

| Name. | Rank. | Co. | Organization. | Action. | | Awarded for— |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | Where. | Date. | |
| Anderson, Frederic C.. | Private..... | A | 18th Mass. Inf..... | Weldon R. R., Va... | Aug. 21, 1864 | Capture of flag, 27th South Carolina. |
| Adams, James F..... | ..do ..... | D | 1st W. Va. Cav.... | Nineveh, Va..... | Nov. 12, 1864 | Capture of flag, 14th Va. Cav. |
| Ammerman, Robert W. | ..do .... .... | B | 148th Pa. Inf..... | Spottsylvania, Va.... | May 12, 1864 | Capture of flag, 8th North Carolina. |
| Archer, Lester..... | Sergeant..... | E | 96th N. Y. Inf..... | Battery Hudson..... | Sept. 29, 1864 | Gallantry in placing colors of regiment on Battery Hudson. |
| Anderson, Charles W.. | Private ..... | K | 1st N. Y. Linc. Cav. | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, 1865 | Capture of unknown rebel flag. |
| Anderson, Thomas.... | Corporal..... | I | 1st W. Va. Cav.... | Appomattox, Va..... | Apr. 8, 1865 | Do. |
| Allen, Abner P..... | ...do..... | K | 39th Ill. Inf..... | ..... | ..... | Gallant conduct in battle. |
| Apple, Andrew O..... | ...do ..... | I | 12th W. Va. Inf.... | ..... | ..... | Do. |
| Anderson, Peter.. .... | Private..... | B | 31st Wis. Inf..... | Bentonville, N. C... | Mar. 19, 1865 | Gallant conduct, saving gun of 14th Corps. |
| Buffum, Robert..... | ...do... ..... | H | 21st Ohio Inf..... | Georgia..... ..... | ....1862..... | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Bensinger, William.... | ...do..... | G | .....do..... ..... | .. .do ..... | .... do..... | Do. |
| Brown, Wilson... .... | ...do..... | F | .... ..do..... ... | ...do .... ..... .. | ... do..... | Do. |
| Bowen, Chester B..... | Corporal..... | I | 1st N. Y. Dragoons | Winchester, Va... ... | Sept. 19, 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Baybutt, Philip ..... | Private..... | A | 2d Mass. Cav.. .... | Luray, Va..... ..... | Sept. 24, 1864 | Do. |
| Begley, Terrence..... | Sergeant..... | D | 7th N. Y. Hy. Art.. | Cold Harbor, Va.. | June 3, 1864 | Do. |
| Burk, Michael..... | Private..... | D | 125th N. Y. Inf..... | Spottsylvania, Va . . | May 12, 1864 | Do. |
| Bacon, Elijah W..... | ...do..... | F | 14th Conn. Inf... . | Gettysburg, Pa. .... | July 3, 1863 | Capture of flag, 16th North Carolina. |
| Bishop, Francis A..... | ...do..... | C | 57th Pa. Inf..... | Spottsylvania, Va. .. | May 12, 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Brown, Charles..... | Sergeant..... | C | 50th Pa. Inf... .... | Weldon R. R..... | Aug. 19, 1864 | Capture of flag, 47th Virginia. |
| Brown, John H..... | Captain..... | D | 12th Ky. Inf..... | Franklin, Tenn .. .. | Nov. 30, 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Bradbury, J. [J. Brady. | Private..... | F | 10th N. H. Inf..... | Chaffin's Farm, Va... | Sept. 29, 1864 | Do. |
| Buck, F. Clarence ..... | Corporal..... | A | 21st Conn. Inf..... | ....do..... | .... do..... | Bravery in action. |
| Blucher, Charles..... | ...do ..... | H | 188th Pa. Inf..... | Fort Harrison, Va... | .... do..... | Planting first National colors on fort. |
| Buchanan, George A.. | Private ..... | G | 148th N. Y. Inf.... | Chaffin's Farm, Va... | .. do..... | Gallantry in action. |
| Bronson, James H..... | 1st Sergeant. | D | 5th U. S. C. T..... | ....do ..... | .... do..... | Do. |
| Beaty, Powhatan... .. | ...do..... | G | .....do ..... | ....do ..... ..... | .... do... .. | Do. |
| Barnes, William H..... | Private ..... | C | 38th U. S. C. T.. .. | ....do ..... | .... do..... | Among the first to enter works (wounded). |
| Belcher, Thomas. ..... | ...do ..... | I | 9th Me. Inf..... .. | ....do ..... | .... do..... | Gallantry in action. |
| Bruton, Christopher C. | Captain..... | C | 22d N. Y. Cav..... | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, 1865 | Capture of Gen. Early's headquarters flag. |
| Bowey, Richard..... | Sergeant..... | C | 1st W. Va. Cav..... | Charlottesville, Va... | Mar. 5, 1865 | Capture of flag. |

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| Bickford, Henry H. | Corporal | E | 8th N. Y. Cav. | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, | 1865 | Recapture of flag. |
| Buckley, Dennis | Private | G | 136th N. Y. Inf. | Peach Tree Crk., Ga. | July 20, | 1864 | Capture of flag, 1st Mississippi. |
| Box, Thomas J. | Captain | D | 27th Ind. Inf. | Resaca, Ga | May 25, | 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Boon, Hugh P. | do | B | 1st W. Va. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, | 1865 | Do. |
| Bonebrake, Henry G. | Lieutenant | G | 17th Pa. Cav. | Five Forks, Va. | Apr. 1, | 1865 | Do. |
| Brewer, William I. | Private | C | 2d N. Y. Cav. | Virginia | Apr. 4, | 1865 | Capture of engineer's flag, Army of N. Va. |
| Benjamin, John F. | Corporal | M | do | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, | 1865 | Capture of flag, 9th Virginia Infantry. |
| Bennett, Orren. | Private | D | 141st Pa. Inf. | do | do | | Capture of flag. |
| Brest, Lewis F. | do | D | 57th Pa. Inf. | do | do | | Do. |
| Brant, William | Lieutenant | B | 1st N. J. Vet. Batl. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 3, | 1865 | Capture of flag, 46th North Carolina. |
| Briggs, Elijah A | Corporal | B | 2d Conn. Hy. Art. | do | do | | Capture of flag. |
| Blickensderfer, Milton. | do | E | 126th Ohio Inf. | do | do | | Do. |
| Bras, Edgar A. | Sergeant | K | 8th Iowa Inf. | Spanish Fort, Ala. | Apr. 8, | 1865 | Do. |
| Bringle, Andrew | Corporal | F | 10th N. Y. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, | 1865 | Gallantry in action. |
| Birdsall, Horatio L. | Sergeant | B | 3d Iowa Cav. | Columbus, Ga. | Apr. 16, | 1865 | Capture of flag and bearer. |
| Bates, Norman F. | do | E | 4th Iowa Cav. | do | do | | Do. |
| Bebb, Edward J | Private | D | do | do | do | | Capture of flag. |
| Barber, James A. | Corporal | G | 1st R. I. Art. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, | 1865 | Gallantry in action. |
| Brannigan, Felix | Private | A | 74th N. Y. Inf. | Chancellorsville, Va. | May 2, | 1863 | Volunteering on a dangerous service. |
| Brown, jr., Morris | Captain | A | 126th N. Y. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, | 1863 | Capture of flag. |
| Barry, Augustus | Sergt.-major | | 16th U. S. Inf | | 1863 to 1865 | | Gallantry during the Rebellion. |
| Bryant, Andrew S. | Sergeant | A | 46th Mass. Inf. | New Berne, N. C. | May 23, | 1863 | Gallantry in action. |
| Brownell, Francis E. | Private | A | 11th N. Y. Inf. | | May 24, | 1861 | Shooting the murderer of Col. Ellsworth. |
| Benjamin, Samuel N. | 1st Lieut. | | 2d U. S. Art. | Bull Run to Spottsyl. | 1861 to 1864 | | Particularly distinguished service. |
| Burke, Thomas | Sergeant | A | 5th N. Y. Cav. | Hanover C. H., Va. | June 30, | 1863 | Capture of battle flag. |
| Brown, jr., Edward | Corporal | G | 62d N. Y. Inf. | Salem Heights, Va. | May 3, 4, | 1863 | Gallantry in engagements. |
| Cole, Gabriel | do | I | 5th Mich. Cav. | Winchester, Va. | Sept. 19, | 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Creed, John | Private | D | 23d Ill. Inf | Fisher's Hill, Va. | Sept. 22, | 1864 | Do. |
| Connors, James | do | E | 43d N. Y. Inf. | do | do | | Do. |
| Crocker, Ulric | do | M | 6th Mich. Cav. | Cedar Creek, Va | Oct. 19, | 1864 | Capture of flag, 18th Georgia Infantry. |
| Cumpston, James | do | D | 91st Ohio Inf. | | | | Capture of flag. |
| Cullen, Thomas | Corporal | I | 82d N. Y. Inf. | Bristow Station, Va. | Oct. 14, | 1863 | Capture of flag, 22d or 28th North Carolina. |
| Cart, Jacob | Private | A | 7th Pa. R. C. | Fredericksburg, Va. | Dec. 13, | 1862 | Capture of flag, 19th Georgia. |
| Clopp, John E. | do | F | 71st Pa. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, | 1863 | Capture of flag, 9th Virginia Infantry. |
| Caldwell, Daniel | Sergeant | H | 13th Pa. Cav. | Hatcher's Run, Va. | Feb. 6, | 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Colwell, Oliver | 1st Lieut. | G | 95th Ohio Inf. | Nashville, Tenn. | Dec. 16, | 1864 | Do. |
| Carr, Franklin | Corporal | D | 124th Ohio Inf. | do | do | | Recapture U. S. guidon from rebel battery. |
| Collins, Harrison | do | A | 1st Tenn. Cav. | Richland Crk., Tenn. | Dec. 24, | 1864 | Capture of flag, Chalmers' Division. |
| Compson, Hartwell B. | Major | | 8th N. Y. Cav. | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, | 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Carman, Warren | Private | H | 1st N. Y. Linc. Cav. | do | do | | Do. |
| Crowley, Michael | do | A | 22d N. Y. Cav. | do | do | | Do. |
| Congdon, James | Sergeant | E | 8th N. Y. Cav. | do | do | | Recapture Gen. Crook's headquarters flag. |
| Custer, Thomas W. | 2d Lieut. | B | 6th Mich. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 2, 6, | 1865 | Capture of two flags. |
| Clapp, Albert A. | 1st Sergeant | G | 2d Ohio Cav. | do | Apr. 6, | 1865 | Capture of flag of 8th Florida Infantry. |
| Cunningham, F. M. | do | H | 1st W. Va. Cav. | do | do | | Capture of flag of 12th Virginia Infantry. |
| Connell, Frustrim | Corporal | I | 138th Pa. Inf. | do | do | | Capture of flag. |

*Officers, Enlisted Men, and others awarded Medals of Honor under resolution of Congress, etc.*—Continued.

| Name. | Rank. | Co. | Organization. | Action. | | Awarded for— |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | Where. | Date. | |
| Chapman, John | Private | B | 1st Me. Hy. Art. | Sailor's Creek, Va | Apr. 6, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Curtis, Josiah M | 2d Lieut | I | 12th W. Va. Inf. | | | Gallant conduct in battle. |
| Callahan, John H | Private | B | 122d Ill. Inf. | Blakely, Ala | Apr. 9, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Cary, James L | Corporal | G | 10th N. Y. Cav. | —, Va | do | Daring bravery in a charge. |
| Cosgriff, Richard H | Private | L | 4th Iowa Cav. | Columbus, Ga | Apr. 16, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Clancy, James T | Sergeant | C | 1st N. J. Cav. | Vaughn Road, Va | Oct. 1, 1864 | Gallantry in action. |
| Cohn, Abraham | Sergt.-major | | 6th N. H. Inf. | Wilderness, Va | May 6, 1864 | Do. |
| Capron, jr., Horace | Sergeant | G | 8th Ill. Cav. | Chickahominy | June —, 1862 | Do. (and Ashland, Va.) |
| Coates, Jefferson | do | H | 7th Wis. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa | July 1, 1863 | Gallantry in action. |
| Cayer, Ovila | do | A | 14th U. S. Inf. | Weldon R. R., Va | Aug. 19, 1864 | Do. |
| Chambers, Joseph B | Private | F | 100th Pa. Inf. | Petersburg, Va | Mar. 25, 1865 | Capture of colors, 1st Virginia Infantry. |
| Calkin, Ivers S | 1st Sergeant | M | 2d N. Y. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va | Apr. 6, 1865 | Capture of flag, 18th Virginia Infantry. |
| Dorsey, Daniel A | Corporal | H | 33d Ohio Inf. | Georgia | 1862 | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Dore, George H | Sergeant | D | 126th N. Y. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa | July 3, 1863 | Capture of flag. |
| De Costro, Joseph H | Corporal | I | 19th Mass. Inf. | do | do | Capture of flag, 19th Virginia. |
| Davis, Harry | Private | G | 46th Ohio Inf | Atlanta, Ga | July 28, 1864 | Capture of flag, 30th La. Infantry. |
| Davis, Joseph | Corporal | C | 104th Ohio Inf | Franklin, Tenn | Nov. 30, 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Dunlavy, James | Private | D | 3d Iowa Cav. | Osage, Kans | Oct. 25, 1864 | Gallantry in capturing Gen. Marmaduke. |
| Davidsizer, John A | Sergeant | A | 1st Pa. Cav. | Paine's × Roads, Va | Apr. 5, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Donaldson, John | do | L | 4th Pa. Cav. | Appomattox C. H. Va | Apr. 9, 1865 | Do. |
| Dockham, Warren C | Private | H | 121st N. Y. Inf. | Sailor's Creek, Va | Apr. 6, 1865 | Capture of flag, Savannah Guards. |
| Dolloff, Charles W | Corporal | K | 11th Vt. Inf. | Petersburg, Va | Apr. 2, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Davis, Thomas | Private | C | 2d N. Y. Hy. Art. | Sailor's Creek, Va | Apr. 6, 1865 | Do. |
| Delavie, Hiram A | Sergeant | I | 11th Pa. Inf | Five Forks, Va | Apr. 1, 1865 | Do. |
| Davis, John | Private | F | 17th Ind. Mtd. Inf. | Culloden, Ga | Apr. —, 1865 | Capture of flag of "Worrill Grays." |
| Dorsey, Decatur | Sergeant | B | 39th U. S. C. T. | Petersburg, Va | July 30, 1864 | Bravery while acting as color-sergeant. |
| Dorley, August | Private | B | 1st La. Cav. | Mount Pleasant, Ala | Apr. 11, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Drake, James M | 1st Lieut | D | 9th N. J. Inf. | | 1861 to 1865 | Gallant services in the field. |
| Dow, George P | 1st Sergeant | C | 7th N. H. Inf. | Reconnoissance, Va | Oct. —, 1864 | Gallantry. |
| Ellis, Horace | Private | A | 7th Wis. Inf. | Weldon, R. R. | Aug. 21, 1864 | Capture of flag, 16th Mississippi. |
| Evans, Thomas | do | D | 54th Pa. Inf. | Piedmont, Va | June 5, 1864 | Capture of flag, 45th Virginia. |
| Ellis, William | 1st Sergeant | K | 3d Wis. Cav. | Dardanelle, Ark | Jan. 14, 1865 | Gallantry in action. |
| Elliott, Alexander | Sergeant | A | 1st Pa. Cav. | Paine's × Roads, Va | Apr. 5, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Evans, Corren D | Private | A | 3d Ind. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va | Apr. 6, 1865 | Capture of flag, 26th Virginia Infantry. |
| Edwards, David | do | H | 146th N. Y. Inf. | Five Forks, Va | Apr. 1, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Everson, Adelbert | do | D | 185th N. Y. Inf. | do | do | Do. |
| Ewing, John C | do | E | 211th Pa. Inf. | Petersburg, Va | Apr. 2, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Fox, Henry M | Sergeant | M | 5th Mich. Cav. | Winchester, Va | Sept. 19, 1864 | Capture of flag. |

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| Flynn, Christopher | Corporal | K | 14th Conn. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, 1863 | Capture of flag, 52d North Carolina. |
| Falls, Benjamin F. | Color-sergt. | A | 19th Mass. Inf. | do | do | Capture of flag. |
| Freeman, Archibald | Private | E | 124th N. Y. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864 | Capture of flag, 17th Louisiana. |
| Flanagan, Augustine | Sergeant | A | 55th Pa. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864 | Gallantry in action. |
| Fleetwood, Christian A. | Sergt.-major | | 4th U. S. C. T. | do | do | Do. |
| Fesq, Frank | Private | A | 40th N. J. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865 | Capture of flag, 18th North Carolina. |
| Ford, George W. | 1st Lieut. | E | 88th N. Y. Inf. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Fernald, Albert E. | do | | 20th Me. Inf. | Five Forks, Va. | Apr. 1, 1865 | Do. |
| Fanning, Nicholas | Private | B | 4th Iowa Cav. | Selma, Ala. | Apr. 2, 1865 | Capture Confederate flag and two officers. |
| Funk, West | Sergt.-major | | 121st Pa. Inf. | Appomattox C. H. | Apr. 9, 1865 | Capture of flag, 46th Virginia. |
| Fasnacht, Charles H. | Sergeant | A | 99th Pa. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864 | Capture of flag 2d Louisiana Tigres. |
| Fox, William R. | Private | A | 95th Pa. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865 | Bravery in action. |
| Gray, John | do | B | 5th Ohio Inf. | Fort Republic, Va. | June 9, 1862 | Capture field piece in face of the enemy. |
| Gwynne, Nathaniel | do | H | 13th Ohio Cav. | | | |
| Gaunt, John C. | do | G | 104th Ohio Inf. | Franklin, Tenn. | Nov. 30, 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Greenwalt, Abraham | do | G | do | do | do | Capture of corps headquarters flag. |
| Gere, Thomas P. | 1st. Lieut. adj. | | 5th Minn. Inf. | Nashville, Tenn. | Dec. 16, 1864 | Capture of flag of 4th Mississippi. |
| Garret, William | Sergeant | G | 41st Ohio Inf. | do | do | Capture of flag. |
| Graul, William | Corporal | I | 188th Pa. Inf. | Fort Harrison, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864 | First planting colors of State on fort. |
| Gardiner, James | Private | I | 36th U. S. C. T. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | do | Gallantry in action. |
| Gosson, Richard | Sergeant | K | 47th N. Y. Inf. | do | do | Killed planting colors on works. |
| Grube, George | Private | E | 158th N. Y. Inf. | do | do | Gallantry in action. |
| Goheen, Charles A. | 1st Sergeant | G | 8th N. Y. Cav. | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, 1865 | Capture of flag. |
| Gribben, James H. | Lieutenant | C | 2d N. Y. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865 | Capture of flag, of 12th Virginia. |
| Gifford, Benjamin | Private | H | 121st N. Y. Inf. | do | do | Capture of flag. |
| Gibbs, Wesley | Sergeant | B | 2d Conn. Hy. Art. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865 | Do. |
| Gardner, Charles N. | Private | E | 32d Mass. Inf. | Five Forks, Va. | Apr. 1, 1865 | Do. |
| Gerber, Frederick W. | Sergt.-major | | Batl. U. S. Eng. | | | Gallant service. |
| Gardner, Robert I. | Sergeant | K | 34th Mass. Inf. | | | Gallant conduct in battle. |
| Goettel, Phillip | Private | B | 149th N. Y. Inf. | Lookout Mountain. | Nov. 24, 1863 | Capture of flag. |
| Gardner, Asa B. | Captain | | 22d N. Y. S. M. | Maryland and Penn. | Jun. Jul., 1863 | Services during Gettysburg campaign. |
| Gion, Joseph | Private | A | 74th N. Y. Inf. | Chancellorsville, Va. | May 2, 1863 | Bravery when advancing under heavy fire. |
| Hawkins, Martin J. | Corporal | A | 33d Ohio Inf. | Georgia | 1862 | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Hesse, John C. | do | A | 8th U. S. Inf. | San Antonio, Tex. | Apr. —, 1861 | Preserving colors 8th Inf. after capture. |
| Hogan, Franklin | do | A | 45th Pa. Inf. | Front of Petersburg. | July 30, 1864 | Capture of flag 6th Virginia. |
| Hanford, Edward R. | Private | H | 2d U. S. Cav. | Woodstock, Va. | Oct. 9, 1864 | Capture of flag 32d Batt. Va. Cavalry. |
| Hough, Ira | do | E | 8th Ind. Inf. | Cedar Creek, Va. | Oct. 19, 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Harris, George W. | do | B | 148th Pa. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864 | Do. |
| Hinks, William B. | Sergt.-major | | 14th Conn. Inf. | Gettysburg, Va. | July 3, 1863 | Capture of flag of 14th Tennessee. |
| Hanscom, Moses C. | Corporal | F | 19th Me. Inf. | Bristow Station, Va. | Oct. 14, 1863 | Capture of flag of 26th North Carolina. |
| Harbourne, John H. | Private | K | 29th Mass. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | June 17, 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Hill, James | Sergeant | C | 14th N. Y. Hy. Art. | do | July 30, 1864 | Do. |
| Hotenstine, Solomon J. | Private | C | 107th Pa. Inf. | Petersburg, N. R. R. | Aug. 19, 1864 | Capture of flag North Carolina regt. |
| Hall, Newton H. | Corporal | I | 104th Ohio Inf. | Franklin, Tenn. | Nov. 30, 1864 | Capture of flag of Stewart's Corps. |
| Holcomb, Daniel J. | Private | A | 41st Ohio Inf. | Brentwood Hills, | Dec. 16, 1864 | Capture of Confederate guidon. |
| Hardenbergh, Henry M | do | G | 39th Ill. Inf. | Deep Run, Va. | Aug. 16, 1864 | Capture of flag. |

*Officers, Enlisted Men, and others awarded Medals of Honor under resolution of Congress, etc.*—Continued.

| Name. | Rank. | Co. | Organization. | Action. | | Awarded for— |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | Where. | Date. | |
| Hickok, Nathan E. | Corporal. | A | 8th Conn. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Holland, Milton M. | Sergt.-major. | | 5th U. S. C. T. | do | do | Gallantry in action. |
| Hilton, Alfred B. | Sergeant. | H | 4th U. S. C. T. | do | do | Gallantry in action as color-bearer. |
| Harvey, Harry | Corporal. | A | 22d N. Y. Cav. | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Houlton, William. | Comy. sergt. | | 1st W. Va. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Do. |
| Hughey, John. | Corporal. | L | 2d Ohio Cav. | do | do | Capture of flag of 38th Virginia Infantry. |
| Hoffman, Henry. | do | M | do | do | do | Capture of flag. |
| Higby, Charles | Private | F | 1st Pa. Cav. | Virginia | Apr. —, 1865. | Do. |
| Holmes, William T. | do | A | 3d Ind. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag of 27th Virginia Infantry. |
| Hack, Lester G. | Sergeant. | F | 5th Vt. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Hagerty, Asel. | Private | A | 61st N. Y. Inf. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Do. |
| Haynes, Asbury F. | Corporal. | H | 17th Me. Inf. | do | do | Do. |
| Howard, James | Sergeant. | K | 158th N. Y. Inf. | | | Gallant conduct in battle. |
| Hunter, Charles A. | Sergeant. | E | 34th Mass. Inf. | | | Do. |
| Highland, Patrick. | Corporal. | D | 23d Ill. Inf. | | | Do. |
| Harmon, Amzi D. | do | K | 211th Pa. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Hooper, William B. | do | L | 1st N. J. Cav. | Chamberlain's Creek. | Mar. 31, 1865. | Gallantry in action. |
| Hudson, Aaron R. | Private | C | 17th Ind. Mtd. Inf. | Culloden, Ga. | Apr. —, 1865. | Capture of flag of "Worrill Grays." |
| Hays, John H. | do | F | 4th Iowa Cav. | Columbus, Ga. | Apr. 16, 1865. | Capture of flag and bearer, Austin's Bat. |
| Hughs, Oliver. | Corporal. | C | 12th Ky. Inf. | | | Capture of flag. |
| Havron, John H. | Sergeant. | G | 1st R. I. Art. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Gallantry in action. |
| Hawken, James M. | Storekeeper | | Q. M. Department. | St. Louis, Mo. | Sept. 5, 1864. | Having extinguished fire in Q. M. D. |
| Homan, Conrad. | Color-sergt. | A | 29th Mass. Inf. | Near Petersburg, Va. | July 30, 1864. | Fighting through enemy with reg. colors. |
| Hawkins, Thomas. | Sergt.-major. | | 6th U. S. C. T. | Deep Bottom, Va. | July —, 1864. | Rescue of regimental flag. |
| Hart, William E. | Private | B | 8th N. Y. Cav. | Shenandoah Valley. | 1864 and 1865. | Gallant conduct and service as scout. |
| Harris, James H. | Sergeant. | B | 38th U. S. C. T. | New Market Heights. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Johnston, Samuel. | Private | G | 9th Pa. Reserves. | | | Capture of flag Hood's Texas Brigade. |
| Johnston, Willie. | Musician. | D | 3d Vt. Inf. | | | |
| Jellison, Benjamin H. | Sergeant. | C | 19th Mass. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, 1863. | Capture of flag 54th Virginia. |
| Jones, William. | 1st Sergeant. | A | 73d N. Y. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864. | Capture of flag 65th Virginia. |
| Jennings, James T. | Private | K | 56th Pa. Inf. | Weldon R. R., Va. | Aug. 20, 1864. | Capture of flag 55th North Carolina. |
| Jacobson, Eugene P. | Sergt.-major. | | 74th N. Y. Inf. | Chancellorsville, Va. | May 2, 1863. | Bravery in conducting a scouting party. |
| Johndro, Franklin. | Private | A | 118th N. Y. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 30, 1864. | Capture of forty prisoners. |
| James, Miles. | Corporal. | B | 36th U. S. C. T. | do | do | Gallantry in action. |
| Jordan, Absalom. | do | A | 3d Ind. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| James, Isaac. | Private | H | 110th Ohio Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Do. |
| Judje, Francis W. | 1st Sergeant. | K | 79th N. Y. Inf. | Fort Sanders, Tenn. | Nov. 29, 1863. | Capture of flag of 51st Georgia Infantry. |
| Knight, William. | Private | E | 21st Ohio Inf. | Georgia. | 1862. | Special services under General Mitchel. |

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| Kelly, Thomas | Private | A | 6th N. Y. Cav. | Front Royal, Va. | Aug. 16, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Kemp, Joseph | 1st Sergeant | D | 5th Mich. Inf. | Wilderness, Va. | May 6, 1864. | Capture of flag of 31st North Carolina. |
| Kindig, John M. | Corporal | A | 63d Pa. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864. | Capture of flag of 28th North Carolina. |
| Kelley, George V. | Captain | A | 104th Ohio Inf. | Franklin, Tenn. | Nov. 30, 1864. | Capture of flag of Cheatham's Corps. |
| Kaltenbach, Luther | Corporal | F | 12th Iowa Inf | Nashville, Tenn. | Dec. 16, 1864. | Capture of flag, supposed of 5th Mississippi. |
| Kramer, Theodore | Private | G | 188th Pa. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864 | Taking one of the first prisoners—a captain. |
| Kelly, Alexander | 1st Sergeant | F | 6th U. S. C. T. | do | do | Gallantry in action. |
| Kuder, Andrew | 2d Lieut | G | 8th N. Y. Cav. | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Kelly, Daniel | Sergeant | G | do | do | do | Do. |
| Kuder, Jeremiah | Lieutenant | A | 74th Ind. Inf. | Jonesborough, Ga. | Sept. 1, 1864. | Capture of flags 8th and 19th Arkansas. |
| Kimball, Joseph | Private | B | 2d W. Va. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag 6th North Carolina Inf. |
| Kenyon, Samuel P. | do | B | 24th N. Y. Cav. | do | do | Capture of battle flag. |
| Keough, John | Corporal | E | 67th Pa. Inf. | do | do | Capture of battle flag 50th Georgia. |
| Kline, Henry | Private | E | 40th N. Y. Inf. | do | do | Capture of battle flag. |
| Koogle, Jacob | 1st Lieut | G | 7th Md. Inf | Five Forks, Va. | Apr. 1, 1865. | Do. |
| Kauss, Augustus | Corporal | H | 15th N. Y. Hy. Art. | do | do | Do. |
| Kane, John | do | K | 100th N. Y. Inf. | | | Gallant conduct in battle. |
| Kappesser, Peter | Private | B | 149th N. Y. Inf. | Lookout Mountain. | Nov. 24, 1863. | Capture of flag (Bragg's army). |
| Keele, Joseph | Sergt.-major | | 182d N. Y. Inf. | | 1861 to 1865. | Service during rebellion. |
| Karpeles, Leopold | Color-sergt. | E | 57th Mass. Inf. | Wilderness, Va. | May 6, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Kaiser, John | Sergeant | E | 2d U. S. Art. | Richmond, Va. | June 27, 1862. | Gallant and meritorious service. |
| Leslie, Frank | Private | B | 4th N. Y. Cav. | Front Royal, Va. | Aug. 15, 1864. | Capture of colors of 3d Virginia. |
| Lucas, George W. | do | C | 3d Mo. Cav. | | | |
| Lorish, Andrew J. | Comy. sergt. | | 1st N. Y. Dragoons. | Winchester, Va. | Sept. 19, 1864. | Capture of Confederate national flag. |
| Lyons, Frederick A. | Corporal | A | 1st Vt. Cav. | Cedar Creek, Va. | Oct. 19, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Levy, Benjamin | Private | B | 40th N. Y. Inf. | Glendale, Va. | June 30, 1862. | Saving regimental colors. |
| Love, George M. | Colonel | | 116th N. Y. Inf. | Cedar Creek, Va. | Oct. 19, 1864. | Capture of battle flag of 2d South Carolina. |
| Leonard, William E. | Private | F | 85th Pa. Inf. | Deep Run, Va. | Aug. 16, 1864. | Capture of battle flag. |
| Laing, William | Sergeant | F | 158th N. Y. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Being among the first to scale the parapet. |
| Ladd, George | Private | H | 22d N. Y. Cav. | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, 1865. | Capture of battle flag. |
| Lutes, Franklin W. | Corporal | D | 111th N. Y. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Mar. 31, 1865. | Capture of flag of 41st Alabama. |
| Lanfare, Aaron S. | 1st Lieut | B | 1st Conn. Cav | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag of 11th Florida Infantry. |
| Landis, James P. | Chief Bugler. | | 1st Pa. Cav. | Paine's × Roads, Va. | Apr. 5, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Larimer, Smith | Corporal | G | 2d Ohio Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag Kershaw's headquarters. |
| Loyd, George | Private | A | 122d Ohio Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture division flag of General Heth. |
| Lilley, John | do | F | 205th Pa. Inf. | do | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture of battle flag. |
| Lohnas, Francis W. | do | H | 1st Nebr. Vet. Cav. | Gilman's Ranch, Neb. | May 12, 1865. | Gallantry defending property agst. Indians. |
| Lane, Morgan D. | do | | Signal Corps, U.S.A. | Near Jetersville, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag of gun-boat "Nansemond." |
| Lewis, Samuel E. | Corporal | G | 1st R. I. Art. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Gallantry in action. |
| Little, Henry F. W. | Sergeant | D | 7th N. H. Inf. | Near Richmond, Va. | Sept. —, 1864 | Gallantry on the skirmish line. |
| Luty, Gotlieb | do | A | 74th N. Y. Inf. | Chancellorsville, Va. | May 3, 1863 | Bravery in action. |
| Lynch, John B. | Private | D | 3d Ind. Cav. | Fredericksburg, Va. | May 6, 1864. | Carrying despatch from Lincoln to Grant. |
| Mason, Elihu H. | Sergeant | K | 21st Ohio Inf. | Georgia. | 1862. | Special services under Gen. Mitchel. |
| Mandy, Harry J. | 1st Sergeant | B | 4th N. Y. Cav. | Front Royal, Va. | Aug. 15, 1864. | Capture of flag 3d Virginia. |
| Meach, George E. | Farrier | I | 6th N. Y. Cav. | Winchester, Va. | Sept. 19, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Moore, George G. | Private | D | 11th W. Va. Inf. | Fisher's Hill, Va. | Sept. 22, 1864. | Do. |

*Officers, Enlisted Men, and others awarded Medals of Honor under resolution of Congress, etc.*—Continued.

| Name. | Rank. | Co. | Organization. | Action. | | Awarded for— |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | Where. | Date. | |
| Murphy, Thomas | Corporal | K | 158th N. Y. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Murphy, Daniel | Sergeant | F | 19th Mass. Inf. | Hatcher's Run, Va. | Oct. 27, 1864. | Capture of flag 47th North Carolina. |
| Marsh, Albert | ....do.... | B | 64th N. Y. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Mayberry, John B. | Private | F | 1st Del. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, 1863. | Do. |
| Morgan, Lewis | ....do.... | I | 4th Ohio Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864. | Do. |
| Miller, Daniel | Sergeant | G | 8th Ohio Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, 1863. | Capture of two flags. |
| Mahoney, Jeremiah | ....do.... | A | 29th Mass. Inf. | Fort Sanders, Tenn. | Nov. 29, 1863. | Capture of flag 17th Mississippi. |
| Manning, Joseph S. | Private | K | ....do.... | ....do.... | .... do.... | Capture of flag 16th or 18th Georgia. |
| Monaghan, Patrick | Corporal | G | 48th Pa. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | June 17, 1864. | Recapture colors 7th New York Heavy Art. |
| Marsh, Charles H. | Private | D | 1st Conn. Cav. | Back Creek Valley. | July 31, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| May, William | ....do.... | H | 32d Iowa Inf. | Nashville, Tenn. | Dec. 16, 1864. | Capture of flag of Bonanchad's Battery. |
| Moore, Wilbur F. | .... do.... | C | 117th Ill. Inf. | ....do.... | .... do.... | Capture of flag. |
| Meagher, Thomas | 1st Sergeant | G | 158th N. Y. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Miller, John | Private | H | 8th N. Y. Cav. | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Mattingly, Henry B. | ....do.... | B | 10th Ky. Inf. | Jonesborough, Ga. | Sept. 1, 1864. | Capture of flags 6th and 7th Arkansas. |
| Morris, William | Sergeant | C | 1st N. Y. Linc. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag 40th Virginia. |
| Miller, Frank | Private | M | 2d N. Y. Cav. | ....do.... | .... do.... | Capture of flag 25th Battalion Virginia Inf. |
| Mitchell, Theodore | .... do.... | C | 61st Pa. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Matthews, Milton | ....do.... | C | ....do.... | ....do.... | .... do.... | Capture of flag 7th Tennessee. |
| Marquent, Charles | Sergeant | F | 93d Pa. Inf. | ....do.... | .... do.... | Capture of flag. |
| Mundell, Walter L. | Corporal | E | 5th Mich. Inf. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Do. |
| Menter, John W. | Sergeant | D | ....do.... | ....do.... | .... do.... | Do. |
| Murphy, Thomas J. | 1st Sergeant. | G | 146th N. Y. Inf. | Five Forks, Va. | Apr. 1, 1865. | Do. |
| Miller, Henry A. | Captain | B | 8th Ill. Inf. | Blakely, Ala. | Apr. 9, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Morgan, Richard H. | Corporal. | A | 4th Iowa Cav. | Columbus, Ga. | Apr. 16, 1865. | Do. |
| Miller, James P. | Private | D | ....do.... | Selma, Ala. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture of standard 12th Mississippi Cav. |
| Munsell, Harvey M. | Sergeant | A | 99th Pa. Inf. | ..... | 1861 to 1864. | Service during rebellion; carrying colors. |
| Megee, William | Drummer | C | 33d N. J. Inf. | Murfreesborough | Dec. —, 1864. | Bravery in action. |
| Molbone, Archibald | Sergeant | G | 1st R. I. Art. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Gallantry in action. |
| Murphy, John P. | Private | K | 5th Ohio Inf. | Antietam, Md. | Sept. 17, 1862. | Capture of flag of 13th Alabama. |
| Myers, William H. | ....do.... | A | 1st Md. Cav. | Appomattox, C. H. | Apr. 9, 1865. | Gallantry in action. |
| Merritt, John G. | Sergeant | K | 1st Minn. Inf. | Bull Run, Va. | July —, 1861. | Do. |
| McEnroe, Patrick H. | ....do.... | D | 6th N. Y. Cav. | Winchester, Va. | Sept. 19, 1864 | Capture of colors of 36th Virginia. |
| McCarren, Bernard | Private | C | 1st Del. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, 1863. | Capture of flag. |
| McCleary, Charles H. | 1st Lieut. | C | 72d Ohio Inf. | Nashville, Tenn. | Dec. 16, 1864. | Capture of flag of 6th Florida. |
| McKown, Nathaniel A. | Sergeant | B | 58th Pa. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| McWhorton, Walter F. | Comy. Sergt. | E | 3d W. Va. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag of 6th Tennessee Infantry. |
| McElhany, Samuel O. | Private | A | 2d W. Va. Cav. | ....do.... | .... do.... | Capture of flag. |

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| McMillan, Francis M.. | Sergeant..... | C | 110th Ohio Inf.... | Petersburg, Va..... | Apr. 2, 1865.. | Capture of flag. |
| McKee, George..... | Color-sergt.. | D | 89th N. Y. Inf..... | ..... | ..... | Gallantry in action. |
| McGraw, Thomas..... | Sergeant. ... | B | 23d Ill. Inf..... | ..... | ..... | Do. |
| McCauslin, Joseph..... | Private ..... | D | 12th W. Va. Inf.... | ..... | ..... | Do. |
| McConnell, Samuel.... | Captain..... | H | 119th Ill. Inf..... | Blakely, Ala..... | Apr. 9, 1865.. | Capture of flag. |
| McDonald, George E.. | Private ..... | L | 1st Conn. Art .... | Fort Stedman, Va... | Mar. 25, 1865. | Do. |
| McVeane, John P..... | ....do . ..... | D | 49th N. Y. Inf..... | Fredericksburg, Va.. | Dec. —, 1862. | Gallantry in action. |
| Nevers, Robert..... | 2d Lieut..... | H | 8th N. Y. Cav..... | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, 1865.. | Capture of two flags. |
| Neville, Edwin M..... | Captain..... | C | 1st Conn. Cav..... | Sailor's Creek, Va... | Apr. 6, 1865.. | Capture of flag. |
| Norton, Elliott M..... | 2d Lieut..... | H | 6th Mich. Cav..... | ....do ..... | .... do..... | Capture of two flags. |
| Norton, John R ..... | Lieutenant... | M | 1st N. Y. Linc. Cav. | ... do ..... | . .. do..... | Capture of flag. |
| Newman, William H... | . do ..... | B | 86th N. Y. Inf..... | Near Amelia Springs. | .... do..... | Do. |
| Norton, Llewellyn P... | Sergeant..... | L | 10th N. Y. Cav..... | Sailor's Creek, Va... | Apr. 6, 1865.. | Gallantry in action. |
| Opel, John N ..... | Private ..... | G | 7th Ind. Inf..... | Wilderness, Va..... | May 5, 1864.. | Capture of flag of 50th Virginia. |
| O'Connor, Timothy.... | ....do ..... | E | 1st U. S. Cav..... | ..... | ..... | |
| O'Brion, Peter..... | ....do . .... | A | 1st N. Y. Linc. Cav. | Waynesborough, Va. | Mar. 2, 1865.. | Capture of flag. |
| Oliver, Charles..... | Sergeant..... | M | 100th Pa. Inf..... | Petersburg, Va..... | Mar. 25, 1865. | Capture of flag 31st Georgia Infantry. |
| Orth, Jacob G.. ..... | Corporal.... | D | 28th Pa. Inf... .... | Antietam, Md..... | Sept. 17, 1862. | Capture of flag (supposed) 7th S. C. |
| Orbanski, David..... | Private ..... | B | 58th Ohio Inf,... .. | Shiloh, Vicksburg... | 1862 and 1863. | Gallantry in action. |
| Parrott, Jacob ..... | ....do ..... | K | 33d Ohio Inf..... | Georgia..... | 1862..... | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Pittenger, William.... | Sergeant. ... | G | 2d Ohio Inf..... | ....do ..... | .... do..... | Do. |
| Porter, John R..... . | Private ..... | G | 21st Ohio Inf..... | ....do ..... | .... do..... | Do. |
| Parks, Jeremiah..... | ....do ..... | A | 9th N. Y. Cav ..... | Cedar Creek, Va..... | Oct. 19, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Plowman, George H,.. | Sergt.-major. ... | | 3d Md. Batl. Inf... | Petersburg, Va.... | June 17, 1864. | Recapture of colors of the Prov. 2d Pa. Art. |
| Parks, James W..... | Corporal..... | F | 11th Mo. Inf..... | Nashville, Tenn..... | Dec. 16, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Pinn, Robert..... | 1st Sergeant. | I | 5th U. S. C. T.... | Chaffin's Farm, Va.. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Peirsol, James K..... | Sergeant..... | F | 13th Ohio Cav.... | Paine's × Roads, Va. | Apr. 5, 1865.. | Capture of flag. |
| Pittman, George J..... | ....do ..... | C | 1st N. Y. Linc. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va... | Apr. 6, 1865.. | Capture of flag of the Sumter Heavy Art. |
| Payne, Irvin C..... | Corporal..... | M | 2d N. Y. Cav..... | ....do ..... | .... do..... | Capture of Virginia State colors. |
| Phillips, Josiah..... | Private ..... | E | 148th Pa. Inf..... | Sutherland Station. | Apr. 2, 1865.. | Capture of flag. |
| Pardun, James M..... | 1st Sergeant. | K | 24th V. R. C..... | ..... | Apr. —, 1865. | Acting as escort to remains of President Lincoln to Springfield, Ill. |
| Porter William..... | Sergeant..... | H | 1st N. J. Cav..... | Sailor's Creek, Va... | Apr. 6, 1865.. | Gallantry in action. |
| Potter, Norman F..... | 1st Sergeant. | E | 149th N. Y. Inf..... | Lookout Mountain. | Nov. 24, 1863. | Capture of flag (Bragg's army). |
| Plunkett, Thomas..... | Sergeant..... | E | 21st Mass. Inf..... | Fredericksburg, Va.. | Dec. —, 1862. | Gallantry in action. |
| Parker, Thomas ..... | Corporal. ... | B | 2d R. I. Inf..... | Petersburg and Sailor's Creek, Va..... | Apr. 2 and 6, 1865. | Do. |
| Pentzer, Patrick H.... | Captain..... | C | 97th Ill. Inf..... | Blakely, Ala..... | Apr. 9, 1865.. | Capture of flag. |
| Reddick, William H... | Corporal .... | B | 33d Ohio Inf..... | Georgia..... | 1862..... | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Roberts, Otis O ... | Sergeant. ... | H | 6th Me. Inf..... | Rappahannock, Stn.. | Nov. 7, 1863.. | Capture of flag 8th Louisiana. |
| Reed, George W..... | Private ..... | E | 11th Pa. Inf..... | Weldon R. R., Va... | Aug. 21, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Reynolds, George..... | ....do ..... | M | 9th N. Y. Cav..... | Winchester, Va..... | Sept. 19, 1864. | Capture of Virginia State flag. |
| Reigle, Daniel P..... | Corporal..... | F | 87th Pa. Inf..... | Cedar Creek, Va.... | Oct. 19, 1864.. | Capture of flag. |
| Robinson, John..... | Private ..... | I | 19th Mass. Inf..... | Gettysburg, Pa..... | July 3, 1863... | Capture of flag 57th Virginia. |
| Rounds, Lewis A..... | ....do ..... | D | 8th Ohio Inf..... | Spottsylvania, Va... | May 12, 1864.. | Capture of flag. |
| Richmond, James..... | ....do ..... | F | ....do.. ..... | Gettysburg, Pa..... | July, 3, 1863.. | Do. |

*Officers, Enlisted Men, and others awarded Medals of Honor under resolution of Congress, etc.*—Continued.

| Name. | Rank. | Co. | Organization. | Action. | | Awarded for— |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | Where. | Date. | |
| Rood, Oliver P. | Private | B | 20th Ind. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, 1863. | Capture of flag 21st North Carolina. |
| Rought, Stephen. | Sergeant | A | 141st Pa. Inf. | Wilderness, Va. | May 6, 1864. | Capture of flag 13th North Carolina. |
| Russell, Charles L. | Corporal | H | 93d N. Y. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864. | Capture of flag 42d Virginia. |
| Robinson, Thomas. | Private | H | 81st Pa. Inf. | do | do. | Capture of flag. |
| Reid, Robert. | do | G | 48th Pa. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | June 17, 1864. | Capture of flag 44th Georgia. |
| Rowe, Henry W. | do | I | 11th N. H. Inf. | do | do. | Capture of flag. |
| Ricksecker, John H. | do | D | 104th Ohio Inf. | Franklin, Tenn | Nov. 30, 1864. | Capture of flag 16th Alabama Artillery. |
| Ransbottom, Alfred. | 1st Sergeant | K | 97th Ohio Inf. | do | do. | Capture of flag. |
| Ryan, Poter J. | Private | D | 11th Ind. Inf. | Winchester, Va. | Sept. 19, 1864. | Capture 14 Confederates, in battle. |
| Ratcliff, Edward. | 1st Sergeant | C | 38th U. S. C. T. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Read, Mort. A. | Lieutenant | D | 8th N. Y. Cav. | Appomattox Stn., Va. | Apr. 8, 1865. | Capture of flag of 1st Texas Infantry. |
| Riddell, Rudolph | do | I | 61st N. Y. Inf. | Sailor's Creek, Va | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Rebmann, George F. | Sergeant | B | 119th Ill. Inf. | Blakely, Ala. | Apr. 9, 1865. | Do. |
| Riley, Thomas. | Private | D | 1st La. Cav. | do | Apr. 4, 1865. | Do. |
| Ross, Marion A. | Serg. major | | 2d Ohio Inf. | Georgia | 1862. | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Richardson, William R. | Private | A | 2d Ohio Vet. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Gallant and meritorious conduct. |
| Roberston, Samuel. | do | G | 33d Ohio Inf. | Georgia | 1862. | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Reeder, Charles A. | do | G | 12thW. Va. Inf. | | | |
| Robie, George F. (Frank Robey.) | Sergeant | D | 7th N. H. Inf. | Richmond, Va. | 1864. | Bravery. |
| Reed, Thomas. | Private | C | 27th N. J. Inf. | Penna. and Maryland | 1863. | Offering services after expiration of term. |
| Rowand, Archibald H. | do | K | 1st W. Va. Cav. | | 1861 to 1865. | Gallant and meritorious services. |
| Smith, James. | do | I | 2d Ohio Inf. | Georgia | 1862. | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Shililng, John. | 1st Sergeant | H | 3d Del. Inf. | Weldon R. R., Va. | Aug. 21, 1864 | Capture of flag. |
| Scofield, David S. | Q. M. Sergt. | K | 5th N. Y. Cav. | Cedar Creek, Va. | Oct. 19, 1864. | Do. |
| Sweeney, James. | Private | A | 1st Vt. Cav. | do | do. | Capture of North Carolina State colors. |
| Smith, Alonzo. | Sergeant | C | 7th Mich. Inf. | Hatcher's Run, Va. | Oct. 27, 1864. | Capture of flag 26th North Carolina. |
| Sherman, Marshall. | Private | C | 1st Minn. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, 1863. | Capture of flag 58th Virginia. |
| Schlachter, Phillip. | do | F | 73d N. Y. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864. | Capture of flag 15th Louisiana. |
| Strasbaugh, Barnard A. | 1st Sergeant | A | 3d Md. Batl. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | June 17, 1864 | Recapture colors Prov. 2d Pa. Art. |
| Shoemaker, Levi. | Sergeant | A | 1st W. Va. Cav. | Ninevch, Va. | Nov. 12, 1864. | Capture of flag 22d Virginia Cavalry. |
| Smith, Richard | Private | B | 95th N. Y. Inf. | Weldon R. R., Va. | Aug. 21, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Scott, Julian A. | Drummer | E | 3d Vt. Inf. | | | |
| Simmons, William T. | Lieutenant | C | 11th Mo. Inf. | Nashville, Tenn. | Dec. 16, 1864. | Capture of flag 34th Alabama. |
| Smith, Otis W. | Private | G | 95th Ohio Inf. | do | do. | Capture of flag 6th Florida. |
| Stokes George. | do | C | 122d Ill. Inf. | do | do. | Capture of flag. |
| Sloan, Andrew J. | do | H | 12th Iowa Inf. | do | do. | Do. |
| Serling, John T. | do | D | 11th Ind. Inf. | Winchester, Va. | Sept. 19, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |

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| Schellenburger, John S. | Corporal | B | 85th Pa. Inf | Deep Run, Va. | Aug. 16, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Schiller, John | Private | E | 158th N. Y. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Skellie, Ebenezer | Corporal | D | 112th N. Y. Inf. | do | do | Do. |
| Savacool, Edwin F | Captain | K | 1st N. Y. Lmc. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Stewart, George W. | 1st Sergeant. | E | 1st N. J. Cav. | Paine's × Roads, Va. | Apr. 5, 1865. | Do. |
| Shahand, Amzi | Corporal | A | 1st W. Va. Cav | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag 76th Georgia. |
| Sova, Joseph E. | Saddler | H | 8th N. Y. Cav. | Virginia | Apr. —, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Streile, Christian | Private | I | 1st N. J. Cav. | do | do | Do. |
| Schorn, Charles | Chief Bugler. | M | 1st W. Va. Cav | Appomattox, Va. | Apr. 8, 1865. | Capture of flag Sumter flying Artillery. |
| Shields, Bernard | Private | E | 2d W. Va. Cav. | do | do | Capture of flag Washington Artillery. |
| Schmal, George W. | Blacksmith | M | 24th N. Y. Cav. | Paine's × Roads, Va. | Apr. 5, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Shepherd, William | Private | A | 3d Ind. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Do. |
| Shubert, Frank | Sergeant. | E | 43d N. Y. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture of two markers. |
| Simmons, John. | Private | D | 2d N. Y. Hy. Art. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Scott, John Wallace | Captain | D | 157th Pa. Inf. | Five Forks, Va. | Apr. 1, 1865. | Do. |
| Shopp, George J. | Private | E | 191st Pa. Inf. | do | do | Do. |
| Stewart, Joseph | do | G | 1st Md. Inf. | do | do | Do. |
| Shipley, Robert F. | Sergeant. | A | 140th N. Y. Inf | do | do | Do. |
| Stickels, Joseph | do | A | 83d Ohio Inf. | Blakely, Ala. | Apr. 9, 1865. | Do. |
| Southard, David | do | C | 1st N. J. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Do. |
| Swan, Charles A. | Private | K | 4th Iowa Cav. | Selma, Ala. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture of flag and bearer. |
| Shea, Joseph H. | do | K | 92d N. Y. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Gallantry bringing wounded from the field. |
| Shambaugh, Charles | Corporal | B | 11th Pa. Reserves | Charles City × Roads. | June 30, 1862. | Capture of flag. |
| Scott, John M. | Sergeant. | F | 21st Ohio Inf. | Georgia | 1862 | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Storr, Robert | Private | A | 15th N. Y. Eng. | | 1861 and 1862. | Services during the rebellion. |
| Spillane, Timothy | do | C | 16th Pa. Cav. | Hatcher's Run, Va. | Feb. 5, 7, 1865. | Gallantry in action. |
| Slavens, Samuel | do | E | 33d Ohio Inf. | Georgia | 1862 | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Seston, Charles H. | Sergeant. | I | 11th Ind. Inf. | Winchester, Va. | Sept. 19, 1864. | Gallant and meritorious services. |
| Taylor, Richard | Private | E | 18th Ind. Inf. | Cedar Creek, Va. | Oct. 19, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Thompson, William P. | Sergeant. | G | 20th Ind. Inf. | Wilderness, Va. | May 6, 1864. | Capture of flag 55th Virginia. |
| Thompson, James B. | do | G | 1st Pa. Rifles. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, 1863. | Capture of flag 15th Georgia. |
| Tompkins, George W. | Corporal | F | 124th N. Y. Inf. | Near Petersburg, Va. | Mar. 25, 1865. | Capture of flag 59th Alabama. |
| Tyrrell, George William | do | H | 5th Ohio Inf. | Resaca, Ga. | May 14, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Taggart, Charles A. | Private | B | 37th Mass. Inf. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Do. |
| Tucker, Allan. | Sergeant. | F | 10th Conn. Inf. | | | Gallant conduct in battle. |
| Thompson, Freeman C. | Corporal | F | 116th Ohio Inf. | | | Do. |
| Titus, Charles | Sergeant. | H | 1st N. J. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Gallantry in action. |
| Tompkins, Aaron B. | do | G | do | Virginia | Apr. 5, 1865. | Do. |
| Tibbets, Andrew W. | Private | I | 3d Iowa Cav. | Columbus, Ga. | Apr. 16, 1865. | Capture of flag and bearer, Austin's Battery. |
| Tilton, William | Sergeant. | C | 7th N. H. Inf. | | | Gallant conduct in the field. |
| Terry, John D. | do | E | 23d Mass. Inf. | New Berne, N. C. | Mar. 14, 1862. | Gallantry in action. |
| Tucker, Jacob R. | Corporal | G | 4th Md. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. —, 1865. | Gallantry in the final and successful assault. |
| Truell, Edwin M. | Private | E | 12th Wis. Inf. | Near Atlanta, Ga. | July 21, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Thompson, J. H. | Brigade surg. | | U. S. Vols. | New Berne, N. C. | Mar. 14, 1862. | Do. |
| Urell, Michael | Private | E | 82d N. Y. Inf. | Bristow Station, Va. | Oct. 14, 1863. | Do. |
| Vanwinkle, Edward | Corporal | C | 148th N. Y. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |

*Officers, Enlisted Men, and others awarded Medals of Honor under resolution of Congress, etc.*—Continued.

| Name. | Rank. | Co. | Organization. | Action. | | Awarded for— |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | Where. | Date. | |
| Veal, Charles | Private | D | 4th U. S. C. T. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Van Matre, Joseph | do | G | 116th Ohio Inf. | | | Gallant conduct in battle. |
| Vifquain, Victor | Lieut.-Col | | 97th Ill. Inf. | Blakely, Ala. | Apr. 9, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Wollam, John | Private | C | 33d Ohio Inf. | Georgia | 1862 | Special services under General Mitchel. |
| Wood, Mark | do | C | 21st Ohio Inf. | do | do | Do. |
| Wilson, John A | do | C | do | do | do | Do. |
| Wells, Thomas M | Chief Bugler. | | 6th N. Y. Cav. | Cedar Creek, Va. | Oct. 19, 1864. | Capture of colors 44th Georgia. |
| Walsh, John | Corporal | D | 5th N. Y. Cav. | do | do | Capture of flag. |
| Woodbury, Eri D | Sergeant | E | 1st Vt. Cav. | do | do | Do. |
| Westerhold, William | do | G | 52d N. Y. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864. | Capture of flag 23d Virginia. |
| Wall, Jerry | Private | B | 126th N. Y. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 3, 1863. | Capture of flag. |
| Wiley, James | Sergeant | B | 59th N. Y. Inf. | do | do | Capture of flag of a Georgia regiment. |
| Weeks, John | Private | H | 152d N. Y. Inf. | Spottsylvania, Va. | May 12, 1864. | Capture of flag and color bearer. |
| Waller, Francis A | Corporal | I | 6th Wis. Inf. | Gettysburg, Pa. | July 1, 1863. | Capture of flag of 20th Mississippi. |
| Wilkins, Leander A | Sergeant | H | 9th N. H. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | July 30, 1864. | Recapture of colors of 21st Massachusetts. |
| Wilson, Joseph K | Sergt.-major. | | 8th U. S. Inf. | Texas | 1861 | Bringing colors out of Texas, after capture. |
| Welch, George | Private | A | 11th Mo. Inf. | Nashville, Tenn. | Dec. 16, 1864. | Capture of flag. |
| Wells, Henry S | do | C | 148th N. Y. Inf. | Chaffin's Farm, Va. | Sept. 29, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Winegar, William W | Lieutenant | B | 1st N. Y. Dragoons. | Five Forks, Va. | Apr. 1, 1865. | Capture of battle flag. |
| Woodall, William H | Scout | | Sheridan's Hdqrs. | Virginia | Apr. —, 1865. | Capture hdqrs flag, Gen. Barringer, N. C. |
| Warfel, Henry C | Private | A | 1st Pa. Cav. | Paine's × Roads, Va. | Apr. 5, 1865. | Capture of Virginia State colors. |
| Woods, Daniel A | do | K | 1st Va. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Capture of flag of 18th Florida Infantry. |
| Welch, Richard | Corporal | E | 37th Mass. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Whitmore, John | Private | F | 119th Ill. Inf. | Blakely, Ala. | Apr. 9, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Wilson, Charles E | Sergeant | A | 1st N. J. Cav. | Sailor's Creek, Va. | Apr. 6, 1865. | Gallantry in action as color bearer. |
| Wilson, John | do | L | do | Chamberlain's Creek. | Mar. 31, 1865. | Gallantry in action. |
| White, Adam | Corporal | G | 11th W. Va. Inf. | Hatcher's Run, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Capture of flag. |
| Wright, Robert | Private | G | 14th U. S. Inf. | Chapel House Farm. | Oct. 1, 1864. | Gallantry in action. |
| Wilson, Francis | Corporal | B | 95th Pa. Inf. | Petersburg, Va. | Apr. 2, 1865. | Bravery in action. |
| Whitman, Frank M | Private | G | 35th Mass. Inf. | Antietam, Spottsyl. | 1862 and 1864. | Distinguished services in action. |
| Youngs, Benjamin F | Corporal | I | 1st Mich. S. S. | Petersburg, Va. | June 17, 1864. | Capture of flag of 35th North Carolina. |
| Young, Calvary M | Sergeant | L | 3d Iowa Cav. | Osage, Kans. | Sept. 26, 1864. | Gallantry in capturing General Cabell. |
| Young, Andrew J | do | F | 1st Pa. Cav. | Paine's × Roads, Va. | Apr. 5, 1865. | Capture of flag. |

NOTE.—The names of those persons, borne on the Official List, who received the Medal of Honor for other reasons than individual gallantry on a particular occasion, are omitted here.—EDITOR.

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